

Collier's

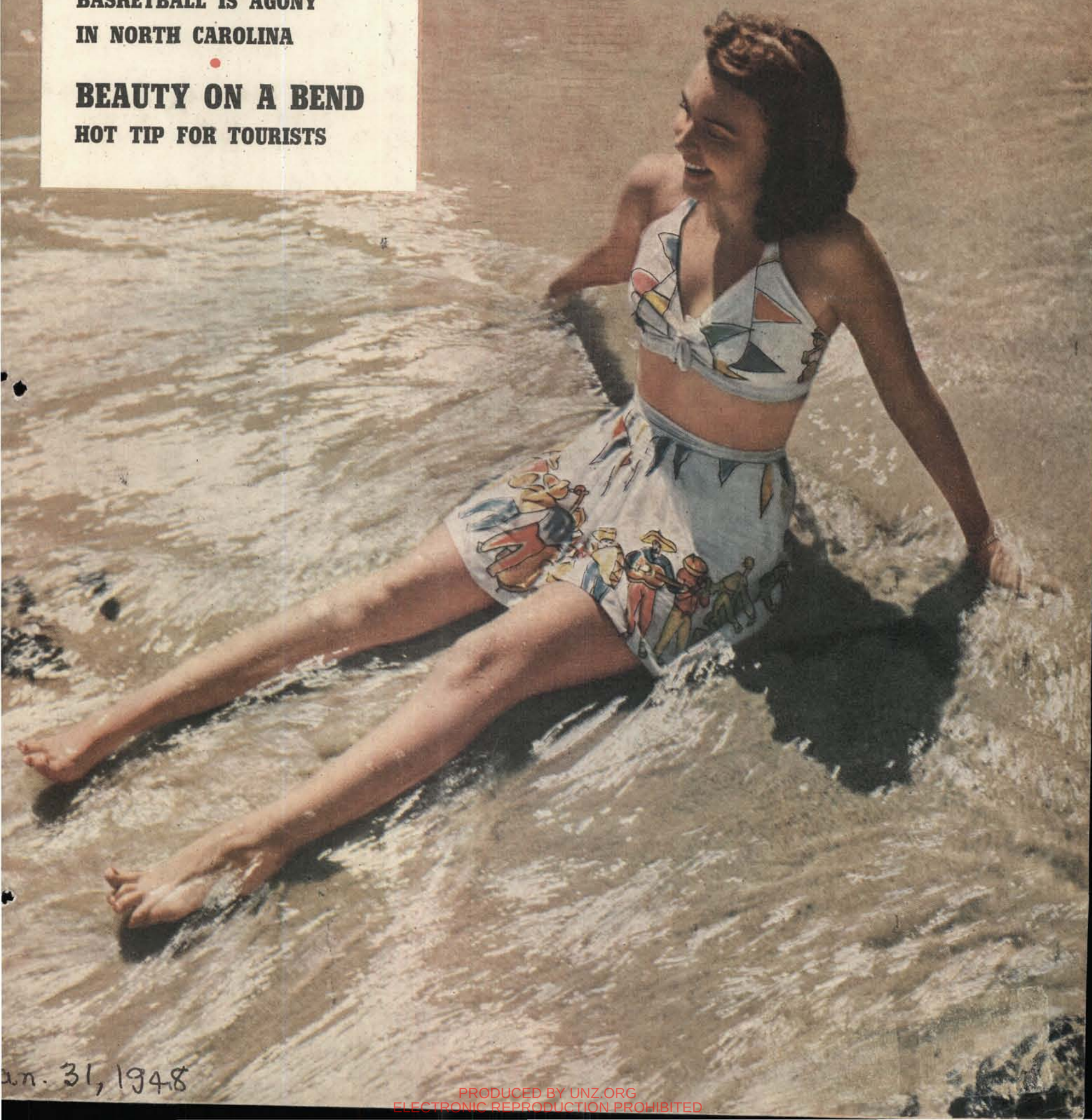
JANUARY 31, 1948

TEN CENTS

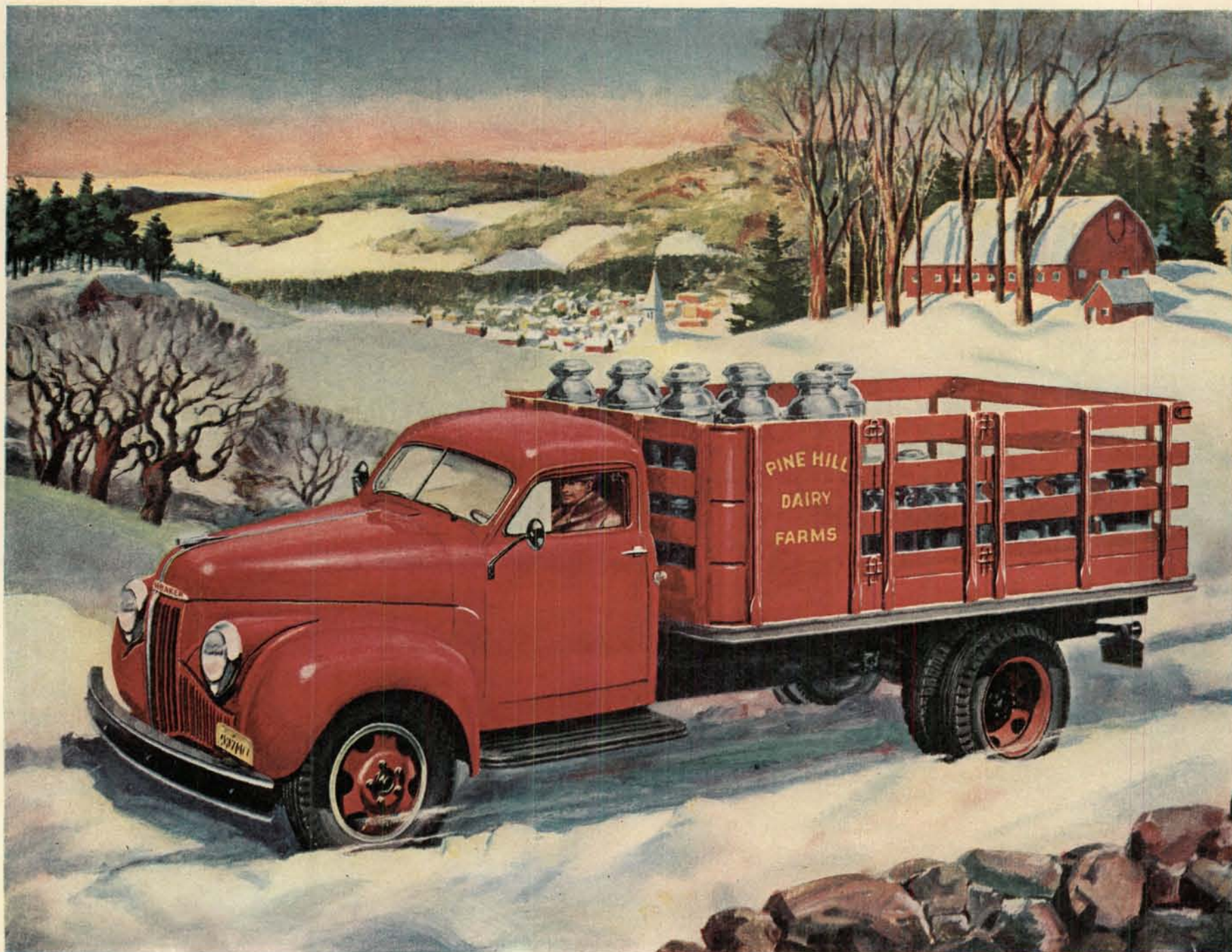
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EACH GAME HE DIES
BASKETBALL IS AGONY
IN NORTH CAROLINA

BEAUTY ON A BEND
HOT TIP FOR TOURISTS



Jan. 31, 1948



They're writing us some wonderful letters about Studebaker truck performance

WHAT owners say is what really counts. And owners certainly have been giving the new Studebaker trucks a great send-off.

They talk about Studebaker pulling power and operating economy at every opportunity.

They thoughtfully write Studebaker letter after letter of appreciation and congratulation.

82,000 miles—\$3 for repairs!

An Ohio man's experience is typical of many. This truck operator recently wrote: "My big new Studebaker is the best truck by far that I've used in 15 years of milk hauling. It covers 200 miles a day 7 days a week, uses very little oil, gives good gas mileage, has only cost me about \$3 for repairs in 82,000 miles!"

No surprise to most truck operators is the wonderful performance of Studebaker's fine new

half-ton, one-ton and larger capacity trucks.

They're trucks solid and sound with war-proved stamina—quality team mates of over 200,000 Studebaker military transport vehicles.

In fact, ever since the early 1850s, the wheel-marks of sturdy Studebakers have been writing legends of achievement on the world's roadways.

Now, 96 years strong, Studebaker's reputation gleams with a brighter luster than ever before.

Demand for new Studebaker trucks is enormous. Over 8 times as many of them went into service during 1947 as in 1941 for the same period.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of trucks you can trust

© The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.



Studebaker's Econ-o-miser and Hy-Mileage truck engines pack plenty of pulling power—And you pay nothing extra for such economy helps as Studebaker's automatic spark control, adjustable octane selector, oil bath air cleaner, oil filter. Every roomy Studebaker truck cab is a marvel of comfort—with seven advanced features that every driver appreciates.



Typical example: user's experience with B. F. Goodrich tires

J. C. HINRICHs, JR., of Waterbury, Conn., right above, points to a tire he says he drove "across the continent to Texas and return plus almost two years of civilian driving which entailed 360 miles per week in addition to my regular business driving."

"To my knowledge," his letter continues, "this B. F. Goodrich tire has never been off its original mounting on the left front wheel. It shows considerable wear, but there is still tread visible on the entire circumference. Need you ask if I am satisfied?"

Mr. Hinrichs has an exact record of the mileage at the time this picture was made, and it proves he takes

exceptional care of his tires. This tire replaced one that had been damaged while he was away in the army. At that time his speedometer read 8560. "At this writing," he says, "my speedometer shows 72,057 miles and they have really been rough ones." That leaves a tire mileage of 63,497. No tire, no matter how good it is, ever goes that far unless it is kept at the right air pressure, with the wheel balanced and in correct alignment.

But B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns do outwear others—and outwear prewar tires. The tread is wider and more level. This means more tread-to-road contact,

better weight distribution, more even wear. A double breaker cushions shocks.

Now is a good time to buy. Your B. F. Goodrich dealer will give you a good allowance for the unused mileage in your present tires. If you don't know his name look under *tires* in the yellow pages of your telephone book. *The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
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1. Ball-like point . . . The pencil pointed pen . . . with the original 14 kt gold ball-like point . . . made by Inkograph for 35 years.

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COLLIER'S

January 31, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

SPLITTING HEADACHE

DEAR SIR: I submitted the following story to the Sporting Odds Dept. and was very disappointed in its not being accepted, since I think it is much better than some of the stories you do run. I'd like to know what's wrong with it:—

"Two Missouri ball teams—the Cascades and the Buckthorns—were going into the last of the 9th with the Cascades ahead 1-0 and two out. One of the Bucks sent a fast one screaming toward the fence. The Cascade right fielder backed up fast and waited for the ball. Suddenly the ball split in two. The fielder caught one half, and the other flew over the fence. The batter rounded the bases and it was up to the umpire. Was the batter out, or had he hit a homer? The umpire split the decision: the batter had scored $\frac{1}{2}$ a homer, and was also out. Final score: Cascades 1, Buckthorns, $\frac{1}{2}$."

ERNIE STURGES, Danbury, Conn.

This Sporting Odds, one of the best, unfortunately cannot be checked for absolute veracity. Besides it has been submitted several hundred times, which would be a lot of parts to split \$25 into.

YOU FROM CANADA, PARDNER?

DEAR SIR: In Open House in Canada (Dec. 20th) Mr. E. P. Morgan says: "Canada which is a country even larger than Texas." Canada's area, sparse though much of it may be, is not only larger than Texas, which could easily fit inside Quebec Province, but is much larger in area than the whole U.S.A. Such statements betray a lamentable ignorance of this land, all too common south of our border.

A. J. REYNOLDS, Toronto, Ontario

... Please accept my thanks for Open House in Canada BUT Canada is larger in area than the U.S.A. Texas, the largest state in the U.S.A., is smaller than our second smallest state, Manitoba, AND there is no feud between the Quebec French and the remainder of Canada. There is, of course, the fact they speak French and the balance of Canada uses English, but I did have my Mason-Dixon trouble in Georgia when a native said, "You damyankee," to me last month. I did not disillusion him.

LLOYD JAEGER, Allandale, Fla.

Mr. Morgan allowed a Texan sense of exaggeration to creep into his hyperbole. Contact the Texas Chamber of Commerce to learn which is the bigger "country."

(Continued on page 52)

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He's posting
\$11,000 for a
driver's license!

This man had an automobile accident. The state said: "Put up \$11,000 in cash or security to show proof of your ability to pay for damages—or we take away your driver's license and automobile registration."

The same thing could happen to you under the strict financial responsibility laws now in effect in most states.

Insurance is your cheapest protection!

These laws are complicated . . . change from year to year . . . and requirements vary from state to state. The average driver can't hope to be familiar with all of them. But—all these states will

accept adequate automobile insurance as proof that you are financially responsible.

In every state you can, of course, be sued for damages, which might mean the loss of your home, property, savings. The most practical and economical way to comply with requirements of the law and protect yourself against shattering losses is to carry the right insurance.

Why it pays to insure with State Farm

1. *State Farm Mutual's rates are low*—because State Farm policyholders are "preferred risks"—people we know drive carefully.
2. *For your extra security*, State Farm gives twice the public liability protection, five times as much property damage protection as required by any state financial responsibility law.
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4. *State Farm Mutual is big*—the largest automobile insurance company in the world.
5. *7,500 representatives* at your service, coast to coast, in the U. S. and Canada.

Get the details from your State Farm agent today. If you are a responsible driver, you can qualify for membership in State Farm Mutual.



The states are cracking down!

The 38 states, and the District of Columbia, (shaded on map), have financial responsibility laws requiring you to prove you can pay for injury to people or damage to property you do with your car. Similar laws already passed by California and Pennsylvania will soon be in effect.



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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... WHAT A BROTHER! He can fix everything—but his own hair! His hair is dull and tangled... it never looks combed. Look at that loose dandruff... he's got Dry Scalp. Here's where I can help him! I'll tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



BELIEVE IT OR NOT, this is the same man. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can help you, too! For better-looking hair, a better-feeling scalp, try a few drops a day... It checks loose dandruff and other signs of Dry Scalp. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Use it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care... to both scalp and hair... and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK ®

More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

BY FRELING FOSTER

In 1899 in Philadelphia, a clever pair of crooks, Arthur Taylor and Baldwin Bredell, were convicted of counterfeiting U.S. \$100 bills and then sent to Moyamensing Prison to await sentence. Within several months, the men had counterfeited and gotten in circulation 32 excellent \$20 notes, having made them at night in their cell with a few smuggled-in materials and tools which did not include a camera but did include a printing press no larger than a cigar box. Upon confessing later, the convicts re-enacted their feat before a group of experts who had sworn it was impossible without a camera, a sizable workroom and an eight-ton press.

Of the 46 cases of quintuplets recorded in medical literature, there are only two in which all five children survived both the rigors of birth and the first year of life. These two sets, which are living today, are the Dionne sisters born near Callander, Ontario, on May 28, 1934, and the Diligentis, two boys and three girls, born in Buenos Aires on July 15, 1943.

While on a visit to Paris in 1873, Nasr-ed-Din, Shah of Persia, attended the opera and was so entranced by the beautiful dancers in the ballet that he ordered an aide to purchase the front row for his harem. Being unable to get the girls, he took home several hundred ballet costumes. Believing it was a "new look" from Paris, the ladies of Persia adopted the abbreviated skirt and wore it indoors for more than 50 years.

The word "chauffeur" which has become the occupational title of drivers of all kinds of motorcars is the French word for stoker, which was first applied to operators of the early coal-burning automobiles who literally were stokers.

Daniel Defoe is believed to have used more pseudonyms than any other author, having employed at least 200 to conceal his identity as the writer of several hundred books and pamphlets of a highly critical nature.

Only four women in the history of the United States have been found guilty and punished for being a common scold, a vituperative female who frequently disturbs the public peace by rebuking others loudly and rudely. The first was Anne Royall, who, in Washington, D.C., in 1829, was made to pay a \$10 fine and post a \$50 good-behavior bond. The others are the three Znosko sisters, who, in Pittsburgh last October, were given jail sentences ranging from three to 23 months.

Probably the most profitable housewrecking job ever undertaken in this country was the razing and removal of Senator William Clark's mansion on New York's Fifth Avenue in 1928. The demolition firm was not only allowed to sell the rare marbles, woods and fixtures of this \$7,000,000 structure, but was also paid a fee of \$100,000.

For 16 centuries, the progress of the Chinese has been materially hampered by their belief in a pseudo science called fêng-shui, a long and involved study of the proposed site of a home, grave or industrial project, before construction, to determine if the location is free of evil spirits.

In international air travel today, laws of the different countries require planes and passengers to carry so many documents and undergo so many inspections that their cost, in both time and money, often equals or exceeds that of the actual flight.

Women are still barred from serving on juries in 13 states—Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Mexico, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia and Wyoming.—By Herbert Haworth, Bath, N. Y.

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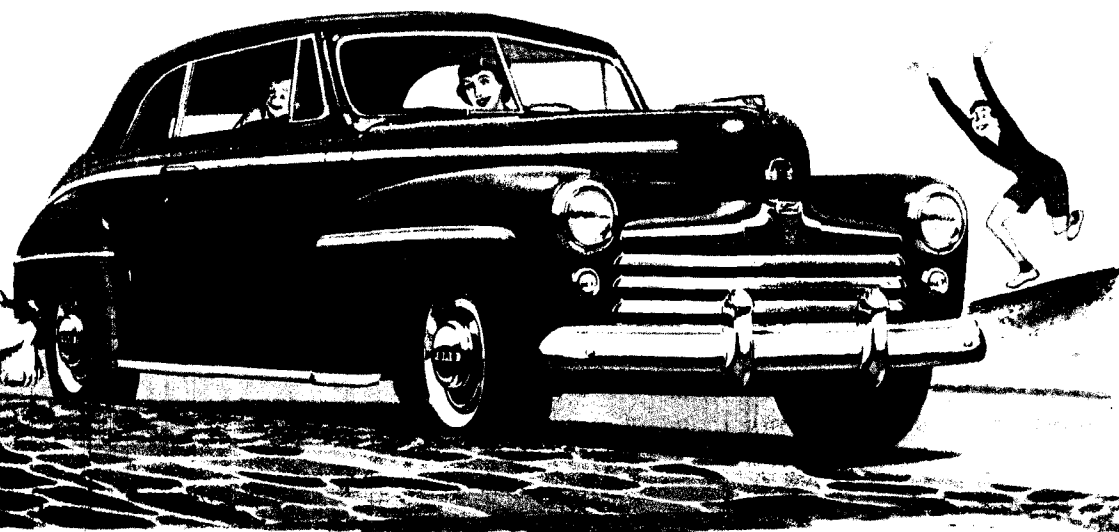
Collier's for January 31, 1948



1. You know how kids swipe your socks. Well, the same thing is happening to our new Ford. I haven't been able to get my hands on it since I drove it home — somebody in the family always gets there first!



2. But you can't blame them! That car with that 100-horsepower V-8 engine is as much fun as a hole in one. (My brother-in-law says the same thing about his new Ford Six!) As a matter of fact, I drove all the cars in the low-priced field and it was that extra pep and smoothness that sold me on Ford!



3. Another thing I like is the way the car stops when you put on the brakes. My boy says it's because Ford brakes are self-centering and that the entire braking effort is distributed evenly over the lining. Imagine him explaining that to me—me an engineer!

4. Now my wife tells me she likes the way the Ford parks and she ought to know because she drives over to the village every day. And, by the way, she raves about the looks of the car, too inside and out. She said that the best decorator in town didn't have upholstery fabrics half so nice.



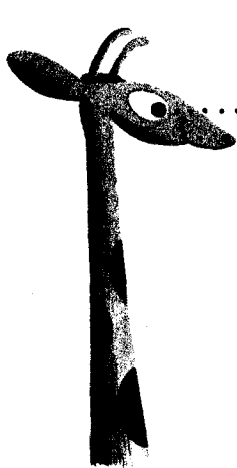
5. Yes—from all the "build-up" the family gives me about our new Ford you'd think they were trying to sell me another. But they'd be a lot smarter if they let me really drive this one first.

There's a
Ford
in your future

Listen to the Ford Theater over NBC stations Sunday afternoon 5:00 to 6:00 P.M. E.S.T.

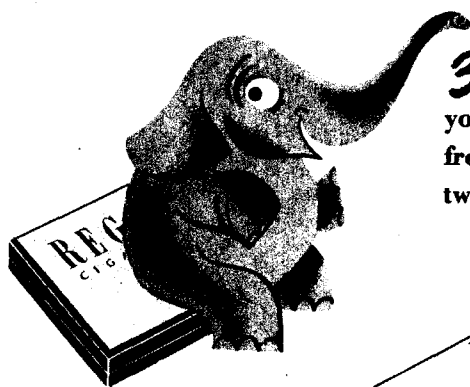
that's extra!

AT NO EXTRA COST



1 20% LONGER . . . King Size
to give you one-fifth more
smoothly pleasant smoking
enjoyment — *that's extra!*

2 OVAL SHAPED . . . to make it gracefully slender and to give you a slower burning, cooler smoke . . . *that's extra!*



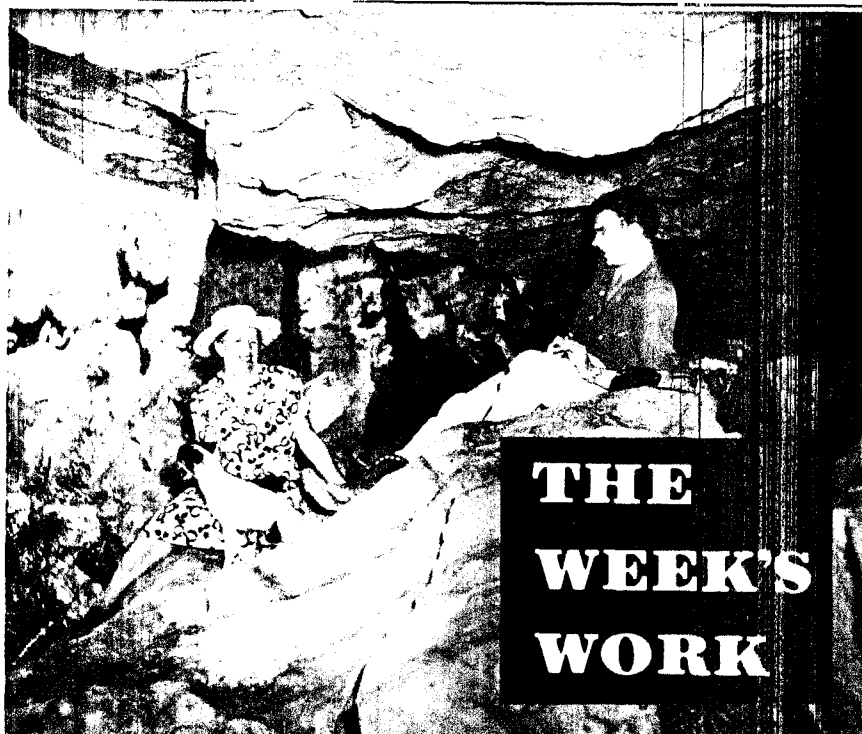
3 CRUSH-PROOF BOX . . . to keep your Regents fresh, firm and fit from one thru twenty . . . *that's extra!*



4 MULTIPLE-BLENDED . . . an exclusive process which brings you the world's choicest tobacco in perfect flavor balance . . . *that's extra!*

REGENT

Popular Price . . .
they cost no more
than ordinary cigarettes.



HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

John Lagemann and Mrs. Stillwell in a prehistoric Indian cave

JUST to give you an idea of how lost the Big Bend country of Texas (as reported in *Beauty on a Bend*, p. 13) is, when Walter Davenport was unable to find it on a map, he cried to Author John Kord Lagemann, "Oh, heck—it's where the Rio Grande has a hernia!"

From the instant Lagemann invaded Big Bend Park in temperature sufficient to explode bottles of beer in the back of his station wagon, the trip had Martian aspects. For instance, Lagemann learned practical weather forecasting. If the cows lie down and won't budge, that means a Blue Norther's headin' in. After Lagemann killed a rattlesnake on the Stillwell range (just an instant before it tattooed him), he immediately flung it in the air with a mesquite stick. "It landed on its back, meaning rain in three days," Lagemann reports. "And rain it did on the third day."

Down on the Rio itself, Lagemann found you can catch catfish with laundry soap—failing good strong soap, an onion will do—and bring in 50- to 100-pounders.

As for the barren desert, with a little looking Lagemann found over 1,000 varieties of growing fauna, including smokable wild tobacco plants as big as young catalpa trees; candelillas, a reedlike cactus, which yields the wax used in phonograph records, and a concoction known scientifically as *Euphorbia anti-Syphilitica*. Most revolutionary plant was the mescal button from the *peyote* cactus. "One slight pinch of button dust added to a single drink of your favorite comfort," marvels Lagemann, "will keep a man drunk for a week. I didn't try it but I suppose the whisky trust is keeping a watchful eye on the stuff."

NARD JONES (*Four Is a Crowd*, p. 16) is from Seattle but feels his boyhood, now that we've arrived in the Atomic Age, is out of date and not worth talking about. He's lived most of his life on the Pacific Coast.

After fifteen years of writing Mr. Jones heard the thing for an author to do was to move to New York and live in Greenwich Village. "Mrs. Jones and I are now doing this and we do not find it much different from living in Bellevue, Washington, next to Mr. Marshall," says Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones has written ten books, is now at work on his eleventh book. "When I have finished it," he says, "I am going to organize Authors Anonymous, comprised of writers who have

come to understand that they dare not write one book, because one is too many and ten are not enough."

"**G**OD bless dear old Collier's," Furman Bisher relays from Charlotte, North Carolina. "My wife and I were entangled in one of those slight marital tiffs when the telegram came announcing the purchase of *Each Game He Dies* (p. 22). Ever since, life has been as rosy as an overheated stove and Collier's the Bisher Household's Book of Years."

Bisher is twenty-nine, a graduate of North Carolina Journalism via Furman University (no relative). He says the Bisher Body is 185 pounds, 6 foot; and that he has been reporting and writing sports for some years. He's now with the *Charlotte News*.

JOSEPH F. DINNEEN, who tells *How to Break a Political Machine* on p. 64, has been writing politics in his home-town Boston for over twenty years. His trenchant column *Inside Boston* has been a Beantown must for some time: his voice a familiar five-o'clock soundmark; and his novel *Ward Eight* is required reading in a Harvard government course. Some years ago Massachusetts awarded him \$2,000 for his work in apprehending the Millens-Faber gang, and his exposé of same was made into the movie *Let Us Live*, with Henry Fonda and Maureen O'Sullivan. Sometimes the Dinneen blazing convictions result in physical brawls; however, he advises us he in turn won't slug us for what we say about him. "I've been on the dishing-out end too often!" he sighs.

TO THE lissome Sally De Marco (*It Looks So Easy*, p. 18) the New Look is old stuff. For the past seven years she has been dancing in ankle-length numbers, chosen by her for professional or party wear. For the exquisite Karger shots, decorating Mr. Crichton's article, she wore a plum-velvet dress by Hattie Carnegie, a champagne lace shot with gold, and a peacock-blue taffeta job (wooooooh!) by Nettie Rosenstein. De Marco's clothes? Who looks at De Marco?

This week's cover: Palm Peach. The Kodachrome was made by Ardean Miller III, and the eye-filling creature sitting in the surf at Acapulco, Mexico, is his wife Norma, who has modeled for her husband many times and is the mother of three boys. . . .
TED SHANE



Sure as shootin' you're going to be owning an automobile like this Nash "600."

It's inevitable—because it's just plain sense.

Why should a gallon of gasoline produce only 15 to 20 miles of transportation, when—in a Nash "600"—that same gallon carries a carload more than 25 miles at average highway speeds.

Why should any driver in any weather suffer discomfort—when the man in a Nash enjoys automatic heat and ventilation that equals the comfort of home?

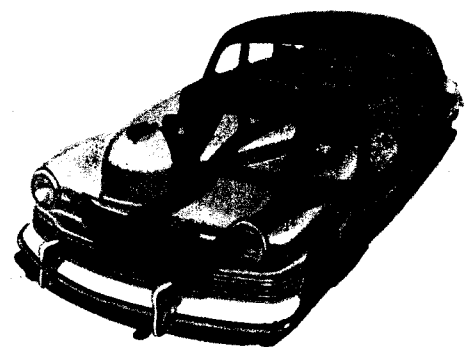
Why should cars have to rattle and squeak when—in a Nash "600"—lasting quiet is achieved in a single, welded unit body-and-frame?

Why must car interiors be crowded—doors be narrow—head-room and leg-room cramped—when in a Nash there's ample room for *six* six-footers *and* all their luggage!

Why should people put up with jolts when they can ride in a Nash and feel the *immediate* difference in *four-wheel* coil springing?

As sure as shooting, your car of tomorrow will *have* to offer what a Nash "600" does today.

Just paste this prediction in your hat . . . until you personally drive a Nash "600." Then you'll *know* why Nash owners are America's most enthusiastic car salesmen.

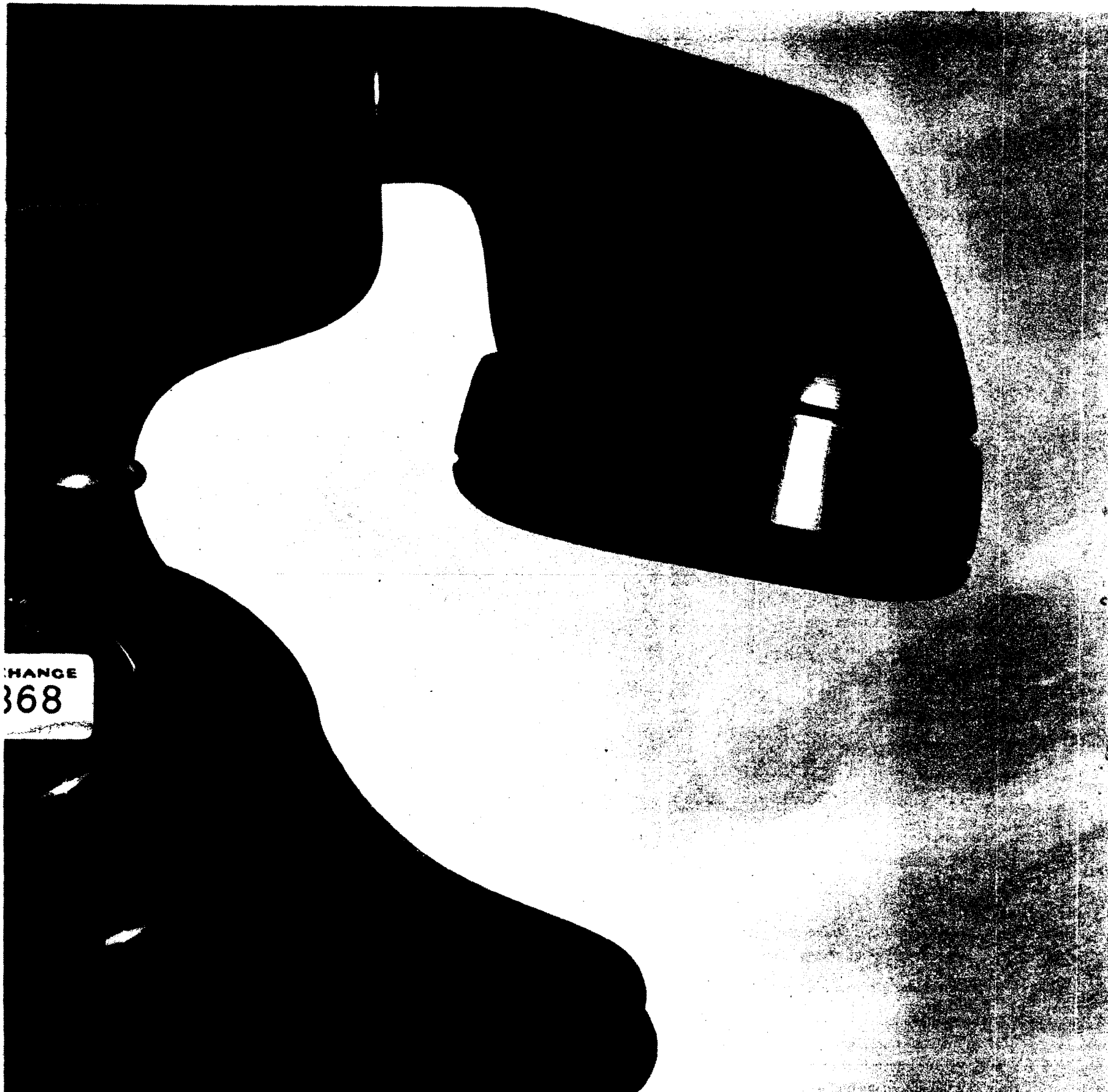


Product of Nash research and engineering, new Unitized body-frame construction sets the pattern for tomorrow. Built a new way, with frame and body *welded* into a single steel-girdered unit, it is lighter and immeasurably stronger. 8500 spot welds eliminate noise-making joints.

Nash

Great Cars Since 1902

Nash Motors Division, Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit



BIGGER VALUE EVERY DAY

You can reach more people than ever. More people can reach you.

Last year we added more than 10,000 new telephones every working day. We're doing even better than that now.

More than 6,000,000 telephones—including many for your own particular friends and neighbors—have been added in the last two years.

Nowhere in the world do people get so much for their telephone dollar as right here in this country.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





Sanborn turned to Thatcher. "If you touch this tackle, young man," he said, "I'll do my best to kill you!"

THE TARPON BY CYRIL HUME

Final chapter in a lifelong quest for ecstasy

THE big fish came straight up out of the water, eighty yards off. He seemed to hang there for a moment, sweeping the surface into sheets of spray with his tail, and shaking his head at the hook. When we saw him, we all shouted in unison. Personally, I had not really expected that it would happen.

I was in Florida because my wife had been there two weeks before, visiting a former schoolmate. Everything had been done in style for her, including transportation by airplane, and a fishing trip to the Everglades. Against all expectation, and quite out of character (in so far as I thought I knew my wife's character) she had brought in a one-hundred-and-ten-pound tarpon. That night she sent me a telegram full of adjectives. A week later she came home with a lovely sun tan, a gold tarpon button, cruelly blistered hands, and corroborative photo-

graphs in which her prey looked as big as herself, and nearly as beautiful.

As I stood in the presence of these trophies, she let me understand that, for crude emotion, the killing of a good tarpon ranked only just below childbirth.

This from a young woman who, in spite of my repeated persuasions, had previously regarded fishing as no better than a peculiarly dull way of becoming seasick. For perhaps the twentieth time since our marriage, I felt that until this moment I had not really known her.

A week later, I was myself upon the road to Florida in the coupé, with more of our savings in my wallet than I cared to think about.

My own trip had not much of the de luxe about it. I put up at motor camps and, on reaching Miami Beach, I respectfully avoided the more gorgeous tourist traps. But finally I

reached the Gulf-shore hotel which was to be my headquarters, and engaged a boatman.

He was a pleasant, powerful young man, named Thatcher, with a soft blond stubble growing out of his mahogany complexion. His deep Southern accent was at first almost a foreign language to me, but once I was used to it, he and I got on well together. He knew his work, and did his honest best to find the fish for his customer. In three days under his quiet coaching I took three tarpon, ranging from thirty-five to sixty pounds. Thatcher was disappointed that our luck ran no larger, but to me the sport was so wonderful that I began thinking of myself as an expert.

True enough, a lump of envy would come into my stomach if I thought of my wife's hundred-and-ten-pounder. But between times—most of the time—I was at peace in the hothouse still-

ness of the Everglades. It all seemed to be native to me: the slick, dark water, with its smell of geologic oldness; the wide sky and sunlight; those mangrove roots, clustered with oysters below the tidemark; the swamp birds, soaring and crying staccato; the tarpon themselves, rolling blue backs out as they played together, taunting us; or striking fiercely perhaps a dozen times to the three I boated; even the pervading reek of mosquito lotion.

Thatcher and I would come back in the late afternoon, not once without a fish in the cockpit. We would weigh the catch on the landing, and afterward I would stand Thatcher a couple of drinks in my hotel room, as is the custom. Sipping, he would assure me, in his slurred, honeyed diction, that it took a born fisherman to land as high as four out of a dozen. For your tarpon has a bone mouth, and a man's

(Continued on page 70)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

THE END OF ROMANTIC MARRIAGE

BY ERNEST W. BURGESS

Love alone is not enough for a successful marriage, says
this professor of sociology at the University of Chicago

FALLING in love has been the sanctioned prelude to marriage in the United States. Nowhere else in the world has the belief that romantic love is essential for happiness in marriage taken such deep root. Nowhere else has it had so fair and thorough a test. But today even its supporters are forced to admit the failure of this great American experiment. Romantic love as a guarantee of happiness in marriage is now being recognized as a myth similar to: "And so they were married and lived happily ever after."

The evidence of its failure is all over the place. The divorce rate has risen steadily until now there is one divorce for every three marriages. Divorce, once confined to our upper and lower classes, has penetrated into our middle class. As evidence that it is now sanctioned by churches directly or indirectly you have the recent marriage of two clergymen to divorcees with the permission of bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Nor is all well with the marriages that do not reach the divorce courts. Disillusionment, incompatibility, divergent life values and boredom bog down many marriages even if husband and wife continue living together. Often one or both are acutely aware of the wide gap between the romantic anticipation and the humdrum fact. The tie that binds is no longer the rapture of romance, but has become the bonds of habit, duty, convention and the fear of admitting failure.

Boredom after marriage is the nemesis of many romantic unions. Waiters in restaurants report they can always spot married couples. They sit in silence because they have nothing to talk about. At home the husband reads the paper at breakfast while conversation languishes. Many wives will subscribe to a recent statement of an Abilene, Texas, housewife:

"I know I married for love, and there are lots of breakfasts served in our house without a word, much less a conversation. If he would talk or even tell me something about his work or something he saw or did through the day I could hold a conversation. I sometimes think we would be better off if we didn't take the paper, because he reads it from the time he gets in from work until he goes to bed, and the next day is the same. So where does love help any?"

The belief in romantic love is part of our American heritage. It arose naturally when arrangements for marriage passed from the supervision of parents to the free choice of impulsive youth. Parents of colonial times scrutinized family status, economic prospects and character in matching the prospective bridegroom and bride. Young people, taking advantage of the freedom of the pioneer country, came more and more to choose their mates not from prudential but from romantic motives.

This tendency was stimulated by the growth of the

mass mediums of communication which spread the romantic creed that love and love alone is the right basis for successful marriage. Best-selling novels and magazine stories exploited all the variations on this theme. The motion pictures of widest popularity taught the art of love-making to youthful patrons. Soap operas on the radio presented the triumph of true love over all obstacles. National advertising exploited sex appeal to increase the sale of its products.

What are the articles of the romantic faith thus widely publicized? They are familiar to all:

Love is at first sight.

Physical attraction, personal beauty and sex appeal are primary in love.

For each person there exists an affinity (one's soul mate).

Passionate love overcomes all barriers of culture, class and prudence.

Love is the essential requisite for happiness in marriage, but an examination of three different types of romantic unions makes clear why so many marriages fail.

First and perhaps most common are the unions impelled by the romantic standards of youth. The rising young businessman falls in love with the debutante with beauty, charm and class. The young girl pictures her dream lover as "tall, dark and handsome," or as a "dashing blond and a divine dancer."

The romantic emphasis is upon external and superficial characteristics. Two young women thus describe their ideal mates:

"I want him to be smooth, you know, to be able to fit into any situation. He's got to be tall and must have brown eyes. I want him to have a good figure and be a good dancer. I'd like for him to know how to dress and look nice. I want him to be real smart. I guess, to sum it all up, just smooth acting and looking right at the right time."

"He has to be a little bit of a cave man. He should be affectionate, passionate and considerate. I prefer dark men. The hands have to be nice, too. I want him to be above average mentally—way above."

Acquaintance with the real person and consequent disillusionment will not come until after the wedding.

Another form of romantic union results from the appeal of the novel and different. Persons of different national backgrounds are attracted to each other. The foot-loose and lonely serviceman overseas meets and marries a foreign girl with customs, ideals and expectations widely different from his own. Interreligious unions of Catholics, Jews and Protestants are frequent. Marriages occur across the barriers of social classes. Extreme examples are elopements of the millionaire's son with the chorus girl, and of the heiress with (Continued on page 61)



Big Bend scenery was described by one native as "beautiful but unaccommodatin'." This view of the south rim of the Chisos Mountains shows what he meant. The national park is full of such vistas

DESIGN FOR TOURING—II

IF YOU'VE been brooding lately about the world going to hell and you're sound of wind and limb, one of the most sensible and therapeutic things you can do is to "take a weltie" to the Big Bend country of Texas and look at a world which went to hell a hundred million years ago and has never shown any signs of regret or reform.

Down here in the last great wilderness of Texas—some 9,000 square miles of desert and mountains locked in a half nelson of the dark and sinewy Rio Grande—you'll get the feeling of stepping off the edge of man-made horizons onto the rough model of an earlier, unused planet.

As Ed Hancock, one of the old-timers you're likely to meet down this way, once said about a pretty schoolteacher he courted up to Marathon, this country is "beautiful but unaccommodatin'." The beauty of the Bend scenery is that of chaos on a cosmic scale—something that can thrill you and satisfy you or throw you into a panic and send you coyotin' back to Highway 90 and the comfort of juke boxes, modern plumbing and the latest news from Europe.

As in taking your first taste of sotol (the native firewater brewed from sotol cactus), you'll find a little advance warning comes in handy. Few tourists

turning south from Marathon or Alpine, eastern and western gateways to the Big Bend country, which was recently added to our national park system, have the "sneakener suspicion" of what they're getting into. Fewer still stay long enough to let the fiery spell of this country take effect. Once that happens, though, you're a goner, and the outside world and its problems are apt to seem like the real wilderness.

"Ever been East?" a tourist opened up on Boyd Babbs, retired Hot Springs rancher.

"Fer's a man kin git without leavin' the country," said Boyd.

"New York?" asked the tourist.

"Corpus," said Boyd.

Connecticut, Rhode Island and Long Island all together would just about fill the territory you'll cover between Highway 90 and the Rio Grande. But in all New England you couldn't find a more tightly cohesive community. With ten square miles for every man, woman and child, with few roads, and not even a party line for visitin' purposes, it's "a fer piece" between neighbors. But what the people don't know about one another you could, to vary the local metaphor, "poke up a sand flea's nose without making him sneeze."

When a man waits on his girl (the local idiom for

BEAUTY ON A BEND

BY JOHN KORD
LAGEMANN

"A sunbonneted ranch wife trapped in a Dali landscape." That's how one tourist summed up his impressions of the Big Bend country of Texas. It's a region which is full of undisciplined scenery and colorful anecdotes. So far not even a national park has been able to tone it down

SATURDAY NIGHT
SQUARE DANCE
IN ALPINE

Joe Kaufman



courting) they're both aware that anything of interest which passes between them is likely as not to get out to the countryside. If it fetches a laugh down at the store, so much the better, and the victim of the joke is always given a chance to share it.

People still twit one of the region's most popular bachelors—a man with white hair now—about something he was overheard to tell his girl some 20 years ago. "Even if you don't love me," he is quoted in part, "at least let me git my feet under the kivers."

Neighbors Always Welcome at Big Bend Homes

The doors are always open in Big Bend ranch homes, even when the whole family pulls out for days or weeks at a time. That way people can enjoy visits from their neighbors, including the times they're not at home to receive them. Whoever happens to drop in will find everything laid out handy in case he decides to stay over for a night or so. It's understood, of course, he'll leave everything in applepie order, and there's no hard feelings if he mends the gate or fixes that pesky leak in the water tank.

When the absent family returns they won't find any thank-you note or calling card, but they'll know in a minute who was there, what he ate, how long he stayed and, with only minor omissions, how he spent every hour of his time.

"Cuttin' fer sign," it's called down here—and it's the same uncanny process by which any cattleman worth his salt can ride across plains or mountain country, where an outsider can detect no sign of life whatever, and tell you among other things how many head of cattle crossed here how long ago; how many were bulls, cows and calves; how in general they were faring against tick fever, mountain lions and drought; how much weight they put on in the 3 or 4 months since he's seen 'em; and where, within a mile or so, he'll find them tomorrow or the day after.

Drought is a pistol pointed straight at the heart of the Big Bend economy, and every bright, sunny day during the "rainy season" squeezes the trigger a little further. On the average only one year in five is a good year for cattle. The rancher with everything he owns tied up in cattle listens to the weather reports on the radio as long as he can stand it. Then he begins "cuttin' fer sign" on his own.

Out on the range he'll watch the desert witches—dust whirlwinds. If they're travelin' south, that's good. He'll go out of his way to kill a rattlesnake, then get a mesquite stick and toss the snake in the air. If it falls on its belly, the rancher climbs back on his pony disgusted. If it falls on its back, its white belly shining in the sun, that's a sure sign of rain, and the rancher feels good.

Roy Stillwell, who has spent all of his 72 years in this country and whose word is gospel, says he's seldom known this sign to fail—especially when it happens in conjunction with other signs like the coyotes howling after dawn, for instance. That's a sure sign the weather's going to change.

Stillwell can tell you, too, of fabulous treasures which lie hidden in the Chisos Mountains of the Lower Bend and the Mexican ranges to the south. By far the richest and likeliest of them all is the famous Lost Nigger Mine. Down on the Reagan ranch near Stillwell Crossing a mere 59 years ago, Cowan and Bill Keely, a Seminole Indian, rode out in search of stray horses, came back without the horses but toting a piece of quartz richly sprinkled with gold. After a good cussing out by his bosses, Seminole Bill entrusted the precious quartz to a rail-

road conductor, Lock Campbell, who had it analyzed in San Antonio and mailed back the amazing report: The ore assayed at \$85,000 a ton.

The day after the report reached him at the ranch, Seminole Bill vanished. Some maintained he was murdered, but others spent years tracking down clues which cropped up all over Mexico and the Southwest. Seminole Bill was never found; but at least four men, well known and respected in the Big Bend, reported finding the mine, and the search has never stopped. The only trouble has been that everyone who found it so far has met violent death before he could retrace his steps and claim the gold. One of these men was Roy Stillwell's brother Will.

Roy Stillwell is now the only man alive who heard his brother Will describe the location of the mine. In addition, he was one of the last persons known to have talked with Seminole Bill before he disappeared. Why doesn't he claim the treasure?

"I'm savin' it for my old age," the lean, hard seventy-two-year-old rancher will tell you as he swings easily into his saddle. But isn't he worried somebody else will beat him to the treasure? "Like a steer," says Roy, "they kin try."

While conversation takes the place of movies down here, still, if a man doesn't feel like talking that's his privilege. When it gets so he goes for a couple of days without saying a word, he comes to be known as "Noisy."

One handsome young Big Bend rancher named Noisy took his girl to a dance a few years back. They rode from sunup to sundown getting to the party, danced all night, then spent the next day riding back again. Their friends figured that in two days running, Noisy might be able to get out what was on his mind. But according to the girl who later became his wife, the young man spoke fewer than 10 words going and coming. "See that ole owl?" he asked on the way to the party. On the way back next day he added, "Ain't he got big eyes!"

You'll find as much book learning down here as anywhere else; but on the basis of speech alone, you'll have trouble telling a professor from a cowpoke. The local idiom is strong and flexible as rawhide, and people would no more put book-English to everyday use than tie a steer with a ball of yarn. You can get an inkling of idiom and scenery alike from the names they've given their mountains: Packsaddle, Butcherknife, Rattlesnake, Slickrock, Whirlwinds, Dead Horse, Hen Egg, Cigar, Dogie and Mule Ears.

Spanish Is Spoken, Too

When you want directions you ask for a waybill. When you haul a heavy load to town you wag it. Animals and humans are often referred to as critters or cayuse, and any critter of whom you are particularly fond is not a pet but a sancho. An exploratory stroll or excursion is a weltie, and if you go someplace for pleasure or play hooky from a job it's a paseado. Big Bend people have borrowed any number of words from Spanish, which they speak almost as fluently as English. But many still refer to the river as if it were spelled Rye-oh-Grandie.

Grammatical rules often give way to rough-and-ready directness. If you ask where you can buy a new tire, the answer may be: "You might could git you one to Coopers'." A local geologist who writes for scientific journals tells you without affectation: "We shore do have us some interestin' things to happen down here." (Continued on page 67)

DRAWINGS BY JOE KAUFMAN

ROUTES: Highway 90 from Alpine to Marathon, 31 miles, paved. Route 227 from Marathon to Park entrance (40 miles), paved; remaining 40 miles to Park headquarters, good gravel road. From Alpine to Park headquarters, 110 miles, first four paved. Davis Mountains State Park, 114 miles north of Marathon, Carlsbad Caverns 236.

ACCOMMODATIONS: Tourist courts and hotels in Marathon and Alpine, private baths, \$2 to \$5 per person. At The Basin, Park headquarters, one-room plywood and tar-paper cabins (\$2.50 to \$4.50) and stone housekeeping cottages with private bath (\$4 to \$6). Number limited; reservations one month in advance.

FOOD: Simple, plentiful and moderately priced. Holland Hotel, Alpine; dinner \$1.50 to \$2.50. Most restaurants serve beer and setups, no liquor. The Chuckwagon, Park headquarters: breakfast, \$1.25; dinner, \$1.25; supper, \$1.50.

CLIMATE: The Park offers year-round resort weather, without extreme temperatures. Elevation

in The Basin: 5,000 feet. Best time to go: March to May.

WHAT TO SEE AND DO: Take along heavy boots and hiking clothes. From The Basin, well-marked foot trails lead to scenic spots in the Chisos Mountains. From the South Rim you can see over 100 miles across the Rio Grande River into Mexico. Other spots to visit: Santa Helena Canyon (1,600 feet deep), ghost towns of Castolon, Study Butte and Terlingua. Pack trains into the mountains near Johnson Ranch to see dry cave shelters of the west Texas cave dwellers. Spectacular Boquillas Canyon (7,000 feet deep) can be reached only by wading or taking cable across river and following burro trail to mouth of canyon. Mariscal Canyon can be reached by foot, jeep or rubber boat.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION: Write National Park Service, Dept. of Interior, Washington, D. C., or Big Bend National Park, P. O. Box 251, Marathon, Tex.



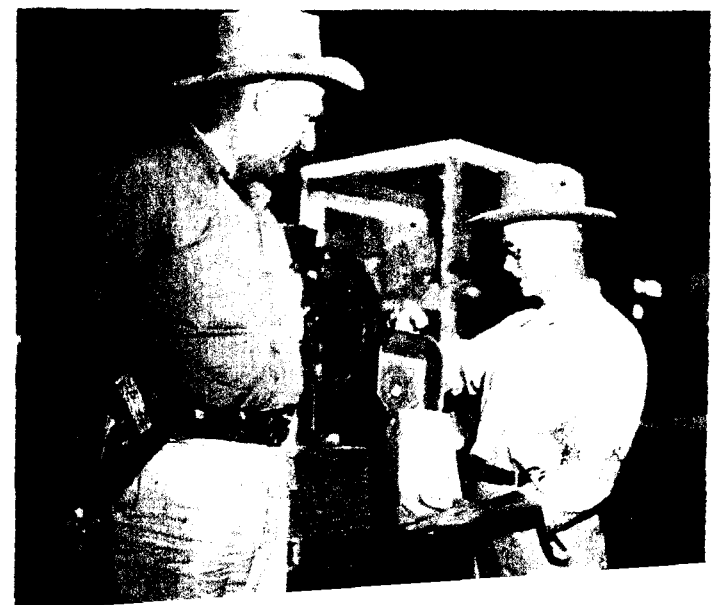
Mrs. Maggie Smith (right) runs the general store and post office at Hot Springs, near Mexican border



Boyd Babbs, retired rancher, takes the Hot Springs waters for his rheumatism. He says they're sure-fire



Seventy-two-year-old Roy Stillwell (above) has lived here all his life. His stories are regarded as gospel. Unofficial G-2 for Border Patrol and Park Authorities, Dick Derrick (below, right) sees everything



A good man is hard to find—and, on a coed campus, even harder to keep



Joanna Dee was one of our first visitors when we unhitched the trailer. At this point I said, "Better watch your step. That kid thinks you're Eisenhower"

YOU'RE crazy if you think for a minute I wanted to come back to Warwick College this year. I had enough last year, if you want to know; and, besides, this year I rolled onto the campus three months pregnant. Even though it is your ex-G.I. husband, and not you, who is the student, that is still no way for a girl to come to college.

But when you marry a man, my dears, what you want to do and what you actually do are often two very different things. Males go around complaining about how they lose at least a dozen of the four freedoms by marrying, and it does not seem to have occurred to them that we females have been developing a freedom or two which we in turn throw out the church window on The Day.

However, my mother always said it was the duty of a wife to go where her husband goes. Being in love with Bill Updyke, that seemed all right to me. When he went to training camp, I hovered near by in a motel. But when he went overseas I found that the Army had never heard of my mother or what she always said. So I waited that one out. Then when he came back he yanked the cord on his decision to finish up at dear old Warwick mid the mountains wild and free, as their song says.

"Besides," said my husband, "I am not sure I want to settle right back into the old moil and toil at the plant. A few more carefree college days wouldn't go so bad."

"How carefree?" I inquired. "Remember I am going with you."

"Of course you are going with me! Think of having your own true love through the long nights of study! As I remember, that was the thing I missed at old Warwick."

"This true love," I said. "I take it that by now she would have graduated—or was she so stupid that she might be there still?"

Bill just grinned. "You'll like old Warwick." He got out the yearbook he had brought away with him as an interrupted sophomore. Somehow he could never remember that I had seen it before. But the pictures did look nice, and Bill pointed out that going to college would solve our housing problem, too. "We'll buy a secondhand trailer, and live near the campus—in a grove or something. If we stayed here we would have to live with your folks."

"Why wouldn't we have to live with yours?" I wanted to know. But Bill was whistling *The College Mid the Mountains* and didn't hear me. We bought the secondhand trailer and we went to Warwick College, like he said.

That was last year, and last year it wasn't so bad, really. I had never gone to college so I enrolled in a couple of classes as an "auditor." In American History the instructor fell for me hard, and I think the same thing happened to a freshman in Biology I. About the instructor I am positive, but you cannot

be sure about a freshman. What pleased me about both was that they did not seem to realize I was an old married wench maybe four years older than the oldest coed in the school. It was a very satisfying experience for a virtuous wife who has been minding her own not very extensive business during the three years her husband was overseas. Of course I told Bill about it and he got furious and threatened to lock me into the trailer.

Yes, all in all, it wasn't so bad last year. The trailer got a little cramped now and again, of course. And sometimes Bill and I felt just a little bit out of things, just a little less a part of the college than the undergraduates who had missed the war. Then, too, Bill found that he was badly out of practice in concentration and study was no pipe. Once in a while, in the narrow confines of the trailer, we quarreled. But not loud. Not like some of the lulus that Bill and I used to lie in the dark and listen to. Not like the battles and troubles that led some of the townspeople to wonder whether veterans and their wives should be "mixed" with innocent non-veteran students who had known neither war nor marital cohabitation, if there is a difference.

Yet all in all, it was fun. It was kind of nice, just as Bill had always said it would be while he turned the pages of the yearbook. For instance, sometimes I would go down to the library with him and read magazines while he studied, and later we would go over to The Rucksack for waffles and milk, and



come home in the moonlight along the campus creek. If it wasn't too cold we would sometimes flush a ghostly couple from behind a tree, and first thing we knew we would be behind another tree ourselves, hanging on to each other like a couple of kids. It was catching.

Or Bill would slam a book shut and say, "To hell with gravimetric, volumetric and electrochemical determination. Let's go to the movies!"

"Darling," I would say, "you talk so good. Let's do." And we would sneak out, feeling guilty and wonderful, and movies had never been so much fun, because Bill ought to be back in the trailer boning with the books.

Or we would go to the gymnasium hops, and the boys would cut in enough to take years off my life, and some little Delta Gamma like Joanna Dee Newman would be gazing up into Bill's eyes until I just felt sorry there weren't enough like him to go around.

The only thing that bothered me was that once in a while I would think what a wonderful time Bill could be having if I weren't there. He would be invited to sorority dances, and he could go to his fraternity dances without being a chaperon. He could have been a shot on the campus, which was what he said he had been before the war. Sometimes I thought he looked a little disappointed and frustrated. And once in a while he would say, "Mary, do you think I should have gone back to the

plant? I'd be all settled in the groove now. I might be a manager."

"No, you'll be glad you did this. It isn't time wasted at all." That is what wives are always saying in books and movies and the next thing you know Don Ameche or Walter Pidgeon has invented radium or discovered a telephone, whereas if the little woman had said, "You are right, Don or Walt, this tough grind is plain nuts," the boys would still be flagmen at the crossing.

So I said what they say in the books and the movies—or really, what I figured my mother would have said. And that is why my hero came back this year to finish and get his sheepskin. When he found out I was pregnant he tried to balk. But I told him that Wilmar—our working title for our unseen offspring—was not going to jeopardize his future. Then Bill thought that if he did go back to Warwick, I should stay with my mother or his mother. "No," I said. "I want to have my own tantrums and nauseas and little fears, all in my own way, without benefit of what happened to our respective mothers and their mothers and aunts and sisters."

But I didn't really want to come back to old Warwick. I was just being awfully big, and I mean that, literally and figuratively. I came back for Bill's sake and for the sake of Wilmar, whose name we intended to change to William or Mary, whichever turned out to be appropriate.

I might as well come out with it. One of the rea-

sons I didn't want to hurry back to Warwick mid the mountains was Miss Joanna Dee Newman. Will somebody please tell me why, about eighteen years ago, thousands of well-to-do parents named their baby girls Joanna Dee, or Deborah Fay, or Peewee June, and they all grew up so awfully cute and as wise as mice? At fifteen they knew how to enter a ballroom, and how to sit down, and where their gloves were, and at eighteen they can pose for pictures with their teeth showing and not look idiotic, as I do when I try to freeze a smile for the camera.

My poor old dad was unimaginative; he wanted to call me just Mary. And there was so little money that instead of working my way through some unobtrusive college, where it wouldn't be noticed, I went to work. So I'll always wonder what I might have looked like at eighteen if my name had been Geegee Dawson Smith and I'd gone to Miss Brush's School for Girls. Bill said I looked wonderful at eighteen, but I doubt it. It's a cinch I didn't look like Joanna Dee Newman.

Joanna Dee had attended a very fine finishing school in California, but when it came time for college her parents decided she should stay home in Warwickton. My idea is that they felt more comfortable when they could keep an eye or two on her. This is not to say, as I certainly would love to say, that Joanna was an evil little witch. I mean only to say that she appeared susceptible. Particularly to Bill, and now that I look back on it all, I can see that it began at last year's Spring Hop.

THE way it happened was that, at the Spring Hop, Bill and Joanna Dee and I found ourselves a cozy threesome at the punch bowl, where I discovered that Bill had been regaling her about life in a trailer, the mutt. But she seemed so genuinely intrigued that I asked her to dinner to see for herself how a G.I. couple lives on ninety dollars a month and nonedible tuition. It was a nice evening. Joanna Dee was cute and charming and I liked her—then. After dinner she helped me with the dishes and then we played rummy. Bill drove her home and I didn't have a qualm.

So in due time we were invited to the Newmans' and that was pleasant, too. Joanna Dee's father had a bank and was president of the Grain Growers' Association. Her mother was a sweet woman who really didn't know straight up about a number of things, and one of them was her daughter. But she was president of her club and chairman emeritus of what would have been the Junior League if Warwickton had had a Junior League. The Newmans lived in a big rambling house on Alder Street, and they were very nice people. They had a maid who seemed not to mind being a maid, and I am told you *need* to be nice to keep a maid these days. When it came time to hate the Newmans, I couldn't.

It didn't come time until this year, although I had had a few wifely misgivings toward the end of last June. Joanna Dee seemed to be around the trailer an awful lot, and I couldn't believe she was that fond of me or that much interested in trailers. It occurred to me that I might start writing the newspaper lady who solves all your problems, just in case, just to be ready for the crisis that shatters your life. But then I figured that things would be different this year. Joanna would have met a life guard at the beach or decided to dedicate herself to understanding the Soviet.

But the main thing that was different this year was my silhouette. I was so noticeably inflated that it dawned on the American History instructor that I was married or certainly ought to be. And the freshman had planted his fraternity pin on one of the most ample bosoms in a sophomore class fraught with ample bosoms. Joanna Dee remained unutterably free and was one of our first visitors when we unhitched our battered coupe from the trailer.

I took it upon myself at this point to say to Bill, "You better watch your step, Mac. That kid thinks you are Eisenhower with a fifteen-dollar wave."

"She is no kid," Bill said. "She is not much younger than you."

"That is lovely of you," I said. "But also that is the Army viewpoint. You are now separated, my friend, and required in turn to separate minors from the female herd."

"She likes to talk to me because she gets tired of these callow nonveterans."

"That's what I mean."

"She likes you too. She said so herself."

That should have (Continued on page 60)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG



IT LOOKS SO EASY

BY KYLE CRICHTON

People who watch the De Marcos go into their dance are convinced that anybody can do it. But few ballroom teams have stood up over the years the way Tony and his succession of beautiful partners have

I DON'T want to be immodest in the matter but if I can't dance any better than Tony De Marco, at least I'm second best. You've seen him do it, haven't you? Easiest thing in the world; just sort of sashays around out there with Sally. There are critics who maintain that the De Marcos are the greatest ballroom dance team in the world because they make all the spectators think they can do it just as well. Of course they can't do it at all but I can; that's another question entirely.

The music starts and they come out looking like a million bucks (oh, *sure!* dressed to the eaves) and then Sally starts out one way and Tony goes another, and once in a while they get together. Tony started doing that back in the time of Vernon and Irene Castle, and the De Marco name has been the greatest thing in ballroom dancing for twenty years and I'll be blasted if I can understand it. Tony and Sally get \$3,500 a week and are the only dance team that can carry a show on their own draw, and if I can't dance as well as Tony De Marco—well, I'll keep on doing the way I am now: not dancing.

You think it's the Latin temperament that does it? That's another laugh. Tony comes from a farm at Fredonia, New York, and has a good New York State accent like anybody else around Buffalo. Other farm boys waste their time with gittars and musical saws and hoedowns, but Tony just got out there in the middle of the floor and swooshed around and pretty soon he almost got his brains knocked out with twenty-dollar gold pieces. He's been in the big dough for twenty-nine years and the only easier way to get it would be to manufacture it.

Tony never took a dancing lesson at Fredonia and still hasn't had one. His sister yanked him on the floor one night at a waltz contest and they won first prize and Tony said, "Oh, oh; put the harrow back in the barn; the boy has new ideas." This took him and the family to Buffalo where he won a contest sponsored by the Vernon Castles and got a trip to New York, where he appeared in old Madison Square Garden and copped sixth place in a national competition won by Mr. and Mrs. Sailing Baruch.

The next thing, he was in vaudeville

and in due course had an act entitled Tony De Marr and his Seven Sheiks. The Sheiks were Filipinos shanghai'd from a boat in San Francisco and M. De Marr was late of the Teatro Nacional de Bolivia. In Rockford, Illinois, he was interviewed by the press and responded in an Incan dialect. Next year he returned, was interviewed by the same man and spoke now in fluent Fredonian. "What a miracle!" said the cynical reporter.

The Filipinos had to be exiled after a year or two because they resolutely refused to learn such a silly language as English and acquired a love for American jails that kept Tony in hock as often as they were in clink, which was every night. There was also a threat of starvation induced by an exclusive diet of branch water and rye. "From the interpreter," said the physician who examined them, "I learn that they know only three words of English: ham and eggs. The young men have picked up a hell of a case of scurvy."

From this humble start De Marco has progressed to a position where he can smack dukes heartily on the clavi-

cle and command a fee that would shame a highjacker. Tony's age is a matter for history, conscience and malicious gossip. It is enough to know that he has moved like a fixed star amid a succession of beautiful dancing partners and nobody has yet caught him sitting out a dance. At the end of a thirty-minute routine that would bring the mass burial of practically all Americans of his age, Tony is breathing warmly but not ostentatiously. He may not be dancing at ninety but it will be well for the choir not to start Begin the Beguine at his funeral.

Signor De Marco (the family came originally from Palermo in Sicily) has a natural reluctance to recalling his lengthy past in the presence of his present charming wife, but archaeologists have done some prodding among the ruins and report that the first partner and wife was Mabel Scott. The second wife was the famous Renee De Marco and the third is the beautiful Sally Craven of the moment. His three most famous partners were Nina (Helen Kroner), Renee and Sally.

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Tony's present partner (and wife) is lovely Sally Craven. She used to be a ballet dancer till Tony swept her off her toes and converted her to ballroom



Tony does a bit of leaping when he dances, but it scarcely causes him to breathe hard. After 20 years in the business, he's still going strong

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

Beneath his velvet manners, Vovo had an iron will—a will to make people break down and be themselves

I HAVE always had a theory that if you accost a stranger cordially and unexpectedly, and above all intimately—without preliminaries, that is—nine times out of ten you will receive a cordial response. Of course, sometimes you may get into trouble, even a fight, but not often. A primary fact about humanity is the loneliness of the individual and the hankering, the bitter yearning of most of us to burst from our imprisoning cocoons into a sunny, casual, good-humored world of easy and affectionate understanding and intercourse.

That's one reason out of many why I loved so being with Vovo.

Vovo had a way of taking the largest and most suspicious city and suddenly turning it into a small village where everyone knows and more or less likes everyone else. To some extent this was helped by Vovo's build. Vovo had the physique of a bear, and his two-hundred pounds were all muscle. One thought twice before resenting Vovo. But it was Vovo's disarming approach that in the final analysis performed the miracle—the series of miracles.

Vovo—his name was Vladimir Vasilov, and he had been a young lieutenant in a Cossack Guard regiment before the Russian revolution—went up and down the streets of New York with an air of gentle, proprietary friendliness. For instance, the moment he entered a taxicab the atmosphere changed from one of stale leather and aloof commercial haste to one of warm and leisurely conviviality. It was as if Vovo carried around with him a spiritual samovar and everyone at once began to sip tea.

Vovo never indulged in the vague political and social discussions of the average taxicab conversation. He would lean forward and in his guttural rolling English, which is impossible to reproduce accurately, solicitously address the driver:

"And der vife?"

"The what?"

"Der vife. How iss she?"

The driver would be startled and sometimes, to begin with, surly.

"All right."

"And der baby?"

"Fine. Gained a pound."

Pretty soon the ice would be broken and the two would be talking like brothers.

Vovo, when a pedestrian, never hesitated for traffic. Red or green lights meant nothing to him. He carried a thick, formidable-looking cane that somehow resembled him,

and raising this aloft, he would cross a street. Oddly enough, this signal worked like a charm. Cars would swerve or come to a grinding halt. Their drivers would look puzzled and indignant. And often one of them would shout something profane. Vovo paid no attention. Nor, for some eerie reason, did any policeman who happened to be present. Without haste, Vovo would cross to the other curb.

"Beople always stop for der unexpected," he would comment.

I remember one hot Sunday night in June when Vovo and I had driven up from New Jersey in the small run-about I then owned. We had come through the vermicular windings of the Hudson Tunnel into the languid air of lower New York. Presently we were sliding through Greenwich Village.

On the sidewalks numerous young men strolled with their young women. Some of the young men had their arms around the waists of their young women. Every time we stopped for a traffic light, Vovo would lean out of the car and beckon one of the young men to him. Most of them stepped forward hesitatingly.

"Be care-ful," Vovo would say, lowering his voice confidentially. "Dot's a nize girl. Dreat her vell." Then he would wave his hand in a paternal fashion. "Dot's all. Gootby."

THIS attitude, confiding and inviting confidence, naturally served to make Vovo the victim of every hard-luck story, and he became a talented arranger of other people's lives. He did not seek these roles. He was not a busybody. They just came to him. He got jobs for people—he knew scores of influential men and women. He was a successful portrait painter—although from the age of nineteen until twenty-six he had been a soldier—and his large, untidy studio was always littered with vague, anonymous displaced fellow countrymen: ex-admirals, ex-generals, princes. No one knew their names; there were no introductions. Most of them were bearded, silent and, to judge by their appearance, disagreeable. Eventually Vovo found them positions of one kind or another—as doormen at night clubs, as janitors, and so on. Sometimes he married them off. Vovo lived a large, patriarchal life, but an expensive one.

And so it was inevitable that he should do something about Henry Cossitt as soon as he discovered that Henry was in trouble. Vovo was very fond of Henry Cossitt, to whom

I had introduced him a couple of years earlier.

Henry was in serious trouble. He was deep in a predicament as old as the hills and repeated in every generation. Henry had fallen in love with Jane Mustin, daughter of William Mustin. William Mustin was not only extremely rich but the owner of a famous temper. For thirty years, it was said, no one had successfully crossed or contradicted him, and so he had cultivated his temper until its exercise had become an art. He improved upon it, embroidered it. Sometimes he was cold and implacable; sometimes he roared. On the whole, he preferred roaring. It was easier.

The fact that Henry was, from every standpoint except the financial, a most desirable young man—intelligent, ambitious and particularly charming—carried no weight. Henry was a young, beginning lawyer, and consequently quite poor. That was enough.

Never having crossed William Mustin, I had always found him pleasant enough in his white-mustached, ruddy-cheeked, somewhat condescending fashion. He was a type, and you either accepted the type or you didn't. His most ingratiating trait was his adoration for Jane. He was a widower, and Jane was his only child and the center of his universe. But this, of course, merely added fuel to the conflagration. Apparently he decided that the only cure for the, to him, unbelievable situation was to roar. Having decided this, he had acted with his usual impetuosity. He forbade Henry, who had been an intimate there for almost three years, entrance to the Mustin house on Sixty-fifth Street. He informed Jane that, much as he loved her, he would disinherit her if she married Henry.

It was all very old-fashioned and dramatic and absurd, but then great wealth and lack of contradiction often make people old-fashioned and dramatic and absurd.

Jane had not argued with her father; she knew better. Besides, she dreaded his roaring. She had left the room in silence, her gray eyes large and brilliant, her generous, lovely mouth drawn into a straight line. But at the door she had looked back. "You have a strange way of showing your affection," she sighed. "You could be so sweet," she added reflectively, "if you only wanted to be."

For a moment William Mustin's heart had turned over. Perhaps he had been too hasty. He could not conceive of a world without Jane.

He took a step forward and then stopped, reassuring himself. Drastic methods had been necessary. This was for Jane's own good. Pretty soon she would come to her senses. She was a sensible girl.

Some of this I was told; the rest was not hard to imagine. Vovo told me the story. Henry Cossitt, it seems, had reluctantly and sadly confided in him. Very few people could resist Vovo when he had made up his mind to discover what was wrong. And there was so much of Henry to be discouraged; he was six feet one and his despondency was painfully visible in every inch of him.

"Der trouble vith dot young man," Vovo concluded sagely, "iss dot he iss too honorable. Thank Gott I haf never been too honorable. He iss too modest—he vill not run away vith Jane, although she vants to. She iss a voman. Vomen vant direct action. So—pouf—cut der knot! But no, he vill do nodthing. He is afraidt of her money if she stays reech, afraidt to take her money away from her by marriage. Too bad."

THROUGH Henry, Vovo had met Jane, and through Jane, her father. Pretty soon Vovo had fallen into the habit of dropping in at the Mustin house every week or so for tea. Vovo's tea was something—five cups at least, very strong and loaded with sugar. He was mildly in love with Jane herself—almost everyone was. She was certainly satisfactory to look at, blond and graceful—and she had the added grace of being totally unaware of her good looks. Also, for some strange reason, Vovo found pleasure in William Mustin's company and delighted in teasing him in a sly, pouncing fashion. The few times I witnessed this, I felt as if I were in the presence of an idiot playing with dynamite. But nothing happened. Evidently William Mustin returned Vovo's liking. He treated him as if he were a charming child.

Vovo analyzed William Mustin's character for me.

"Dot iss really a pretty nize feller," he said. "But he iss a crab. He runs back into his shell. In der shell are all his liddle piles of money, and when he feels bad, he counts dem. Dey make him feel beeg. I vould like to wrestle

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We wanted very much to laugh with William Mustin, not at him. Doubt had suddenly entered the room. So much depended on how he would behave

THE STUFFED SHIRT AND THE LADY

BY STUARTS BURT

ILLUSTRATED BY BEN HUR BAZ



Bouncing Everett Case leans, twists and scrooches his North Carolina State boys in to the big time. And basketball booms below the Mason and Dixon's line



Before his boys go into action for the second half, Everett Case lectures them with the fervor of a revival preacher





When the game is on, Case plays harder on the side line than any of his panting North Carolina State athletes. He's as restless as a worm in hot ashes as he follows every play

EACH GAME HE DIES

BY FURMAN BISHER

IT WAS a cold, rainy winter night in Raleigh, North Carolina, about a year ago. The creaking old floor in the lobby of Frank Thompson Gymnasium at North Carolina State College was streaked with red mud tracked in by 3,600 students and a smattering of wives, most of whom had stood in line over two hours in a drizzle to get inside. The attraction was the second N. C. State-Duke University basketball game of the season.

Five players, stripped down to State's red and white skivvies, formed a circle near their bench. Kneeling down inside that circle was a man with gray-streaked hair. His face was flushed a fiery red. His jaws were working at the furious pace of a revival preacher giving the sinners one last chance to step up and confess. That man was Everett Case, who was involved in giving the Southern Conference its best basketball show since the University of South Carolina imported intact the national high school championship team from Athens, Texas, back in 1933.

Case was oblivious to the referee's whistle, which had sounded five times while the Duke team pawed around impatiently. Suddenly, he popped out of the knot of players, grabbed each one by his clasped hands and shook him until his teeth must have rattled, then sent them onto the court. As if to emphasize his defiance for all opponents he stood on his toes, pointed dramatically toward nothing in particular and shouted one final piece of instruction to his team.

With that, he sat down on the State bench and proceeded to live through 40 minutes of agony. Oh, State won all right. In fact, Case's team gave Duke its worst basketball beating in over two decades that night. But Case, on the side lines, played harder than any of his panting athletes.

If wild gyrations and court-side verbosity would win games, then Case would never lose.

"I'm a leaner, a twister and a scroocher," he characterizes himself. "I shoot for every one of my boys. If it looks like they're gonna miss, I try to lean, or twist or scrooch 'em in."

Back home in Indiana, where basketball is a major industry and basketball coaches draw as much water as the Queen Mary, things just haven't been the same since the late war took Case away in 1942. He never came back—to Indiana, that is—and basketball in the Hoosier State is like Murderers' Row without Babe Ruth, Olsen without Johnson, grits without gravy.

But since Case moved his circus to the North Carolina State campus a year ago, that neck of the woods has seen a basketball transition that might eventually result in a switch of the game's balance of power from the Middle West to the South. He has affected the game in the Southern Conference domain as the rabbit ball affected baseball, or as the T formation affected football.

This basketball heat wave was conceived during the winter of 1946 while the Red Terrors, who hadn't been terrors in quite a spell, threshed

around in the Southern Conference's second division. State's athletic fathers, a little weary of such humiliation, talked with Chuck Taylor, who had brought an Army team to town to play State.

Taylor had been coached by Case in the dim Indiana past, and had the answer handy. "I know just the man you need," he told them. In less than three months, Everett Case joined forces with N. C. State and within a year he had brought back to the campus the second Southern Conference championship in N. C. State history. He had pushed the Red Terrors to the semifinals of Madison Square Garden's National Invitational tournament, and he had beaten college competition 23 times and lost only thrice.

That Case should so severely dominate the Southern Conference in one short year is a feat not fully appreciated anywhere except on the N. C. State campus and back in Indiana. There they realize the intricacies of his system and marvel that he was able to mold such a team out of complete strangers.

Only three members of that State squad had ever played for him before, guard Robert Negley, part-time forward Warren Cartier and reserve Charley Stine. Negley and Cartier were members of Case's Depauw Navy team and Stine had played high school ball for him in Indiana. Dead-eye Dick Dickey, rangy Eddie Bartels and jack-rabbit Jack McComas came to him by word of mouth, and steady Leo Katkavek was the one donation of previous State squads, a returnee from a prewar team. The talent was so thick that the team's high scorer of the previous year threw up his hands and turned in his uniform. But it takes a lot of teaching to feel at home in the Case system.

In Indiana, though, it can never truly be said that anyone is surprised. Case began throwing his weight around in that state at the age of eighteen, won his first state cham-

pionship at the age of twenty-five and went into the Navy in 1942 as one of two coaches who ever won four state high school titles.

While Case is completely uninhibited on the court, at his desk in State's red and white field house he's as serious about basketball as the President is about the state of the nation. He is a stickler for efficiency, for organization, for setting a definite plan and following it. He knows what he wants and he gets it.

He probably spends more money than any basketball coach in the country on scouting and is the first coach who ever used movies to scout a basketball opponent.

When he was in the saddle in Indiana, he went out and recruited material from any town or hamlet. If he saw a player he wanted badly enough he moved him and his family, lock, stock and barrel, into his town. He recruited with the aggressiveness of a bloodhound stalking his prey.

That practice brought a stormy finish to his two-year career at Anderson High School in 1933. The school was suspended from state competition for one season and Case packed his bags and headed to the University of Southern California where he was junior varsity coach a couple of seasons. Then the old guard at Frankfort called him back from the West Coast. Frankfort liked to win and Case won for Frankfort.

Case could have had a pro job at a fat price in the now defunct Basketball League of America last winter, but he turned it down. "I just couldn't take it," he says, "because I like to see kids get an education. You take a look at the records here and you'll see that these boys of mine make good grades or they don't stick."

He could have had more attractive collegiate jobs too. Purdue and the Naval Academy had propositions for him, and for that matter he could have stayed in the Navy and fared quite well. When discharged he was

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THE MAN WHO MOVED ROCKS

BY NICHOLAS
BRECKENRIDGE



Paul liked to watch Tony move rocks. These were the only times Tony seemed really to exert himself

Beyond the understanding of an alien world, this humble man sought his destiny in the earth itself

TONY BUONARRATI was an Italian gardener and stone mason who lived and worked in Ashdale when Paul Cavanaugh was a boy.

Tony was a widower. Paul went to school with one of his sons, a bright-eyed young roughneck, and with Antoinette, the youngest of his dark-eyed disturbingly mature daughters. They were ashamed of their father because he spoke English with an accent and earned his living working in other people's gardens, while the fathers of most of their schoolmates had been to college, wore white shirts every day and commuted to work in New York. Paul Cavanaugh was very fond of Tony.

All through grammar school Paul knew Antoinette Buonarrati only vaguely; he understood that she was pretty in an older way than most of the girls in the class, and he knew that she could give way to a fearful temper when she was teased.

Perhaps because he knew Tony better than he knew the girl, Paul came to understand that some of Antoinette's edginess was because she was on the defensive about her father. She knew that Tony worked in the Cavanaugh's garden, that Paul called him Tony. To the boy it was strange, knowing Tony so well, talking with him of an afternoon and then seeing his daughter the next day—this girl who had been with Tony at supper and at breakfast—now sitting in the classroom, quietly mischievous, loftily ignoring Paul's existence.

In the winter, Tony worked on the town sand truck, or shoveling snow. But from April to October he worked with plants, dividing his time among a dozen or so gardens.

It was two miles to the Cavanaugh's house from Tony's, and on the mornings when Tony was coming, Paul would dress in front of the window, watching for him to appear in the driveway: Tony liked to start work at seven-thirty. Laying his coat and his battered tin lunch pail in the shade of a bush, he would either knock on the door and ask Paul's mother what she wanted done, or else go straight to work on a job he hadn't completed on his previous trip.

With his coming, the day seemed to have officially begun. It would be an hour and a half before Paul's classes started and two hours before his father got to his office in New York. But school and office work seemed to have an abstract, unreal quality compared to digging in the soil and handling growing things.

When Paul got home from school at four o'clock, Tony would be working at the same steady pace as he had when Paul left, but now his blue work shirt would be darkened by a swath of sweat broadening down his backbone, and there would be a few yards of freshly laid stone wall, or some newly transplanted bushes, their boles ringed with dark, soaking earth.

Tony was something to watch when he worked. He was built like a squat stone pillar, and he moved with a kind of stately, saving grace, as if he were reluctant to use himself up. His actions had an unhurried uniformity, a steadiness: it was the economy of effort that comes from having been brought up close to the soil, from knowing what return the earth makes for the care and the faintly skeptical love that men like Tony bring to it.

Like most men who live close to life, Tony seemed close to death too. Oh, he looked both ways when he crossed streets and he kept an eye out for the occasional copperheads that turned up in the gardens. But Paul felt that here was a man who could die—not in the vague way Paul knew his parents and their friends would die, but in some sharper sense. In the few years before his teens, Paul spent a lot of time with Tony, watching him work and asking him questions.

Tony seldom indulged in explanations. His knowledges and opinions seemed to be drawn from some mysterious and incontrovertible fund of inherited wisdom.

Once he told Paul about his boyhood in the south of Italy among the groves of olive trees, and of how he had come to America when he was a young man, hoping to buy a farm.

Late in the evening Tony came in, shy and dignified. A respectful hush fell over the group as he stood there



ILLUSTRATED BY K. WIGGINS

But he had married soon afterward, and his children had been born early; then his wife had died. There would never be a farm; and in Ashdale, which was as far away from New York as he ever got, his abilities were put to more sophisticated uses: to coaxing azalea to grow on eroded slopes; to contriving irrigation, practical but inconspicuous, for beds of annuals; to moving rocks to make place for evergreens or goldfish ponds.

Tony's character was indelibly stamped on every garden in which he worked. While housewives fluttered about making up their minds and pointing out what they wanted done, Tony would nod or occasionally raise his bushy eyebrows and turn his mouth down at the corners. In matters of taste, the women usually deferred to his judgment, grateful to acknowledge his professional opinion, which he would bestow by a shake of his head or some small gesture of dismay.

When Tony knocked off, his work—no matter how incomplete it really was—had an air of being in some way whole: A wall would be left unfinished at a sensible point; transplanted flowers would be arranged so that,

while there was room left for more, the job could have passed as complete.

There was a ceremonial quality about his simple preparations to leave, and when he lifted his big hand to wave goodbye, lifted it in a short, sparing motion, Paul would feel as if the day had indeed ended.

But it hadn't ended for Tony. He would go home and work in his own vegetable garden or at the little wine press in his cellar. He kept chickens in his back yard. Often he would take a bus down to White Plains, to visit his married daughter, Mrs. Cavanaugh had told Paul. He had a sense not only of timing—which was apparent in the way he left his work—but of the many uses to which time can be put. And he had the air of always seeming completely sure of himself in his work, which children recognize as an admirable quality in anyone.

Particularly Paul liked to watch him move rocks. Tony was a gentle person, with the minimum of personal animosities permissible to a man of character. The rock-moving times were the only times when he seemed really to exert himself.

It was because of something that happened when Paul was in the sixth grade that he first realized about Tony and the rocks, that it was as if Tony had selected the rocks as being the only tangible evil he could get at.

One afternoon early that spring, Paul happened to see Antoinette's report card. The cards were all lying in a pile on Miss Colloway's desk. Antoinette's name had been called just before his, and as she turned from the desk, he glanced over her shoulder. He saw two D's on the card. It was a terrible feeling, Paul knew, to be taking home a bad report card.

THE next afternoon, just after the bell had rung and the children were banging the doors of the coat closet on their way home for the week end, Tony walked into the classroom. His hat was in his hand and he was wearing a necktie. Most of the people in the room were too busy preparing to leave to notice him. But Paul saw him and so did Antoinette. Reddening, she slammed the door of the coat closet and marched out the door.

Paul's desk, like the desks of all the pupils that the teacher considered

troublemakers, was near the front of the room; casually he walked forward to it and shuffled the books that were inside. He could hear scattered fragments of Miss Colloway's conversation with Tony: . . . *badly behaved. . . bright enough, Mr. Buonarrati, but she simply won't . . .*

Tony was very embarrassed. He shook his head slowly and made the beginnings of gestures with his hands. Suddenly Miss Colloway looked up.

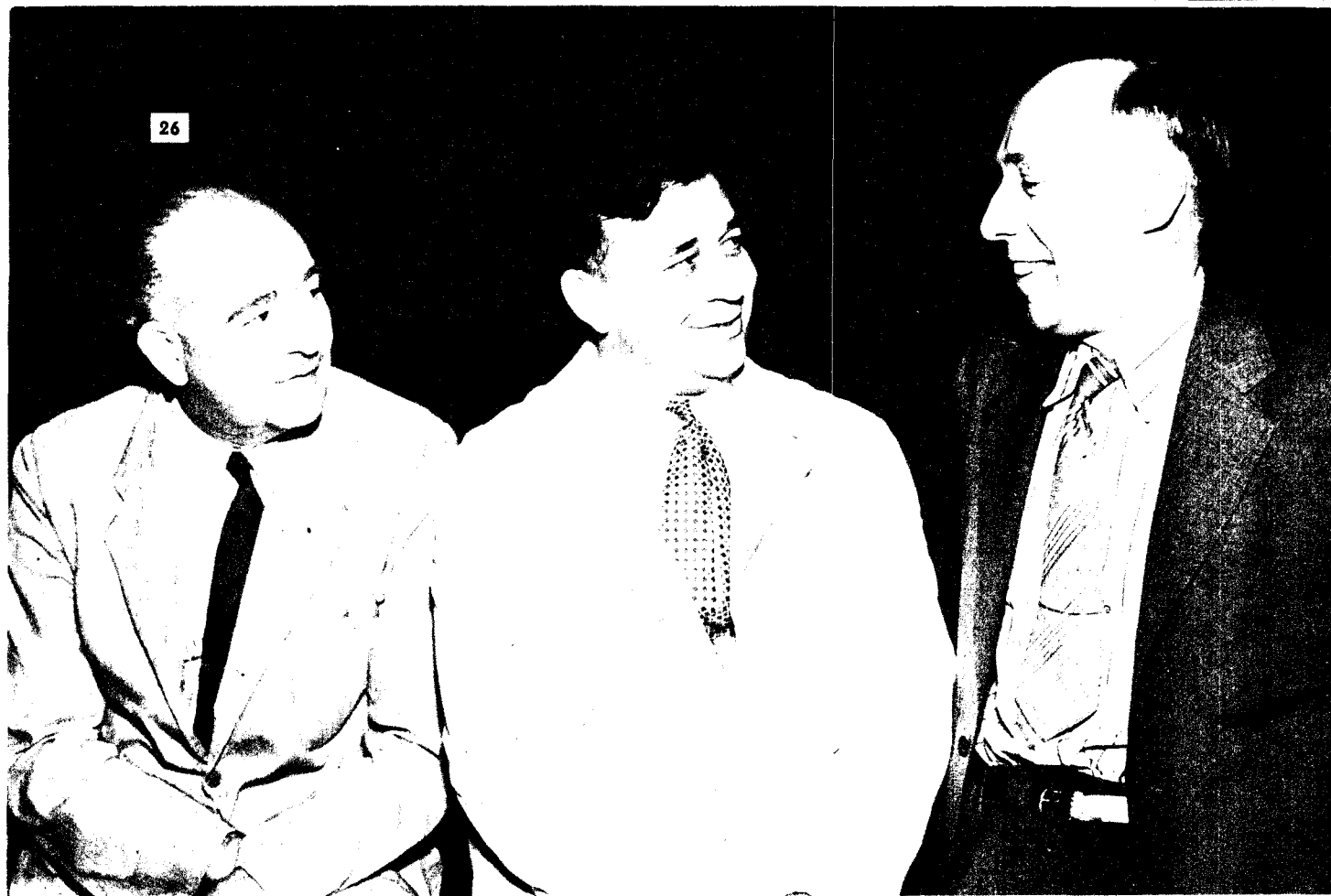
"Paul Cavanaugh! Must you sit there after the bell when you know that this conversation doesn't concern you?"

"I'm going, Miss Colloway," Paul said. He smiled at Tony, and Tony nodded gravely.

A few minutes later Paul saw him walking from the school down past the playing field. He looked baffled. His manner was oddly different in the alien environment. Paul started to run over and catch up with him, but something in the stiff set of Tony's shoulders as he walked made Paul abandon the idea.

That was a Friday afternoon. The next evening Paul's parents gave a
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Dr. Tom Spies' work on starvation sickness attracts medical men from all over the world. At a demonstration arranged by the National Research Council, he talks with Dean Stanley Dorst, of the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine, left, and Dr. M. A. Blankenhorn, director, Department of International Medicine, Cincinnati General Hospital, right

THE MIRACLES OF DR. SPIES

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

A brilliant young doctor in Birmingham saved thousands of people who didn't know they were dying of starvation. He has beaten pernicious anemia, relieved blindness and even insanity in a matter of hours

THE center of the world fight against starvation sickness, a dread series of vaguely diagnosed maladies that even in normal times affect three fourths of all people, is in the city of Birmingham, Alabama. There, with some of the least-known but most dramatic medical research of this generation, Dr. Tom Douglas Spies has literally brought the dying back to life, not by the handfuls but by the thousands.

People given up by doctors and family have been brought to young Tom Spies who found them to be suffering from that most elementary and widespread of all human ailments, starvation. These people didn't know they were hungry. They ate three meals a day, but they were slowly starving.

Operating a unique laboratory, with human beings as willing guinea pigs, Dr. Spies has demonstrated that certain basic chemical elements of food can end some of the most baffling sicknesses in medical history. The blood failure of once deadly pernicious anemia now responds to Dr. Spies' treatment with folic acid in doses so small that 250 of them could be held in a single teaspoon. He has relieved "eye troubles," and even virtual blindness. He has resurrected people from the living death of pellagra and that scourge of the

hot countries, tropical sprue. He has cured insanity, not in weeks or months, but in hours.

Today at forty-five, which is mere youth in medical circles, big, robust scientist Dr. Spies (pronounced Speeze) is recognized as the authority among researchers fighting starvation throughout the world. Since he started saving lives seventeen years ago in Cleveland, he has been studying the basic chemicals without which our bodies decline and sometimes die. He has discovered and proved that the maladies of hunger will strike not singly, but two or three at a time. Usually they occur not in the open but at places in the anatomy that are deeply hidden from the physician.

Chemicals are not a substitute for a well-balanced diet but Dr. Spies believed that if we knew precisely how they affect the body it might be possible to combine some of these chemicals and vitamins into an extraordinary single medicinal dose that would greatly speed recovery from these hidden maladies. The soundness of this once revolutionary idea, technically called mixed-vitamin therapy, has been gradually revealed through a series of research projects that have been dramatically successful.

Dr. Spies' interest in slow starvation began when, as a small boy, he

lived on a Red River Valley cotton farm near the Arkansas border in northeast Texas. A variety of food was not available in their neighborhood and young Tom Spies was profoundly affected when the mother of his closest friend died of pellagra.

This strengthened his youthful determination to become a doctor but it wasn't until 1930, when he entered Lakeside Hospital in Cleveland as a twenty-eight-year-old intern, that his passionate fight against hunger was begun. His first patient, a pellagrin, died within twenty-four hours. Shocked, and fearful that it somehow was his own fault, Dr. Spies checked the hospital records and found that 54 per cent of all patients afflicted with severe pellagra died. He sent inquiring letters to other leading hospitals. Their reported death rate was about the same.

Dr. Spies went to work. He began force-feeding a group of doomed pellagrins on a bountiful diet rich in liver, meat and yeast. Pellagrins don't want sustenance; eating is often painful. Their shrunken stomachs may not be able to hold down the simplest diet. This did not discourage Dr. Spies. He poked food into his patients day and night. He cajoled and browbeat them into eating even when nourishment was revolting and even though they cried out when it hurt their tender, fiery red mouths.

Among his first 125 patients, to the delight and astonishment of his superiors, young Spies reduced the death rate from 54 to six per cent!

News of this achievement did not impress some medical men in the South, where for years, although unrecognized, pellagra had been the curse of the poor whites. Endemic pellagra—their pellagra—was not this mild Northern variety, they claimed. They held that the pellagra found up North was caused primarily by alcoholism, but that Southern pellagrins were actually diseased. Many of Dr. Spies' patients had been alcoholics before they were brought, dying, to Lakeside Hospital. Alcohol is not a food and Dr. Spies believed these patients were suffering from the same slow starvation that every year killed thousands in the South.

Diet Included Corn Whisky

To test his theory he told pellagrins, "Eat what I give you and you can drink all you want." He was soon flooded with patients. He poured carefully measured corn whisky to them by the gallon, but he never stopped feeding them. They got well. That proved it wasn't whisky that had been killing them. It was lack of proper food.

When word of this reached Dr. James S. McLester, of Birmingham's huge, charity Hillman Hospital, McLester went North to see for himself what Dr. Spies was doing. He admitted that the patients *looked* like pellagrins and invited Dr. Spies to come to Hillman Hospital and test his methods there. The invitation was accepted.

Today, Dr. Spies has an overworked staff of forty, most of whom would merit a place on the first team of nutritional experts anywhere. Back in 1935, when he went to Birmingham, Dr. Spies selected three people who were to become the first such team ever organized: Miss Jean Grant, dietitian, Miss Ann Van Blaricom, nurse, and Dr. Austin B. Chinn, medical assistant. With these he felt competent to tackle any pellagra the South had to offer.

As a starter, Birmingham offered its fifty toughest cases. One third had serious organic diseases, in addition to pellagra. Some were crazed. Others were literally at the point of death. All exhibited on their arms, hands and legs the repulsive pellagra sores which look like leprosy. The inflamed mouths of many seemed coated with blood. Most of them had shooting pains and red-hot burning sensations in their legs and feet.

For thirty years Southern specialists had been trying to cure such severe endemic cases. In spite of the best treatment they knew how to give—it included iron, hydrochloric acid, a form of arsenic, and a special diet—one out of three patients would die; and even those who lived were in the hospital an average of a month.

But Dr. Spies knew their prescribed diets had not been eaten. Doctors ordered them and patients refused them. He changed all that. With Jean Grant he arranged special high-protein, high-caloric diets. Then he told Ann Van Blaricom to insist that every patient eat all that was put before him. To make essential yeast more palatable it was mixed with ice-cold nonalcoholic eggnog. They put raw ground liver into tomato juice. Patients who couldn't hold down food

(Continued on page 53)

Collier's for January 31, 1948



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THE SAUSAGE WITH THE

Just-right

Seasoning!

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LIKE TASTY DAISIES





The shock which had set her trembling had worn off and she began to calculate her chances, to reckon the damage, to estimate what weapons remained to her

THE THIRD MONKEY

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO WAS IN LOVE WITH MONEY

III

The Story:

The seemingly contented married life of young DINK and JULIE IVES in postwar southern California is rudely shattered when Julie, who has had remarkable success in the stock market, is offered a job selling securities in New York by a MRS. LOIS HITCHCOCK, who represents the brokerage house of Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock.

Julie, who is ruthlessly ambitious, decides the opportunity is too good to turn down. When Dink, a sports columnist for a Los Angeles paper, objects, Julie obtains an interlocutory divorce decree. Their small daughter TOBY is left with LIZ BEHANNA, Julie's mother, who is as pained as Dink about Julie's decision.

Julie's charm and shrewdness help her off to a fast start in Wall Street. REESE METLOCK, the head of the firm, soon falls into the habit of dropping in to her apartment to talk over business. Mrs. Hitchcock and PHILIP BARING, a debonair customers' man, who is immediately fascinated by Julie, show her the ropes.

Back in Los Angeles, Dink is assigned

a new photographer—a slim young girl named MEGAN JONES. His recently acquired resentment of all career women soon vanishes in the face of Megan's candor and ability.

When Dink is sent to New York by his paper, he tries to find Julie at the downtown offices of Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock, but the company's receptionist, middle-aged, embittered MRS. BUNTING, who had once been in love with Julie's late father, doesn't know where Julie can be located. She refers him to Mrs. Hitchcock.

In spite of his preconceived ideas, Dink likes Lois Hitchcock. Among other things, he tells her one of his favorite anecdotes—which concerns the two female monkeys who tried to get aboard Noah's ark. One, of course, was thrown off and left floating on a piece of driftwood. Dink, still in love with Julie, compares her situation to that of the third monkey.

Later that night he rings Julie's doorbell, and she opens the door. "May I come in?" he asks.

JULIE said, "Dink! My dear, I didn't even know you were in New York! I've never been so surprised in my life! Of course, come in. Take your coat off."

"This is nice," Dink said, taking in the marble fireplace, the hothouse roses, the soft lights—taking them in twice because of the full mirror wall which reflected them.

Coral was a color he did not remember having seen her wear. Her housegown, he supposed you'd call it, was a sort of soft coral, with a flat gold collar and a flat gold belt, which showed her waist slimmer than he remembered it. She made more of herself, Dink saw. She was spectacular and stylized, in a sort of arrogant self-satisfaction, as became a lady in New York. This I have done to please myself, she seemed to say; I did not do it for you.

At her gesture of invitation, Dink Ives sat down.

A formal little conversation began. Dink Ives could see it progress in the mirrored wall. Lady and gentleman

exchanging talk. Julie was so interested in the major-league franchises which had brought him to New York. And then there was Toby. Dink's eyes flickered around the room, and Julie said, "The picture is in my bedroom. It's the most enchanting picture I ever saw. Who took it?" So then he told her about Megan Jones, and how sore he had been when Hoppy wished a girl photog on him, but how well Megan had turned out. For a moment Julie's eyes narrowed.

In answer to Dink's polite inquiry, Julie told him about her work. With pretty gestures, she told him how she had sold to Mark Hassenwood of Oklahoma: she made it amusing and she had. Dink noticed, a new vocabulary. Spirited and gay, full of little phrases of an off-beat, glittering brevity. Not yet having met Phil Baring, Dink Ives thought it was a young imitation of Mrs. Hitchcock.

They were caught, in the mirror, like Alice Through the Looking-Glass; they weren't able to get back to reality

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

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Watch those fast-working heads. Watch 'em whiz through whiskers at a 16,000-motions-per-minute pace.

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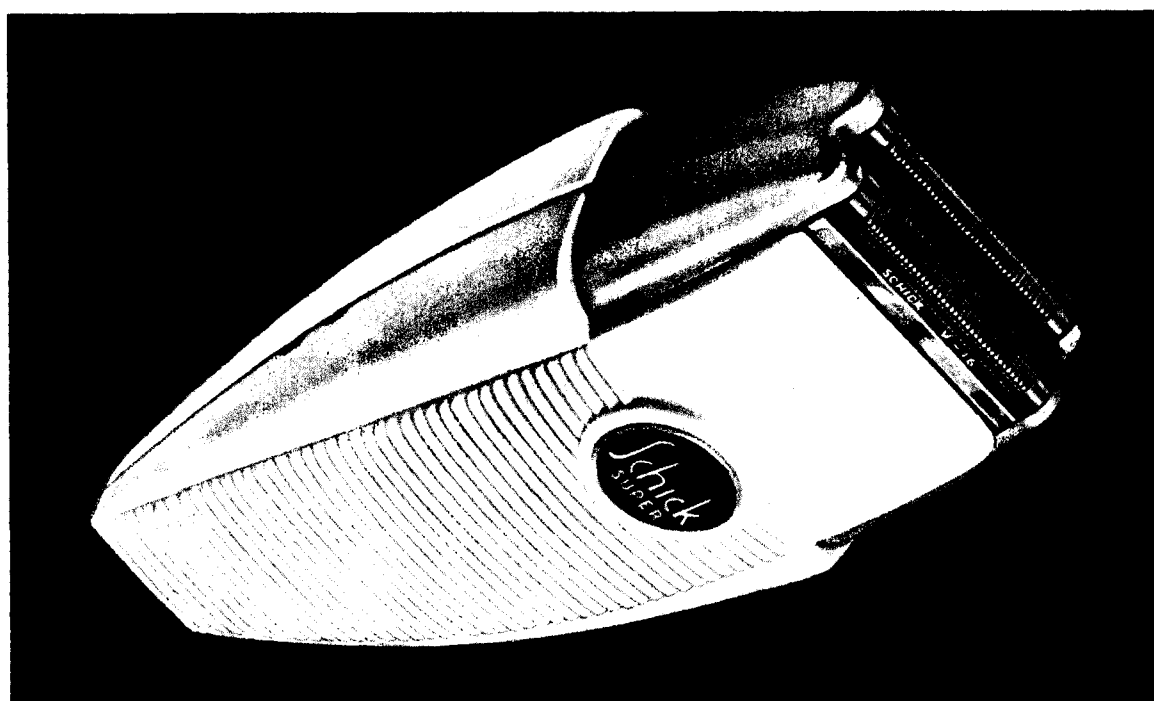
smartless. How fresh it is—how free it is from cuts or scrapes.

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—until Dink got up and went over and sat down on the love seat beside her.

He said, "Look, Butch, this is strictly a glass shot. We're not exactly strangers, are we? I've missed you around the house quite a lot."

Fleeting, she turned her face to him, with a little smile. "You're rather a darling, at that," she said.

A quick stab of anger hit Dink Ives. "Getting a divorce," he said directly, "was bound to knock me silly. But we've been friends a good many years, Butch. I'd still like to be—friends, at least."

His pride was fighting and clamoring to make itself heard, but Dink shoved it down savagely and put the lid on. After all, this was Julie.

Her eyes were brown-velvet now, and once he touched her hair, gently; it had always been his delight, the pale gold hair. And once he took her hand and held it within his own, gently, feeling it curled there and trying to make it seem as of old.

"How are things with you? On the level?" he said.

This Julie he did not know. This was Julie Ives and her career. He had a glimpse then of the shrewd, ruthless little mind, of the opportunist who walked across the tightrope of expedience, who dared not lose her balance for a second nor make a misstep lest disaster and ridicule result. This was the Julie who bought and sold in the market place, in the terrible swift competition of the most uncertain times the world had ever known. He hated it, but he felt an admiration for her courage. Or was it only the female arrogance of the modern woman, making her foolhardy?

"There'll be an upswing in the market along about June—July—sometime around there," she was saying.

AFTER a while he laid her hand down on the love seat and got up and walked over to get a cigarette. Behind him, reflected in the mirror, he could see this room of Julie's, which had nothing to do with Dink Ives, which was completely severed from her life with Dink, with Toby, which represented a completely different life—a life lived three stories above the pavements, encircled by walls of brick and concrete, without a connection with the earth or a view of the sky.

Julie had never cared for the earth or the sky.

The man-made things he had seen that night on Fifty-seventh Street—those were the things Julie cared about.

The bite of it stung him; he went back, restlessly, and stood over her.

"It's late," he said, "and you're sleepy." He lifted her gently, held her a moment in his arms.

"Would it be all right," he said, and his voice shook, "if I kissed you good night? Until the end of the interlocutory year, we're still related, aren't we?"

That made her laugh. She lifted her face, and he kissed her.

It was a gentle kiss, he dared no more. But he knew for the first time something unfamiliar about Julie. Not surface things, not coral and this mirrored room, not the new way of speaking and the ruthless new opportunist—something alien and tainted. Her lips were too soft, like fruit grown overripe in a hothouse.

Yet his kiss had not warmed them.

He meant only to leave her love's kiss to remember, he meant to leave that kiss upon her lips there in that room where he had no ambassador at all. The knowledge that it had not outlasted the breath he drew as he let her go made him reckless, desperate.

"Julie," he said, "will you come home with me? Now—tonight? Will you come back to me? We can be home for dinner, we can see Toby—Julie, will you?"

"Dink—I'm so sorry—" Julie said.

The gods, who had been watching, greatly entertained from the towers of Manhattan, chose that moment for the

ringing of the doorbell. Doorbells ring late in Manhattan; there is no moment of the twenty-four hours when doorbells are not ringing.

Julie's face, which had been puckered, lighted as though the bell were attached inside her to a switch. Then Dink knew that she had expected someone else when she opened the door to him—and that she still did.

Fatigue engulfed him.

Through its haze he heard Julie's gay and casual, "Phil—what an hour to come calling—and I have company, too."

Dink became aware of an extremely handsome young man in a costume Dink himself had never worn, which he identified chiefly with Fred Astaire: tails and a white tie.

His name, it seemed, was Philip Baring. "One of my bosses," Julie said, with the new little shrug she used so often now. "And this is Dink Ives, Phil," she added.

"I had an evening that ought not to happen to a Kraut," Phil Baring said. "I saw Annie Get Your Gun for the third time and then I took the visiting firemen to El Morocco."

"I went to the House of Hogan," Dink said. A man had to say something. Two

rusty freighter flying the Union Jack, a barge loaded with cattle cars.

"I asked her to come home with me," Dink said, "and she won't."

"Do you want her to?" Mrs. Hitchcock said. "Come and have some coffee."

"Of course I want her," Dink said. "I love her."

"The worst thing that can happen to a man," Mrs. Hitchcock said, "is to love a woman he doesn't like. That is not original, mind you. Plato said it, or Browning, or somebody."

"I like Julie," Dink said furiously.

"He is between two fires," Mrs. Hitchcock said, as though she had not heard.

"What does he do then?" Dink Ives said.

"Puts one out," said Mrs. Hitchcock. "When a woman acts from her heart, she is never wrong. When she acts from her head, she always is."

"Is Julie acting from her head with Phil Baring?" Dink said.

"Our Philip!" said Mrs. Hitchcock, and crowed with laughter. "Neither her head nor her heart, unfortunately. Julie now has everything she wants, though, as yet, not quite enough of it. She has Phil Baring, which is like having an asp

He had gone reluctantly, and when he got home, he'd telephoned her. "That was a very expensive victory we both won, wasn't it, darling?"

"Aren't we silly?" Julie had said, and her soft, triumphant laugh had stirred him more than he had expected.

Julie thought about that as she sat on the edge of her bed.

Phil Baring had certainly proved to Dink that she wasn't any third monkey. She was glad of that. But she was sure that she could go back to Dink any time she wanted to, remembering the way he had acted last night, the way his voice had broken, the way he'd held her hand.

AS THE taxi which he had picked up in front of the airport swung across La Brea behind the oilfields, Dink Ives had a breathless sensation. From the moment he'd left Mrs. Hitchcock that morning—bless her!—he hadn't permitted himself to think.

Now he was home and he had settled into reality again.

The hills were green, the oil derricks were silhouetted against the dark gray sky, there were sweeps of ground where there wasn't a tree or a house, and then a new settlement would come into sight, hundreds of little houses with glass brick walls, rambling lines, and brightly painted doors.

Nobody ever admitted to liking Los Angeles much. An overgrown village, half city and half country, but it was geared for everybody to live outdoors, Dink thought. It had more real homes than any place else—everybody had a home.

The taxi drew up in front of his, and he saw that it needed painting, and that the Cecile Brunner which Julie's mother, Liz Behanna, had given them once for Christmas had new coppery red growth among the green leaves.

If I had a cell sparking, I'd sell it, Dink Ives thought. Now's the time to sell; I could make a nice little profit and—and then where the hell would I go?

There had been a time when, coming home from Washington during the war or back from South Bend after a football game, this had been a big moment. In his suitcase would have been a present or two for Julie. Nothing important like coral earrings. But a bottle of perfume, a cream-colored nightgown. By this time, he'd have been running up the steps shouting: "Hey—Julie—I'm home! Toby, here's your old man!"

I'm smelling things, Dink thought, like coffee. His key disclosed the door unlocked and in the kitchen he heard voices. Could be burglars. But burglars, unless they were out of Damon Runyon, didn't start a log fire against the damp and foggy day.

It was Megan Jones. As she came through the swinging door and saw him, she stopped and said crossly, "Hoppy said you weren't coming till tomorrow."

"I wasn't," Dink said. "I didn't intend—hell, I can come home when I want to, can't I?"

She had on some kind of a dark wash dress and there was something white tied in a turban around her head. It turned out to be a clean dish towel. She said, "Sure, I suppose so."

He was pretty sore now himself. A fine heel I turned out to be, he thought. Not even sending her a post card. Not bringing her any kind of a present. I might at least have brought her a roll of film. The way she stuck around all the time I was carrying that torch for Julie.

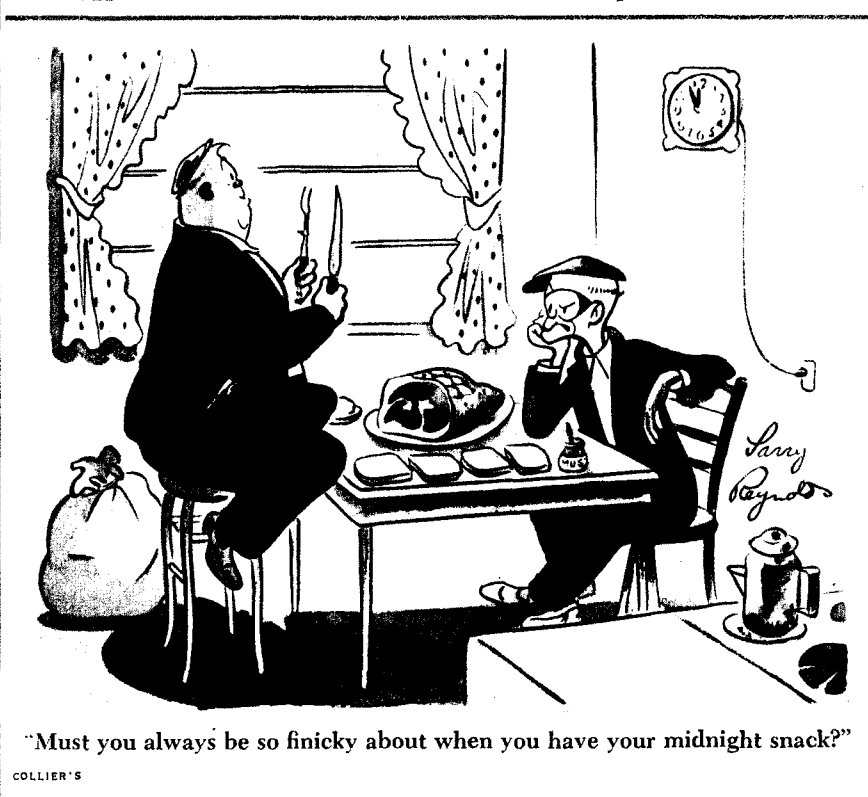
They glared at each other, and then Megan began to laugh. She ran across the room and flung her arms around him and hugged him hard, and gave him a swift and vigorous peck on his left cheek.

"We were planning a surprise for you and here you come right into the middle of it and spoil everything," Megan laughed.

Dink Ives wasn't paying much atten-

BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS



thirty-five in the morning or not, he thought, this good-looking character had a right to come up to Julie's apartment. I guess I'm the only guy in the world who hasn't got a right to stick around here even if Julie wanted me to—that'd make the interlocutory decree no good at all. We'd have wasted all that time and money. How cockeyed can things get in this world? He said, "I'm going to run along, Julie. I need some sleep."

But he didn't get any.

Arriving at eight the next morning, Celestine found him sitting on the bench in the tiny lobby where the elevator stopped outside Mrs. Hitchcock's door.

"Celestine," Dink Ives said, "I am a very forlorn fellow. If you are going to use that key of yours, how about letting me talk to Mrs. Hitchcock for a couple of minutes? She's the only real friend I've got in New York."

The living room was long and quiet, of an ivory tint, with black oak from England, and enormous windows which, from the seventh story, seemed to bow right out over the East River.

Mrs. Hitchcock came and stood beside him and they watched the boats in silence, a new blue-black destroyer from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, a battered and

in your bosom; she has Reese Metlock wrapped around her little finger; she is making money and getting new clients; her career looks very successful. But she's had all these things sent home on credit. Sometimes the gods let you run up quite a big bill before they send it in.

Dink stood up. He said, "I've got to go and see a man about a major-league franchise. I've got to think this thing out."

"Besides," said Mrs. Hitchcock, "she knows she can always go back to you and let somebody else worry about the bills."

THAT was what Julie Ives thought. It wasn't very important, but it was kind of comfortable. She thought about it, in passing, when she woke up that morning.

"You're a fool if you don't go back to your husband," Phil Baring had said last night after Dink left.

"Do you want me to go?"

"Not yet, but I will, someday."

"Oh, I somehow doubt that," Julie had said, "and even if you did—" Hands on her hips she walked over and stood before him. "Run along home now. I'm sleepy."



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tion to all that. He was amazed at the sweet, firm touch of her lips and it occurred to him that he might even have brought her some perfume. She evidently liked it, she smelled of something that was like—sage in the sun?—or boxwood after a rain?

"Hey," he said, "you smell very nice indeed. What is it?"

"What is what?" Megan Jones said.

"What you smell of," said Dink.

"Oh, that," Megan Jones said. "It's something a boy sent me from England. I'm awfully sorry we didn't get finished—it's all sort of half stirred up—"

"It looks finished to me," Dink said, "and if you didn't have any other plans for that coffee, I could use a cup or two."

"I'm so glad you're back," Megan said.

And what's more, she means it, Dink thought. She wasn't a little girl, she was about medium; but Dink was tall enough so she could look up to him, and he saw in her blue eyes that she hadn't meant him to find her here in his house at all, with a fire crackling behind her and coffee ready and her hair done up in a dish-towel because she'd been cleaning. A wave of pure tenderness went over him and left him stranded and speechless.

Coming home and not finding the house empty and bleak and damp, and somebody—but that was silly. Somebody. Megan wasn't somebody; she was Megan. A comrade. A comrade he was proud of, a newspaperman everybody respected.

"You want more wood?" a voice said. "I got some cut."

"This is my brother Jimmy," Megan said.

"I didn't know you had a brother," Dink said, and shook hands with a tall youngster who had Megan's blue eyes.

"The things you don't know about me would fill many books," Megan said. "Bring the wood, Jimmy. You get any breakfast, Dink?"

Dink admitted that on airplanes he never ate hearty.

THEY ate toast and scrambled eggs on a card table in front of the fire.

"I didn't know you could cook," Dink Ives said.

Megan ignored that. She said, "Tell about your trip, what gives or is this major-league business just a pipe dream?"

Replete with eggs and hot, crisp buttered toast and strawberry jam and his fourth cup of coffee, Dink told. The two pairs of blue eyes made a terrific audience.

With an exclamation, Megan became conscious of time. Picking up the coffee cups, she said, "I forgot to tell you—I saw Toby on Sunday. Liz called me and I drove out. She's—Uncle Freddy's sort of under the weather. You know how Liz is about Uncle Freddy?"

"What's wrong with him?" Dink said.

"I think he's tired," Megan said, "and now that Liz has Toby for company—"

"Toby okay?" Dink said. "I'll go out tomorrow myself."

"Toby," Megan said, with a grin, "is terrific. Get going, Jimmy. You wash up. I've got work to do."

"If you wait till I get a shower, I'll drive you down," Dink said.

"I can't," Megan said. "I have to take some pictures at 12, for a magazine."

"Good for you," Dink said heartily. After all, that was what Megan wanted; a man couldn't be petty about her success. "See you at the paper."

But when she had gone, he didn't go upstairs, he went out into the kitchen. Young Jimmy was scraping.

"You're fast," Dink said.

Dink got out the dishpan and shook some soap powder into it. It smelled good. "I'll wash," Dink said. "How well do you remember your brother Blitz?"

"What'd you think?" Jimmy said. "I'm fifteen. I remember him playing against you."

"What'll you do?" Dink said.

"I don't think I want to go to college," Jimmy said. "It's kind of a waste of time. Do you think there's anything in this—that you can't get a job running an elevator any more unless you've got a diploma?"

"I hope not," Dink said, "but you ought to go just the same. I'll bet you're a halfback."

"Well, with Mama being laid up most of the time, somebody ought to be around, and it's sort of not fair to Megan."

"Megan's got a good job," Dink said slowly, washing the egg out of the iron skillet, "and next year she ought to land on one of the big magazines. She's good, she's got a real career in front of her."

"Oh," said Jimmy contemptuously, "a career! Where'll I put these glasses, Dink? Megan don't care anything about an old career. She wants to get married."

vine, she says, and so I dunno if I ought to plan to go to college—"

"Could be we could get you a scholarship around here somewhere," Dink said.

"Megan told me I wasn't to bother you," Jimmy said.

"Bother me!" said Dink. "That's a fine way for her to talk. What's wrong with her? I guess I've got as much right around here as—Hoppy, for example. She might condescend to remember that Blitz was a friend of mine. I should think I had a few rights around here."

Jimmy looked straight at him then with very bright blue eyes. "I should think so, too," he said.

IN EARLY July, as Julie Ives had predicted to Dink, the market soared. Whether due to Wall Street's faith in the Taft-Hartley bill or, as Reese Metlock told her, to the country's confidence in Secretary Marshall's foreign policy,

not get where he is and stay there as long as he has by the methods of St. Francis. Some of that, my sweet, is sheep's clothing, I assure you."

After her coup in July, Julie told Mrs. Hitchcock that the apartment was too small for her. "And I do need a maid, an all-time maid," she said.

"Why not?" said Mrs. Hitchcock. "I take it you are planning to stay in New York indefinitely?"

Julie laughed. "I can't," she said, "possibly imagine anything that would make me leave New York. It's even more wonderful than I thought it was going to be—and I thought quite a good deal. And if I get a house, even a very small one, I can have my little girl with me."

"New York's not exactly an ideal place to bring up children," Mrs. Hitchcock said mildly.

"A great many children seem to grow up here quite successfully," Julie Ives said. "I've written my mother to tell her I shall probably want Toby in the fall, if I can find the right place."

FROM her own desk, Miss Bunting watched Julie Ives read the answer to that letter. Not that she knew what it was, but she felt that Julie Ives wasn't altogether pleased with the perusal.

The day was moist and hot. Heat bothered Miss Bunting. A slow flush had begun to stain her face unbecomingly. Looking at Julie Ives, slender and immaculate in white, didn't make Miss Bunting feel any cooler.

Phil Baring came in, and Miss Bunting saw their eyes meet, saw Julie's lazy lashes, tipped with gold, quiver and fall slowly, making little, cool shadows on her ivory cheeks. An avid curiosity took possession of Miss Bunting, her mind spring-boarded from that long glance, from the note in Phil Baring's low voice, to a kiss, an embrace, a fulfillment she herself had not known.

Disgust and resentment muddled her curiosity. Why had she never known it? Julie Ives' smile at Phil Baring was the reason. Very like her father's, like the last smile Larry Behanna had given a trim, fairly attractive, dark-eyed Miss Bunting twenty years ago before he went off to Florida with that Mrs.—whatever her name had been. For twenty years, Miss Bunting had tried to forget it and now it appeared she had succeeded. But she hadn't forgotten Larry Behanna's smile. She recognized it on his daughter's uplifted, exquisitely made-up little face.

"It's too insufferably hot to work," Phil Baring was saying. They paid no more attention to Miss Bunting, she felt, than if she'd been a piece of office furniture. "Let's go find an ocean. In the natural course of events, we will find a breeze. Get your bathing suit."

"I am not exactly the outdoor type," Julie Ives said.

"You can decorate the cool sands while I swim," Phil Baring said. "Miss Bunting, don't tell anybody, but we are going to play hooky. Mr. Metlock is in Buffalo or Detroit or somewhere, and any of our clients who are in town on a day like this are not competent to invest anyhow."

When they left, Miss Bunting went over and picked up the letter Julie Ives had been reading. A square white sheet, headed *The Rosary*, and signed, she soon discovered, *Mother*.

So this was the woman who had shared with Miss Bunting the desertion of Larry Behanna. Without ever seeing each other, across 3,000 miles, they had wept together when Larry Behanna took the short way out. This woman who wrote in so picturesque and distinguished a hand had been Larry Behanna's wife.

"If you feel you want Toby—planning on school in the fall with the children she knows around here—wonderful to be with her mother, I'm sure—Dink was here yesterday and she was telling him about—"

With shaking hands, Miss Bunting put

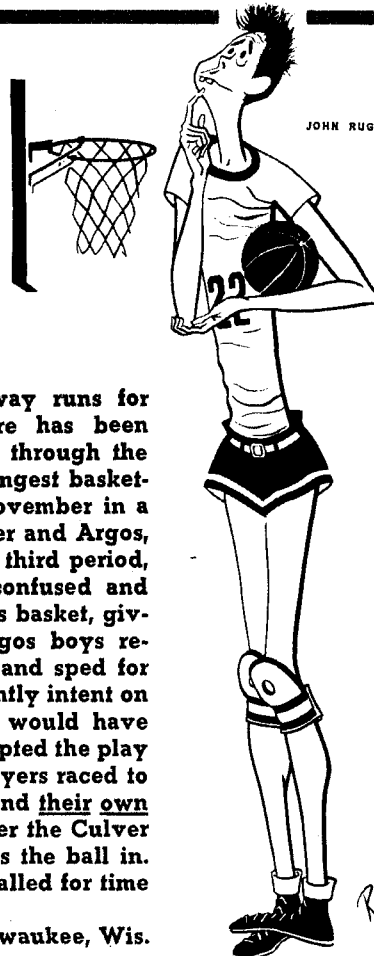
Collier's for January 31, 1948

SPORTING ODDS

Football has had its wrong-way runs for touchdowns, and many a score has been donated by tossing a basketball through the wrong hoop. But one of the strangest basketball exhibitions occurred last November in a high-school game between Culver and Argos, two small Indiana towns. In the third period, Schrimsher of Culver became confused and tossed the ball through the Argos basket, giving Argos two points. Two Argos boys received the ball after the basket and sped for Culver's end of the court, apparently intent on reciprocating the favor. Culver would have none of it. Dille of Culver intercepted the play and stole the ball. The Argos players raced to the other end of the court to defend their own goal, leaving Dille all alone under the Culver basket. All he had to do was toss the ball in. But Dille was confused too. He called for time out.

—Walter D. Kline, Milwaukee, Wis.

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of \$25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Contributions cannot be returned.)



"Give 'em to me," Dink said, and took the glasses. "You mean quit her job?"

"Oh, sure," Jimmy said.

In a neat little row, one by one, Dink set the glasses in the corner cupboard. "Has she got anybody—picked out to marry?" he said.

"I dunno," Jimmy said. "There's always a lot of guys hanging around our house. That center fielder they sold to the Red Sox, he asked her, but Megan says she wouldn't want to live in Boston, and a fellow she knew in the Marine Corps that owns a big pottery down near San Diego—Mama likes him—and then Hoppy—"

A glass crashed. "Hoppy!" Dink said. "You mean the boss? Why, that old goat's old enough to be her grandfather—"

"Megan said that, too," Jimmy told him; "but she says he's kinda pathetic and we mustn't hurt his feelings. You know what I think and so does Mama? We think she's stuck on some guy, but we don't know who it is. Anyhow, Megan says she ought to get married pretty soon or she'll be an old maid and wither on the

didn't matter. Julie had backed her own judgment for such clients as asked her advice, and with every penny she could get her hands on, for herself. She had done well for both. Reese Metlock scolded her about that; he said she'd taken too many chances, but in the end he laughed at her, as he nearly always did.

During the spring and early summer, Julie Ives' list of important accounts had doubled.

Carrying out Reese Metlock's dream of selling at least one share of industrial America to every person in the United States was sometimes exhausting, but Julie had for it an honest and absorbing enthusiasm almost equal to his own. And it kept her close to Reese Metlock; by July, she noted with satisfaction that her big chair showed his large, square contour even when he wasn't in it.

"Take it easy with the old man," Phil Baring said to her; "he's not quite as simple as he likes you to think."

"He's rather an old darling, really."

"Very sincere man," Phil Baring said, "but as I have mentioned before, you do

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all America will take to its heart!

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deep humility and
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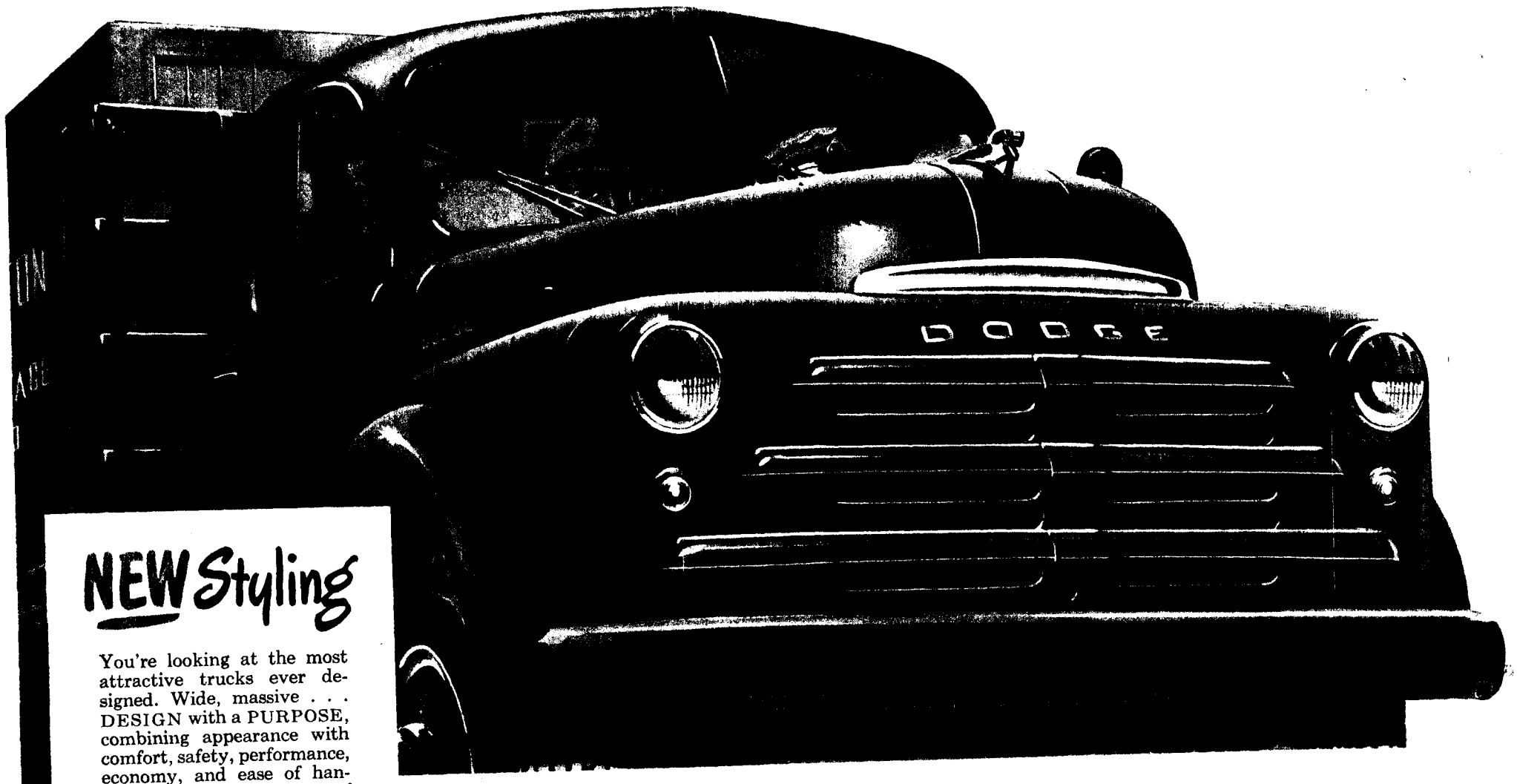
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NEW TRUCKS--



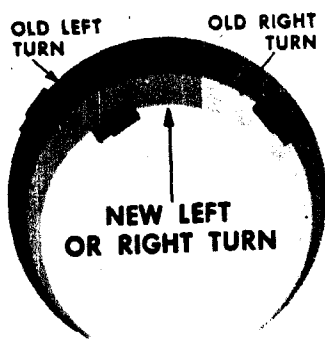
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You're looking at the most attractive trucks ever designed. Wide, massive . . . DESIGN with a PURPOSE, combining appearance with comfort, safety, performance, economy, and ease of handling. They'll be an asset of great value to any business.

NEW Ease of Handling

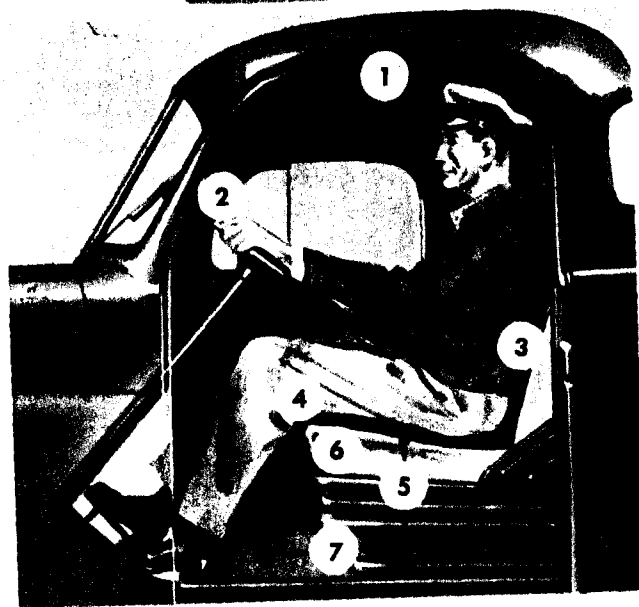
Less turning space needed . . . right or left. Better weight distribution

Remarkable new ease of handling and driving is yours in these new "Job-Rated" trucks. You can turn them in much smaller circles. You can park, back into alleys or up to loading platforms with much greater ease. You get all this with a new type of steering, in combination with shorter wheelbases that accom-



modate full-size bodies, and the roomier, longer cabs. You get much better weight distribution, too, with this new design. Front axles have been moved back, and engines forward. This places more of the engine and cab weight on the front axle. Loads are more evenly distributed.

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- ① PLENTY OF HEADROOM.
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- ⑦ 7-INCH SEAT ADJUSTMENT . . . with safe, convenient hand control.

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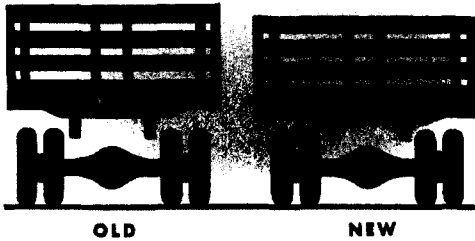
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NEW Stakes

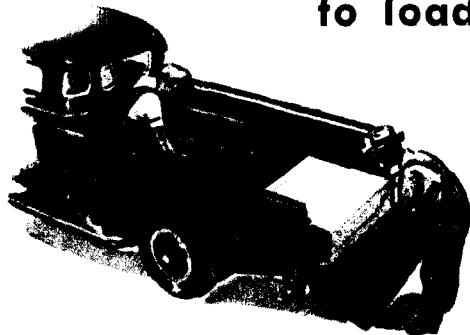
... with lower loading heights



Note the lower loading height of these new "Job-Rated" Stakes. Available in conventional and cab-over-engine models, and with 7½, 9, 12 and 14-foot bodies. Longer service is assured by sturdier construction, featuring steel longitudinal sills, not wood.

NEW Pick-Ups

... bigger, easier to load



You have much more load space in these wider, deeper Pick-Ups. Bodies are built to last longer. The floor is hardwood. Cross sills are steel. Side panels are one piece. Available in 6½, 7½ and 9-foot body lengths.

NEW Panels

... high, wide and handsome

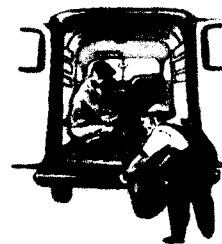
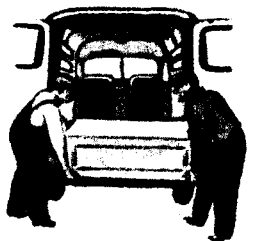


NEW HEIGHT!

Florists, dry cleaners and others will appreciate the new inside height (54½ inches). Rear doors, too, are especially high (45½ inches) ... supported by wide pillars, and heavy hinges.

NEW WIDTH!

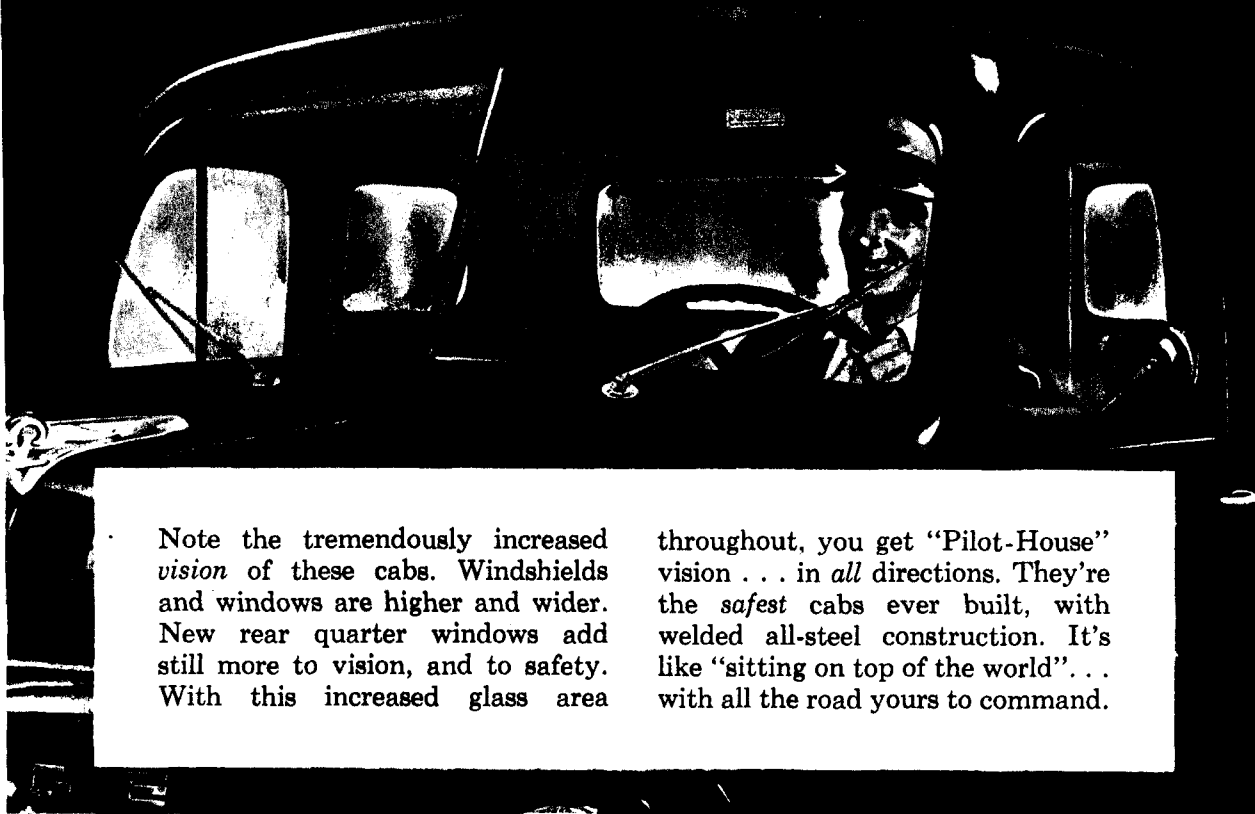
It's easy to load bulky merchandise. They're 62 inches wide inside! Skid strips are welded to the sub-floor. This adds to the weather- and dust-sealing feature of these bodies.



NEW LENGTH!

Linoleum, rugs, etc., are easily accommodated (interior—85 inches long). Total load space is 155 cubic feet. Solid steel roofs add strength, improve appearance.

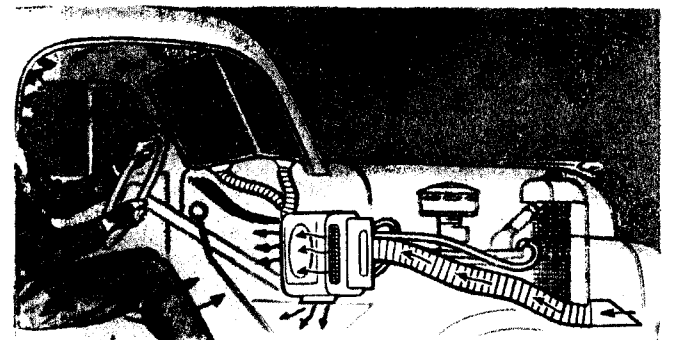
NEW "Pilot-House" Cabs with all 'round vision



Note the tremendously increased vision of these cabs. Windshields and windows are higher and wider. New rear quarter windows add still more to vision, and to safety. With this increased glass area

throughout, you get "Pilot-House" vision ... in all directions. They're the safest cabs ever built, with welded all-steel construction. It's like "sitting on top of the world" ... with all the road yours to command.

NEW All-Weather Ventilation



You drive in comfort at ten below or at a hundred above. Rain, fog and sleet need no longer affect you. Available is an ingenious combination of truck heater, defroster vents,

vent windows, cowl ventilator, and a new fresh air intake from behind the front grille. It's the finest "All Weather" heating and ventilating system ever installed in a truck cab.

"Job-Rated" TRUCKS

Now on Display
SEE YOUR
DODGE DEALER

the letter back on Julie Ives' desk. Dink was the tall young man who had come into this office looking for Julie; he was her husband and the father of her child—child named Toby. And right now she was off in the sands, her lovely slim young body beside Phil Baring's lithe dark body, and they would whisper words Miss Bunting had never heard, words no good woman had ever heard—

When the Metlocks had moved to East Hampton that summer, Miss Bunting had made a schedule of the trains. Now she saw that there was one at 2:35.

Mr. Metlock was in Detroit, but Mrs. Metlock was at East Hampton; she had called that very morning to see if there'd been any word as to when he was expected back.

What Miss Bunting had to say to Mrs. Metlock didn't take long. They sat together in the long, luxurious sun parlor, which looked out over a sea wall to the blue expanse of the Atlantic. It was very cool and quiet, with only the distant sound of the great breakers, and Mrs. Metlock's hands were as soft and white as the pearl she wore. With her eyes lowered upon the furrier's bill—*I mink coat, \$3,000*—and her silvery hair caught by a stray sunbeam, Mrs. Metlock looked more than ever like a French marquise of that time just before French marquises walked so daintily to the knife.

As she lifted her eyes, Miss Bunting noticed that they were moist, but even in such a moment Mrs. Metlock was able to smile.

"You have done the right thing, of course, Miss Bunting," Mrs. Metlock said, "and I'm very grateful. I shall look into this."

"He goes there all the time, to her apartment," Miss Bunting said. "She's not a girl to be trusted. Her father wasn't to be trusted either, and I always say blood will tell. I thought you ought to know."

The ride back to town was cool, but for some reason Miss Bunting still felt hot and horribly nervous. Mrs. Metlock hadn't behaved the way a jealous woman ought to at all. Probably she was only acting to save her pride, but it had seemed almost as though she was pleased.

AS FAR as Julie Ives could remember afterward, there had been nothing about the early part of that evening to differentiate it from any others.

She had had dinner in a tearoom on Forty-ninth Street; she had walked home and changed into pajamas. It was almost ten o'clock when Mr. Metlock dropped in.

"Can't stay a minute," he said, at his jovial best, "but I had some good news I thought you'd like to hear. He sat down in his big chair—he thought of it as his, he never thought of Julie Ives as separated from himself, from Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock—with a sigh of content. "Good to be back," he said.

Outside it was a little cooler now and the city was very quiet, trying to catch that faint little promise of a breeze. So quiet that it was strange that Julie Ives, in her little yellow gingham house pajamas, didn't hear the gods chuckling to themselves. Their temporary favorite, the gods had decided, was getting just about arrogant enough for picking.

"Did you have any dinner?" Julie Ives said. "You're very naughty about that sometimes." With him, she had the prettiest little coaxing ways.

"One of the things I wanted to tell you about," Reese Metlock said, "that and Detroit. Had dinner with the new president of the Chicago Stock Exchange."

"Oh!" It was a gasp of admiration, and Mr. Metlock beamed. "I read about him," Julie Ives said. "He sounds wonderful."

"Very able fellow," Mr. Metlock said. "Got some sound ideas."

"Wait," Julie said. "Take off your coat. Please be comfortable." She curled

up on the end of the love seat; one small sandal balanced precariously on the toe of the foot she swung so gaily, in time, to unheard dance music.

"I can't stay," Mr. Metlock said, "but I'll be glad to get my coat off. Had a pretty busy day for an old man. Spent the morning with those automobile people in Detroit. I was right about production, just like I told you. There are going to be an awful lot of people plenty surprised, I can tell you that. Then I had dinner with this fellow from Chicago. You know, Julie, sometimes I guess you think I'm a little cracked, sometimes I think so myself, I mean on this selling program, but he doesn't think so—he says, just like I do, that it would do more to iron out the labor-industry problem than anything else he's ever heard of."

"Shows he's a smart man," said Julie, "if he agrees with us."

Distantly, from the river, Reese Metlock heard the faint whistle of a boat, and

He couldn't have been, because when the telephone rang he didn't stir.

Into the phone Julie said softly, "He's here. He just got back from Detroit. He wanted to tell me all about it."

When she had said good night to Phil Baring, she stretched out on the love seat. It was just big enough to let her put her feet against one end and lean her head against the other.

As she lay there, the incredible dullness of life without Phil Baring struck her and made her a little dizzy.

Not that she would ever be without him. He was hers, to do with as she pleased.

Of course he would marry her, any time she wanted, when she got her final decree. He couldn't do without her now. But she didn't, she thought, particularly want to marry him. Or anybody. Still, maybe she would. If she did and could keep Mr. Metlock just the way he was, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Baring might do very well in New York.

How can it? Nobody will know. And nothing happened anyway. Nothing wrong. Only I must be careful opening the door.

Funny he didn't hear all that—that hammering.

In the mirror as she moved, Julie saw herself. Of course you would look awful, sleeping all night on that silly love seat. But the hammering wouldn't give her time to do anything about it; the neighbors would call the police if that kept up.

Two men and a woman stood in the landing hall. Julie didn't know any of them. They probably had the wrong apartment. Her brain didn't seem to be functioning yet; she couldn't think of anything to say. They didn't wait for her to say anything.

When they were all in the living room, Julie recognized Mrs. Metlock. Even then, she didn't understand.

"Oh, Mrs. Metlock," Julie said, "I am sorry if you've been worried." Her poise came back a little, but she was frantically conscious of the slept-in gingham pajamas, of the disorder of her golden curls, of needing a bath, as you always did on a summer morning. Her hands were busy trying to salvage something from the disarray. "I'm sorry," she said again, "I meant to wake him. But he was so tired, and I must have fallen asleep myself—it was so hot—"

MRS. METLOCK looked fresh; her thin crepe dress was of a dark blue printed in rosy figures and her hat was a blue sailor with a wide brim and a delicate white veiling. She walked leisurely across Julie Ives' living room and stood looking down at her husband.

"He doesn't look very pretty, does he?" she said.

Her gaze did what the hammering had failed to do. It woke Reese Metlock, and for him there was no blessed interval of ignorance. It would have been easier if he had had his shoes on. There was something brutally indecent about his having to stop and put his shoes on just then, and after a hot night and under his wife's eyes they did not go on easily.

"I'm sorry I didn't bring a shoehorn," Mrs. Metlock said. "Surely your friend Mrs. Ives can provide a thing like that."

To the men who had accompanied her she said, "Have you everything?"

They were large men. Both wore seersucker suits. They, it seemed, had been up all night, outside Julie Ives' door. They had seen Mr. Metlock come in—one of them consulted a notebook—at 9:53 P.M. It was now—the other one consulted his watch—8:02 A.M.

"In New York State," they said, "that's all you need."

"Being," one of them added, "that there's no other entrance."

"Thank you," Mrs. Metlock said; "you've been very helpful."

Reese Metlock had himself in hand now. His eyes were wary in his haggard face, his jaw thrust out. He'd come up off the floor fighting.

"Charmian," he said, "this kind of a— a farce is pretty far below your dignity, isn't it? You better send those clowns away and listen to me."

"They're going," said Mrs. Metlock, "and they won't be nearly so funny as all that in court."

Her voice was coarser than Julie Ives had expected it to be. The whole woman was coarser.

For the first time, Julie was afraid. "But he just went to sleep," she said, in a high shrill voice; "there wasn't—"

"Shut up," Reese Metlock said. He didn't look at her, he was looking at his wife, watching her the way he watched the board on a bad day. "Shut up and don't open your fool head now or later, you hear me?"

As he went over to his wife, he had managed somehow to generate a little power, a little dignity.

"Charmian," he said, "you're doing a



somewhere there were chimes, and a bus whoosed to a stop and started off again with a grinding of gears, and a solitary taxi rattled by. All the noises of this great, rich city that he loved.

"Go home and catch me some sleep," Mr. Metlock said. "I'm going on down to East Hampton tomorrow, and Mrs. Metlock's got a whole houseful of people. I won't get any sleep down there. They play gin rummy all night."

"Poor lamb!" said Julie gently. "You run along whenever you want to."

He didn't want to. Inertia bound him in this comfortable chair. Now he'd let down, he sort of felt as if he didn't ever want to get up again. Kept going and going, pouring it on, like with those fish-eyes up in Detroit, selling 'em what he wanted to sell 'em, nobody knew how much you had to turn on to sweep them off their feet, and then the Chicago business . . . and the flight back. He hated airplanes. Been traveling in 'em for years and hated it every time.

Mr. Metlock closed his eyes. Just for a minute. Then he'd walk home. Seemed a long way up to that big apartment on Fifth Avenue. Not that he wasn't proud of it, of all it represented. Only thing, it wasn't here. Automatically, he wriggled his feet out of his shoes. Barbarous custom, wearing shoes this kind of weather.

I mustn't let him sleep long, poor lamb, Julie Ives thought.

Busy at her beloved scheming, she put out her cigarette. I ought to wake him up, she thought. I will in a minute.

Before her dreamy eyes the lamplight was a golden haze of Phil, it was full of pictures of Julie Ives, it was a weaving golden shore. The way Phil's face smiled down at her, the way the smile vanished and he looked stormy and dangerous just before he kissed her. The feel of his hair under her fingers.

I mustn't go to sleep, Julie thought. . . .

HOW long she had been asleep she did not know. The knocking on the door came through to her like thunder, so loud that her heart started to beat in an ugly, terrified fashion. Or maybe it wasn't the loudness, but the strange, peremptory quality of it, demanding admittance. Nobody had ever knocked on Julie Ives' door just that way before.

Swinging her feet to the floor, straight on the edge of the love seat, Julie saw that the lamps were pale and useless against hot morning light and that the air was sticky and moist again for another day.

It's morning, Julie thought stupidly. It can't be. But it was.

"All right, I'm coming," she said to the loud knocker.

As she shoved her feet into her sandals, she saw Reese Metlock.

Her mouth went dry. He's been here all night, she thought. Not that it matters.

FORECASTING...



A Scotch story worth repeating

FROM STIRLING CASTLE TO SUN VALLEY

Ancient is Stirling Castle, "Key to the Highlands" of Scotland. And another old native is Johnnie Walker. Scotland alone combines the flawless spring water, moist climate and distilling touch... to produce such a superb Scotch whisky.

And at famed Sun Valley how do educated palates top off a zestful day in the open? With that Scotch of unexcelled smoothness and choice bouquet. That Scotch so cherished by the connoisseur everywhere — Johnnie Walker, *naturally*.



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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

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Both 86.8 Proof



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Lemon in water—when taken first thing on arising—is all most people need to insure prompt, *normal* elimination day after day.

No need for harsh laxatives, which irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition! If you are like most people you can give up such laxatives for good—simply by taking this natural fruit drink first thing every morning. It helps your system regulate itself—and it's *good* for you!

No fruit more healthful than lemons! Generations of Americans have taken lemons for health—and generations of doctors have recommended them.

They're among the richest sources of vitamin C; supply valuable amounts of B₁ and P. They help prevent colds, alkalize, aid digestion.

Not too sharp or sour, lemon in water has just enough tang to be refreshing; clears the mouth, wakes you up. Try it 10 days. See if you don't benefit.

LEMON in WATER first thing daily

California Sunkist Lemons

FIGHT COLDS WITH LEMON & SODA

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 or 3 hours. Take a hot lemonade to induce perspiration when you go to bed. Continue with lemon and soda 3 or 4 times a day while cold lasts.

Lemon and soda forms natural sodium citrate. Gives all vitamins of lemons, plus *increased alkalinity*. To make lemon and soda: juice of 1 fresh lemon in a half glass of water; add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quarts.



very foolish thing. And a very unjust one. You've suspected me of all kinds of things, ever since—"

"But this time," Charmian Metlock said, "I caught you. Dead to rights."

"You're making something out of nothing," Reese Metlock said. "You're letting your crazy jealousy—"

Mrs. Metlock began to laugh. "Jealousy?" she said. "Oh, my dear Mr. Metlock, how quaint of you! If you *knew* how you bore me. If you *knew* how I loathe old men. If you could even imagine how much I've wanted to get rid of you for five long years. Not that they have been without their—compensations, their bright spots. But I wasn't going to let you divorce me—"

"Is this an act?" Reese Metlock had gone a strange yellow color beneath his unshaven whiskers.

"No, no," said his wife, and she kept on laughing. "But you see I know you so well, darling. All your little tricks, all your little ways. You've had grounds often enough, I don't mind telling you that, but even nowadays in my circle it's not too good to be divorced in New York. And the point is—I want my money. I knew you'd never let me get away with that. I expect you've got it all pretty well tied up as it is, but now—under the circumstances"—Her eyes flickered to Julie Ives—"I think you'll get it untied somehow. We'll see about that." She glanced at Julie. "You can have him," she said.

FOR a second or two they could hear her footsteps on the stairs.

The enamel clock on the mantel said 8:11. No longer than a nightmare, Julie thought. Her knees were shaking and she felt hideously cold in the midst of the moist heat. No use saying civilized people didn't behave like that. They did. They just had. If she could wash her teeth, maybe she could begin to think what it meant to her, to Julie Ives.

The collapse of Reese Metlock was a slow crumbling; he was standing with a gray, sagging face—then he was heaped in the big chair, head buried in his hands.

Perhaps this is as good a time as any to take a shower, Julie Ives thought vaguely.

Against her sticky body the water felt tepid, unrefreshing, as though it had lain in the pipes all the hot night. Seeing her gingham pajamas crumpled on the floor, Julie realized they had not, probably, looked like house pajamas to the two men in the seersucker suits. Perhaps I will have to marry Mr. Metlock, she thought.

The shock which had set her sweating and trembling had worn off and she began to calculate her chances, to reckon the damage, to estimate what weapons remained to her.

She put on a ribbon bra and a pair of lace step-ins and a slip and a mustard-colored sports dress with a tailored collar and a leather belt.

I've got to think about Julie Ives and nobody else, she reminded herself, narrowing her eyes at the reflection in the mirror. Once again it was emerging a lovely reflection, with demure golden hair, with bright, smooth lipstick, with soft ivory skin. When she opened her eyes wide, they had the appeal of a startled doe.

No woman is going to shipwreck my plans to suit herself, she thought in a fury of resentment. After all, Mr. Metlock was very fond of her, she had seen to that.

Naturally, it depended upon what happened to Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock. Charmian Metlock had inherited part of the firm from her father, old man Ryan. Could she get hers and thereby pull the foundation out from under the whole structure?

She went back into the living room. Mr. Metlock was standing before the fireplace smoking a cigarette. At least—it had to be Mr. Metlock. Only, Julie

thought, all the sheep's clothing has disappeared. These couldn't be Mr. Metlock's kindly sheep-dog eyes, these blazing eyes that met hers. He looked hard, shrewd, relentless—but he didn't look quite *sane*.

This was the man Phil Baring had talked about, the man who'd fought his way to the top in Wall Street in the tough days, survived Black Thursday and the New Deal and the depression and the war and all the postwar crises. Not an easy man to handle. His wife had known that.

Julie Ives had never met him before. He hates me, she thought with surprise; because of what's happened; because after all his talk about how his wife couldn't live without him, I heard what she said; because I know she was making a fool of him.

No. It wasn't anything so warm as hate. He doesn't care anything about me. Nor his wife. All he cares about is his firm, his work, his great success, his money and making more, his pride in being on top of the heap.

"This is a fine mess," Metlock said. The savage vehemence struck Julie Ives dumb. She wet her lips. She managed to say, "Can she—does it—I thought in New York—"

Reese Metlock gave a brutal, exasperated snort of laughter. "You don't understand New York," he said. "Clients don't trust their *money* to a man who hasn't got sense enough not to get *caught* in some dame's bedroom. You shouldn't have let me sleep here all night. I trusted you for that."

She had let him get caught. It seemed fantastic now that she had ever thought herself important to him. His wife was important to him. Her money, her position. Julie Ives had let herself be made his wife's catspaw.

"Keep your mouth shut," Metlock said. "I'll have my lawyers call you; then you better get out of town for a while. The papers will make hay of this."

THEY did. Summer news had been scarce and ominous. The filing of Charmian Ryan Metlock's suit for divorce from Reese Metlock, naming Julie Ives as co-respondent, was a gaudy relief. A triangle, with a society leader for one corner, a Wall Street millionaire for another and a career girl with lovely legs for the third had everything, including a love nest in the East Fifties. There were plenty of pictures of Mrs. Metlock, of her famous parties, her arrival at the opening night of the Opera, in ermine and diamonds, her house at East Hampton; of Julie Ives, laughing, snapped at the Stork Club with war hero Philip Baring, also Social Register; of Reese Metlock in his polo days, on important committees, getting out of airplanes.

For three days, it made a New York holiday. Those days, for Julie Ives, had no continuity at all. They were composed of meetings with Reese Metlock's lawyers, who looked grave; of long, long telephone calls and secret late-at-night moments with Phil.

"For your sake, my pet," Phil said, "one shot of me entering your love nest wouldn't be too good. But this secrecy adds zest to our little adventure."

Though he refused, with noncommittal amusement, to discuss the divorce, Julie was well aware that he couldn't stay away, that their passion had somehow flamed more brightly amid this tempest.

Dink's phone call came through, the second night. "I just saw the story on the office wire," Dink said. "The boys are trying to get me a seat on the next plane, but it looks like I won't get out until tomorrow. What the hell is going on back there?"

"Don't come," Julie said; "it'll make it worse. About the interlocutory and my having a child and all. Please don't come. I don't want you."

"Why don't you come on home?" Dink

Collier's for January 31, 1948

said. "They can't make you stay there if you don't want to."

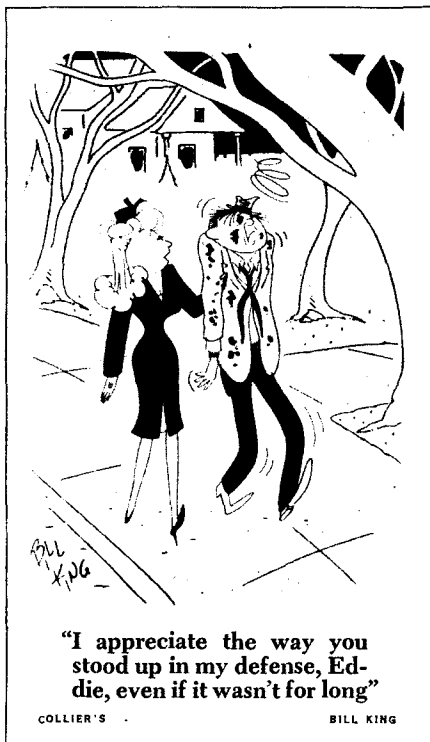
"I want to," Julie said doggedly. "Don't get so excited about it. It doesn't really mean that much—in New York."

Then Dink called Mrs. Hitchcock.

"She's right," Mrs. Hitchcock said, "for once. You're a newspaperman, you ought to know that. Unless they get something new, they can't keep it on the front page any longer. You'd be it. Gallant divorced husband gallops to the rescue of Metlock co-respondent. The whole thing's a frame-up anyway. Charmian Metlock is a louse and a black-mailer. What she doesn't know is that I was there all the time."

"You were what?" Dink said.

"I was in Julie's apartment all the time," she said, "only I was in the shower when the hullabaloo started and I didn't hear it. You stay out of it, Dink. I'm taking Julie with me to a quiet place on Long Island until the trial. And—God bless you."



"I appreciate the way you stood up in my defense, Eddie, even if it wasn't for long"

COLLIER'S

BILL KING

After she hung up, Mrs. Hitchcock sat staring at the phone for five minutes. Then she put on her hat and went down on lower Broadway to see Reese Metlock's lawyers. Nobody, she often said later, had ever been gladder to see her.

THE New York State Supreme Court, off Foley Square, thrilled Julie Ives on that September morning, in spite of everything. The majestic white pillars, the many stately white steps, and then the courtroom of gleaming, polished mahogany, with its lofty windows packed now with what might well have been taken for a first-night audience.

The thing I must do, Julie had thought that morning, is not to look like a co-respondent. I must look like almost-a-daughter-to-him. So she wore a college-girl suit of brown checks with collar and cuffs of coffee-colored linen and a dark brown felt beret which just topped her golden hair.

None of it, Julie thought, was very becoming or very glamorous, but it made her look unutterably guileless, and about eighteen; it gave her a touch of coltish awkwardness, which was the effect she had determined to produce.

One foot caught behind the other ankle, her brown-velvet eyes wide open in hurt surprise and disbelief, her mouth a little pale with light lipstick, she kept on producing it while the two large men, much altered in blue and rather shiny serge, testified as to the events of that July night and morning, referring often to their little black books.

They testified ponderously to Julie's

pajamas which, as Julie had feared, had looked to them like sleeping pajamas and had, moreover, been slept in. They testified to the fact that Mr. Metlock had his shoes off, and at that, it had been necessary for the judge to quell snickers both in the press box and the audience.

Then the lawyer called Charmian Metlock. The lawyer was a dark, thin, feverish man with a dramatic, burning presence. His name was Fordyce.

Now once again Mrs. Metlock looked like a French marquise. Like a French marquise mounting the steps of the guillotine. She ought, Julie Ives thought with bitter resentment, to have a rose to smell.

Two sound tracks ran in Julie's brain, as this delicate and martyred lady answered Mr. Fordyce's questions with reserve, with distaste, as she endured her ordeal with such dignity.

"I first heard of this—connection from a friend," the sweet, vague voice told the crowded courtroom, the judge, the press. "Naturally, as my husband was away from home more and more, I had suspected something for some time. I did my best to keep up appearances for my husband's sake but when I learned that—that it was a love affair, that he had bought her a fur coat—I found it necessary to employ detectives."

But the other sound track in Julie's memory kept humming with a coarse voice which said, "You've had grounds often enough, I don't mind telling you that. If you knew how you bore me. If you knew how I loathe old men..."

Dramatically, Mr. Fordyce spared Mrs. Metlock all he could of that terrible morning when before her eyes her worst fears had been confirmed. Gallantly he escorted her down from the guillotine with her silvery head still in place.

THE deadly calm inside Julie Ives broke a little. It wouldn't be long now before her turn came and she was a little afraid of that lawyer. Her palms were damp. But the old gentleman, with the white widow's peak who was head of Reese Metlock's legal battery didn't call Julie or Metlock.

Instead he said, in a gentle old voice, "Mrs. Hitchcock, if you please."

The clear eyes of the judge lifted to observe Mrs. Hitchcock's passage to the witness chair; they indicated that this was a surprise. And in one quick glance, Julie saw that Mrs. Metlock's face had stiffened; for a moment her poise had slipped and revealed a deadly fear.

How it was done, Julie did not know. The image of Mrs. Metlock was still present as Lois Hitchcock sat down in the chair she had just vacated; there was an optical illusion of the two women side by side. Before Mrs. Hitchcock opened her mouth it was a devastating defeat for Charmian Metlock, as though a real diamond bracelet had been laid down beside a paste imitation.

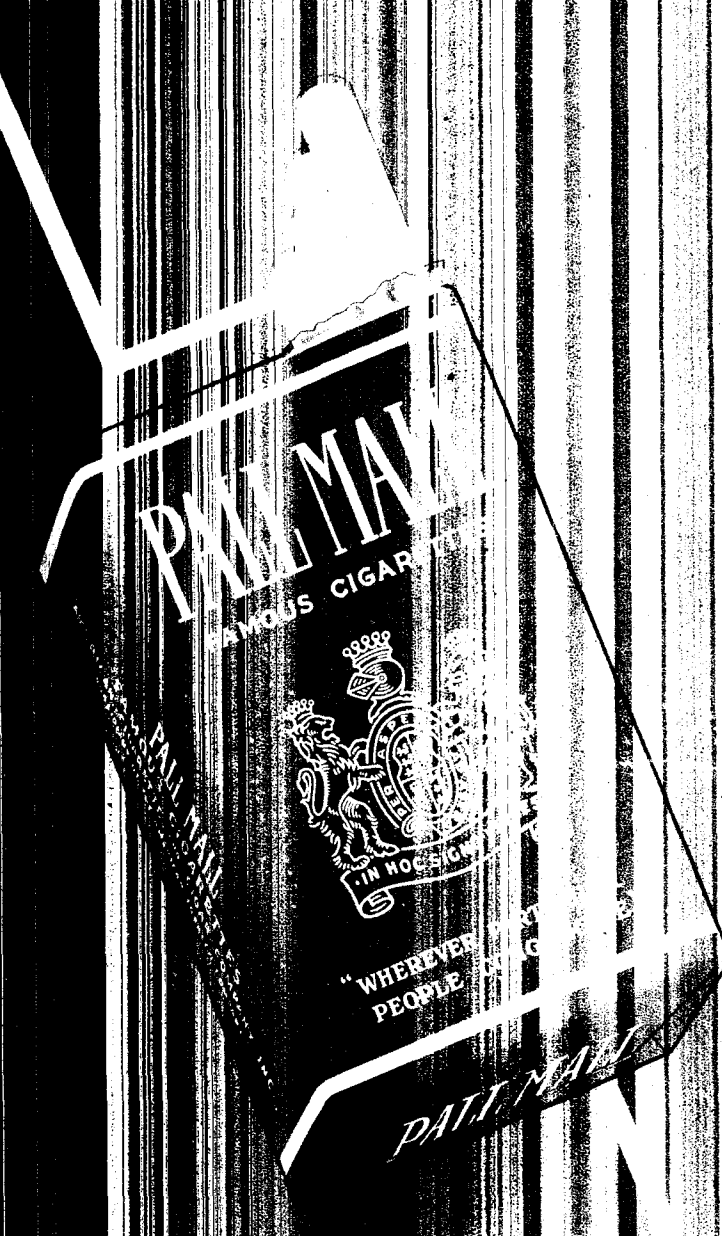
Mrs. Hitchcock wore blue. Around her throat were star sapphires, set in great squares of platinum; a matching chain showed against the white gauntlet cuffs of her gloves. Her hat reminded every man present—the judge, the press, even the opposing lawyers—that a lady of quality wears a hat to show how well her small and stately head is set upon her fine shoulders, to frame sensitive temples, to background in profile a slightly arched and aristocratic nose.

When she spoke, her voice was such a delight that even the pencils in the press box halted at its crisp music, and the whisperings and restless shiftings and cranings of the audience grew still.

"Of course, I was there all the time," Mrs. Hitchcock said sharply. Plainly she wasn't trying to impress anybody; she didn't care in the least what they thought of her; she was annoyed at being dragged down to Foley Square for such an absurdity as testifying to so obvious a fact. She even glanced with a sort of contemptuous, exasperated pity at Mrs. Met-

Of American

YOUTH



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PALL MALL—the *longer, finer* cigarette in the distinguished red package.

-and they are mild!

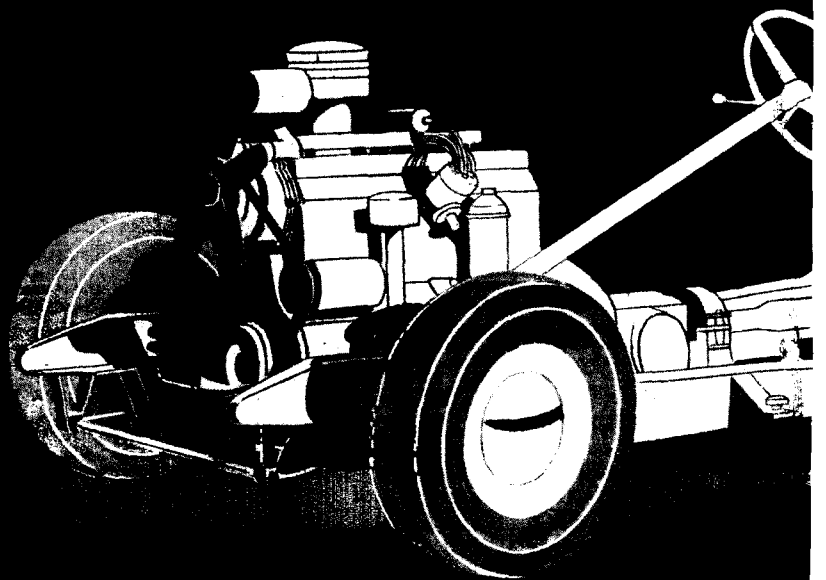


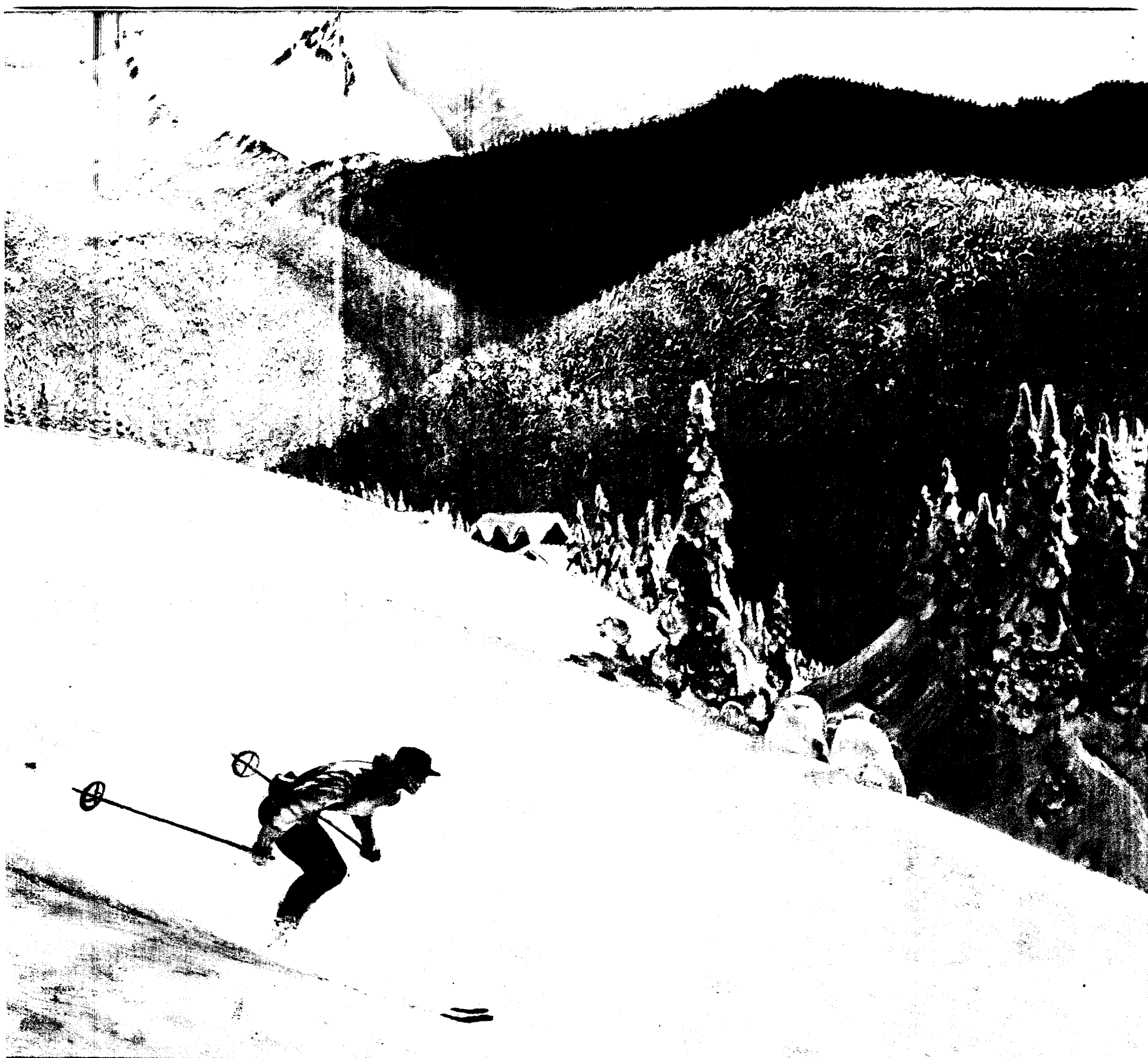
swiftly...

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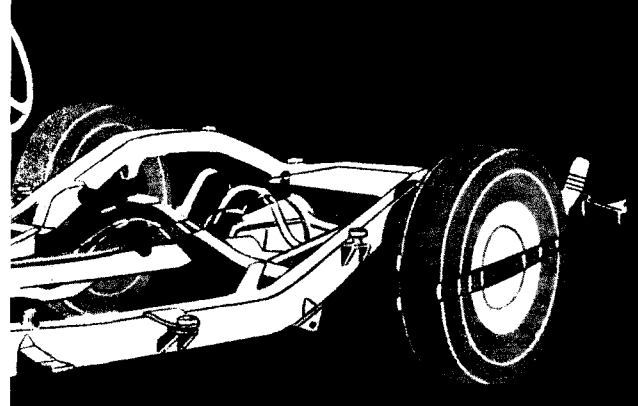
smoothly...

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the Beautiful Chrysler

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lock, and her glance said that hysterical women were a nuisance to their betters.

"Mrs. Ives," said Mrs. Hitchcock, interrupted, "whom I brought on from California a few months ago as my assistant, dined with me. We went back to her apartment because mine was being redecorated. Mr. Metlock had been on a business trip and he came in, by appointment, to tell us about it. He and I and Mrs. Ives were having a business conference." She smiled across at Reese Metlock then, a comradely, man-to-man smile. "It was too hot to sleep, anyway. Mrs. Metlock wasn't sweltering in that heat, by the way; she was down at East Hampton."

The crisp, enchanting voice painted a new picture. Hard-working women, a slaving husband, laboring all night in the city's hell so that the idle wife might rest amid cool breezes in the luxurious home her husband provided.

Even the judge looked thoughtful. "We were planning a new selling campaign," Mrs. Hitchcock said, "and—I didn't agree with it. Mr. Metlock is an idealist and Mrs. Ives has the—optimism of extreme youth. They had a plan for solving their country's problems by making every American part of the industry which has made the United States what it is, by selling a share each to small stockholders. I thought it Utopian and a vast amount of trouble for no profit. We argued all night and then I went to take a shower and Mr. Metlock took a nap. His wife's social activities don't allow him enough sleep as a rule. It's an old shower and it was making so much noise I didn't hear Charmian's ridiculous entrance."

"When you discovered Mrs. Metlock intended to file this divorce suit," the old lawyer said, "did you attempt to tell her you had been present?"

"Of course," Mrs. Hitchcock said; "she probably thought I was going to tell her she was making a jealous fool of herself again. Every woman who has worked for Mr. Metlock has encountered the dangers of Mrs. Metlock's jealousy. Besides, she wouldn't have believed me. You know how easy it is for women to believe what they want to."

With that, Mrs. Hitchcock stepped elegantly down from the witness stand.

Her lawyer said, "Just a moment. The plaintiff has a right to cross-examine, Mrs. Hitchcock."

She said, with a little shrug: "That's all there is to it. I'm sure he doesn't want to cross-examine me."

As it turned out, he did not. Mr. For-dyce knew that what small chance he had of saving his case depended upon neither objecting to Mrs. Hitchcock's testimony nor cross-examining her, but in getting rid of her as quickly as possible. Nobody, he knew, would doubt one word of Mrs. Hitchcock's story.

The judge, at least, did not. He denied Mrs. Metlock's plea for divorce in record time.

"Now," said Mrs. Hitchcock, "will you go home to your husband?"

BUT Julie Ives, in the flush of the victory which Mrs. Hitchcock had won for her, had no idea of the extent of the disaster that had befallen. Not until after her visit to the uptown offices of Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock, not until after that last dinner with Philip Baring, did Julie Ives decide to go home to Dink.

Fortunately, she thought then, the interlocutory year wasn't quite up, and of course she didn't have to get the final decree unless she wanted to.

It never entered her head that Dink could get it if he wanted to.

For a week, after the unexpected end of that divorce case, nothing at all happened as far as Julie Ives was concerned.

The newspapers had made what they could of Mrs. Hitchcock's surprise testimony. Pictures of that lady, looking cross as a grizzly, appeared upon all the front pages. A woman reporter detailed

her costume and jewels while reminding her readers that Mrs. Hitchcock had this year, for the fourth time, been listed as one of America's ten best-dressed women. And one well-known columnist commented dryly that Mrs. Hitchcock's manner at the trial had been rather that of a duchess rebuking the tenantry.

But an unproved case and a denied divorce decree naturally held no such interest as authentic adultery and spicy particulars of life in a millionaire's love nest. In twenty-four hours the whole matter had vanished like a summer storm.

"It turned out to be a joke," Julie assured Dink on the telephone.

"A what?" Dink said.

"Everybody in New York was laughing at Mrs. Metlock when Mrs. H. got through with her," Julie said. "I told you it was an absurd tempest in a teapot."

"You're all right then?" Dink said.

"But of course I'm all right," Julie said.

"You aren't coming home?" Dink said.

"You're sure you don't want to?"

"You mean California?" Julie said.

"Of course not. Of all times in the world, this is the time for me to stay right here."

THIS, Julie felt, was a matter of what she had come, in New York, to know as "public relations." Line for line, picture for picture, the space allotted to the judge's removal of that scarlet letter with which Mrs. Metlock had plastered her was not one tenth of that which had been given to the initial plastering. Her vindication on the charge of having seduced Mrs. Metlock's husband was passed over, she thought, rather lightly.

"It's a little unjust," she said to Mrs. Hitchcock.

"Is it?"

"You don't believe that I—" Julie Ives began.

"I'd have more respect for you if I did," Mrs. Hitchcock said. "I dislike these slimy psychological relationships. You gave as little as you had to, didn't you? You don't expect me to believe you encouraged poor old Metlock to sleep in your big chair out of sympathy, do you?" Mrs. Hitchcock gave a snort of derisive laughter.

"If you felt like that, why did you lie for me?" Julie said.

"I didn't lie for you, my pretty wench," Mrs. Hitchcock said, "nor for that great philanthropist and friend of the common man Metlock, either." But for whom she had lied she did not say.

Julie Ives lowered her head and stared at Mrs. Hitchcock with eyes gone almost black. But she said nothing. In those weeks alone with her before the trial, at a dull inn in Maine, Julie had learned that she was no match for Mrs. H.

As the weeks dragged by, Julie's sense of suspense, of hovering destiny, of curiosity grew almost unbearable.

Philip Baring had gone to Bar Harbor to bring his mother home from a summer visit to her married daughter. No word came from Reese Metlock.

Both of them owe me something, she thought, wandering restlessly about her apartment. Involving me in their nasty little domestic quarrels. If Mrs. Metlock was really such a lady as she pretends to be, she'd apologize. She would enter Julie's room and say graciously, "My dear Mrs. Ives, you must forgive me. I thought you were a different kind of girl entirely. Can't we be friends again?" Or she would invite Mrs. Ives to luncheon at the Colony and thus make public restitution.

So lively became her imagination upon this subject that every time the doorbell rang she composed her face to exactly the proper expression—gallant forbearance. One of the visitors so greeted was the real-estate woman who had for some time been trying to find just the right house, at the price, for Mrs. Ives.

The real-estate woman accepted an invitation to come into the love nest. Her name was Mrs. Drucell and her face

was round and easily pleased, but her eyes were shrewd; they were alert sentinels against her own good nature.

"I thought I'd better come and see whether you still want me to go on looking," she said.

A slight and disagreeable shock stung Julie Ives. But there was no time, under Mrs. Drucell's watchful eyes, to analyze it.

"But of course," Julie Ives said haughtily. "Why should you think I didn't?"

"I didn't know whether you'd be staying on in New York," Mrs. Drucell said. "I heard somewhere that you were going back to California."

Julie laughed. "How absurd!" she said, and decided suddenly upon a frontal attack. "You can't mean—did you think I was being sent back to the minors because of that little unpleasantness in the newspapers? Why should I leave town? I was the innocent—I might even say—the injured party."

"Oh, I didn't mean *that*," Mrs. Drucell said hurriedly. "It was only that someone told me that you had only intended to stay a short time, that you always meant to go back to your home town—Los Angeles, isn't it?—and . . . you do have a child out there?"

"That," Julie Ives said coolly, "is the reason I'm looking for a house. My daughter has been with my mother at her place in the country—and of course it's been wonderful for her, but now that I'm settled in New York, of course I want her with me."

"Of course," Mrs. Drucell agreed, "but in that case—wouldn't you be happier in Great Neck, or Westchester? People with children do seem to find—"

The line of Julie's jaw showed plainly. She said, "No, I'm afraid I dislike commuting. There are very good schools here for my Toby. I saw a quite remarkable one the other day, down near Washington Square. Miss Pomfrey's. You know it, of course."

Carelessly, she mentioned the names of several celebrities of Radio, of Society, of Money, who sent their little ones to Miss Pomfrey. What she didn't mention was that the stately and sweet-voiced Miss Pomfrey had been so sorry, but unfortunately just at this moment there wasn't any vacancy on the fall list for Mrs. Ives' little girl. They could keep in touch?

THE week crawled by, the longest Julie Ives had ever known. Twice she went down to the Stock Exchange. Even though trading was slow and the market was off $2\frac{1}{2}$ points, it entered into Julie Ives' blood and began to hammer again in her brain. I got out just right, Julie Ives thought with exultation. In Wall Street, \$45,000 was peanuts, no doubt. Still, the girl who had built a shoestring into what was a pretty sizable fortune to a lot of people couldn't be just shoved aside, discounted, even by Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock.

These people all around here, all floating on the sea of noise, the growling, shrill roar of the crowd; all tense, tight, excited—that was it, the one trait common to them all was excitement—buying and selling America, hoping to get something for nothing or trading honestly, carefully, wisely. What would they think if they knew that the small girl with the shining golden head had sold air lines short, had bought steel in May and sold it in July, had come out riding on top of this roaring, twisting wave?

Arrogance flooded back and filled out the pinched hollows around her nose and the dark circles under her eyes.

ON THE second visit, when her brain had begun to click again, she ran into Harvey Longden.

He was a thin, quick, nervous little man. A sharp man, Mr. Metlock called him, a very sharp man, and he was, as everybody in Wall Street knew, the directing genius of Wanderinghouse, Berkin, Longden & Hollingsworth. It was good to see the leap of admiration in his eyes as he saw little Mrs. Ives.

"Buying for yourself?" he said. "Tch, tch, tch—might try—" He hesitated, then with a thin grin named an automobile stock. The grin vanished, like the Cheshire cat's as he talked, it faded in and out in the oddest way. "Strictly a gamble," he said, "strictly. Wouldn't recommend it to a client. But then I never recommend anything to a client. Not my business. Most of 'em think they know more than I do, anyway. I hear you take a flier yourself once in a while."

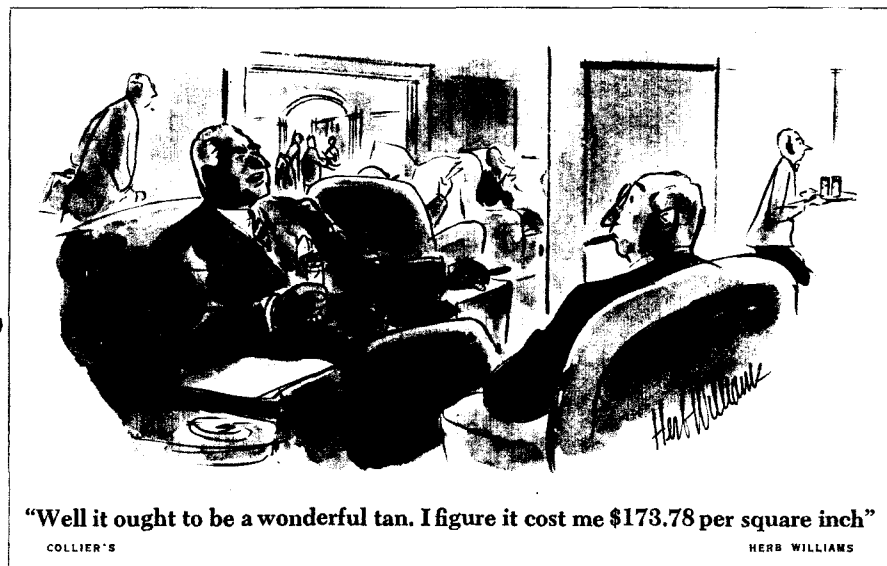
"I don't call that gambling," Julie Ives said, returning the grin.

"Nobody ever does," Mr. Longden said. "Nobody in Wall Street ever lost anything on a gamble. Only on a sure thing. Well, if you ever decide to leave Metlock, come and talk to me. You wouldn't like it. I'd work the pants off you. None of this lap-of-luxury stuff about me. And I'm no idealist." The grin flickered strongly. "Mrs. H. was right about that—Reese Metlock's an idealist. He can afford it. I can't. I'm strictly business and a garter-snapper to boot." He winked at her. "But you might come and see me if you need a job. That's, of course, if you can bring the Hassenwood account with you. That's money. Only thing that talks—money. Try to buy something with ideals and fine talk. See if the bank'll cash it for you. See if the landlord'll take it for your rent. And if you find a door in the U.S.A. that money won't open, let me know."

When she got home that day, Julie Ives sat down, still and straight, her head lowered and her eyes half shut. Deliberately she slowed her mind down to weighing her situation.

Her objective in coming to New York had been to make money with which to buy the things and the life she wanted for herself. Forty-five thousand dollars

It's awful hard to pull a button off a Van Heusen shirt



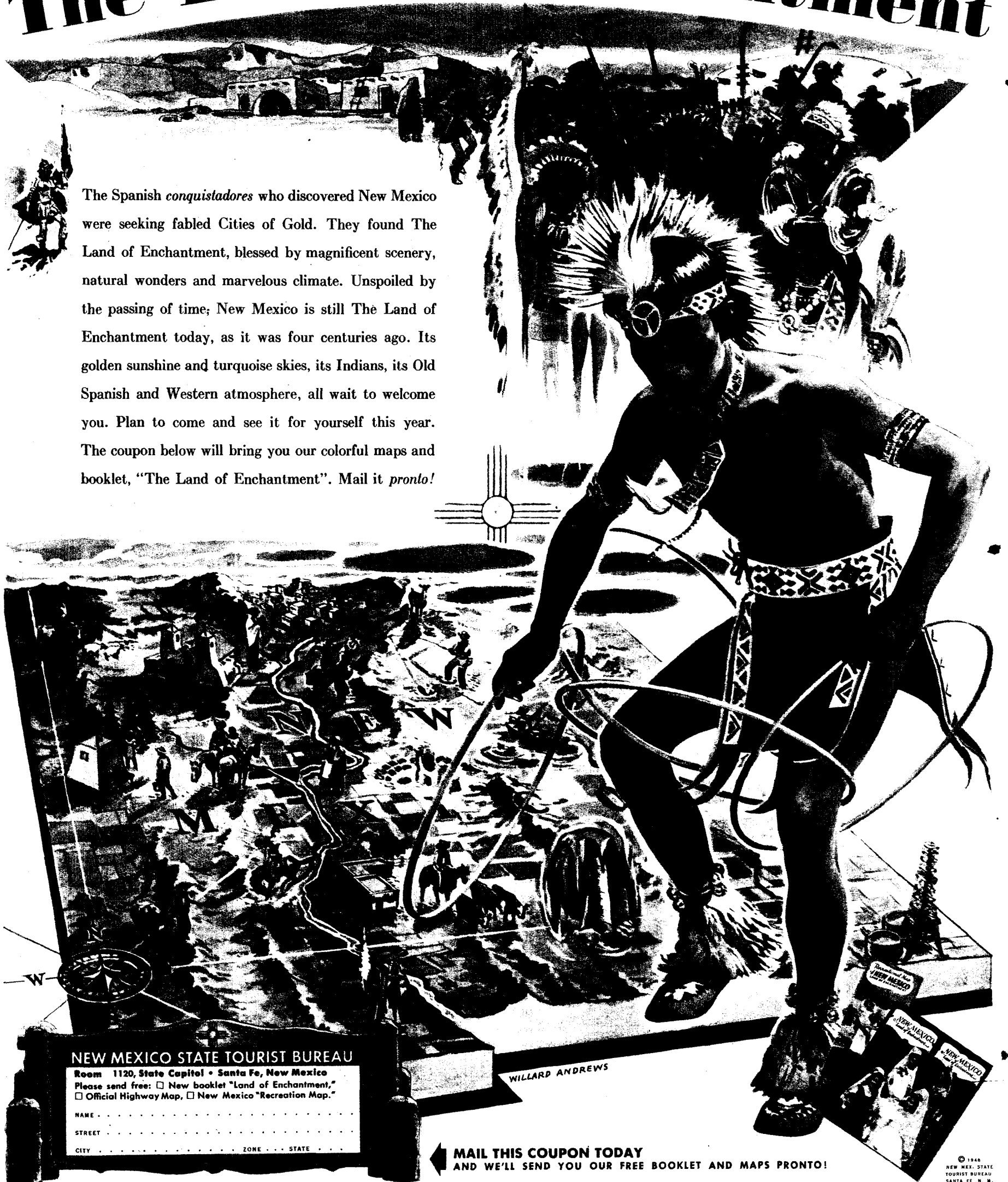
"Well it ought to be a wonderful tan. I figure it cost me \$173.78 per square inch"

COLLIER'S

HERB WILLIAMS

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wasn't important money, but she had made it—by shrewdness and iron nerve and a native flair and confidence in her own judgment. Therefore, she was a success.

I am a success, she thought, with new and arrogant passion.

With that money she must make more money—money which opened all doors and withstood all attack. It was just a matter of waiting for a break, for a time when she could buy cheap, buy for less than stocks were really worth, when people who'd bought houses and things at the peak and would have to let go, and smart people like Julie Ives could buy.

Nobody—nobody at all—knew when this would happen. But opinion was unanimous that the break had to come.

THE only thing, Julie Ives thought, testing each idea to see if it would hold the weight of her destiny, that's holding up the stock market today is shortages of production in this country and dollar shortages abroad.

The ethical merits of helping Europe did not concern Julie Ives. This was about Money. The Marshall Plan, in her analysis, was simply the best possible measure for keeping our consumers' markets afloat. But of course nothing could keep everybody afloat at the present water level.

Debt and destruction, Mr. Metlock had said, would finally force anybody—nations as well as individuals—to a less mad and luxurious standard of living, to saner and surer values in order to pay their debts and repair the destruction. That, he admitted reluctantly, was what England alone seemed to be trying to do.

In its broader scope and its spiritual applications, Julie Ives didn't even attempt to follow this. She saw only that it meant that break, and it could and should be turned to Julie Ives' advantage.

When didn't actually matter anyhow. Three months—or two years. As long as when the moment came, you had \$45,000 with which to buy at low. Buy industrial America, which was Production, when people who hadn't been so smart as you were had to let go. The stocks she would be able to buy then at bottom would lie locked in her safe-deposit box like seeds in the deep, dark earth during the winter. They would begin to grow when the cycle came around again, as it always did and always had and always would. She needed only self-control to dominate emotions, patience to wait, determination to add to that \$45,000 and never subtract a penny.

Take shrewd hard chances now and again. Like that flier in Longden's automobile stock. Buy it as soon as the market opened and ride it up, say three points and have the cold control to get out then. Longden must know something. No reason for him to give her a bum steer. Particularly if he had any ambition to snap her garter.

Fat lot of good that will do him, she thought. *I can take care of my own garters. Also, she decided, I had better quit moping around here like a sick kitten and get back to work.*

As though that decision had turned a switch, things began to happen. She bought Mr. Longden's tip at the opening and by 11 o'clock it was up a point. At 11:15, her new suit came home.

The sight of herself after an hour of artistic preparation was the beginning of a new life. The suit was of chocolate-brown upholsterer's satin; it had the very, very new tapered oval shoulders—Paris' first assertion that she had resumed sway as Queen of Fashion. Only somebody with my figure can wear this long waist line, Julie thought.

With it she wore a hat designed by an artist in hats, of which one side was soft folds of chocolate brown and the other even softer folds of jade green, and where they met, the bands of her hair gleamed gold.

Collier's for January 31, 1948

It was almost three o'clock when she went down to the now familiar corridors of the great hotel which led to the up-town offices of Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock. Before the florist's window she hesitated. It was full of little green orchids; they would be perfect on her shoulder. But she forswore them; they might convey triumph, or—even worse—effort.

Above everything else, she wished to give the impression that this was just another day, that Julie Ives always wore the latest creation from Paris, that she had been out of the office for a few days for no reason.

The board room was crowded, but Miss Bunting was alone in the inner office. In a casual, friendly voice, Mrs. Ives said, "Oh, hello, Miss Bunting. Nice to see you." She strolled to her own desk and stood there, lazily stripping off her long soft gloves, glancing at the stack of mail which had piled up.

"I just finished writing you a letter," Miss Bunting said.

"Oh?" said Mrs. Ives. On her very high heels she pivoted lightly, lifting her eyebrows. *Poor old thing,* she

Fortunately, Mr. Metlock was alone. He had his coat off, and somehow the sight of him cooled Julie Ives off, the way a nervous fighter grows cool and careful and his brain clears once he steps into the ring.

This was Mr. Metlock as she had known him before that hideous morning: jovial, kindly, comfortable with his coat off. This was the man she'd known in long afternoons and evenings of talk, who had taught her so much, her partner in that scheme for selling America to the people via the stock market.

There was no mirror in Mr. Metlock's office, but Julie's memory of the mirrors she had recently left was fresh. She knew exactly how she must look to Mr. Metlock as she walked toward him and she was glad it was a big office so she had a long way to walk—so that Mr. Metlock had a long time to look at the tiny figure, like a Ming princess, with the delicate oval shoulders and the swaying waist a man could put his hands around and the demure folds of chocolate-brown and jade-green and gold, smoothly banded as a nun's coif, framing the little face with the great, bewildered brown-velvet eyes,

Next Week...

COLLIER'S begins a new serial. It's a gay, lighthearted love story of Saints and sinners in present-day Utah. One of them is Jackson Whitetop, a handsome boy—but shiftless. Another is Katie Jensen, a willful girl—but pretty. They went their separate ways, they minded their own business—until old Moroni Skinner came down from heaven and threw their destinies into wild disorder. Don't miss this hilarious story of a predestined courtship.

Don't Miss

THE MYSTERIOUS WAY

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

thought. *She looks rather like a fried whiting. Of course it was dreadful of her to snitch about my mink coat, but she probably hasn't enough excitement in her life.*

"Mr. Metlock hasn't signed it," Miss Bunting said, "but as long as you're here, you might care to read it—"

Heavy white paper. *Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock* blackly engraved.

AFTERWARD Julie Ives could recall bumping into a startled gentleman in front of the green orchids, a doorman who accepted her dollar bill and looked at her queerly, the smell of stale cigar smoke inside the taxi, and that was all.

They were far downtown before she heard her own voice saying to herself, thin and high: "I must get hold of myself, I must—I must think, I must decide what to do and how to do it. . . ."

But her anger only quieted for a moment and then it boiled again as she became conscious that she still held the letter crumpled in her hand.

As though I were an upstairs maid, the boiling anger spilled in her burning brain. *No longer require your services here. If Mr. Blake cares to use you in California, which I am willing to suggest to him—*

In the high and mighty offices where so comparatively short a time ago little Julie Ives had been the belle of the Christmas Eve cocktail party, she walked past the reception desk, past that smooth and unctuous young-old man who was Mr. Metlock's private secretary, and straight into Mr. Metlock's office.

the hurt and gallant mouth, the bravely held chin.

After all, this was a man. A man was easy to handle when you looked like the girl in the mirrors.

With a hand that trembled just a little, Julie laid the torn and crumpled letter on the desk in front of Mr. Metlock.

"Did you," Julie Ives said, very low, "do you mean to sign this?"

Mr. Metlock put his cigarette on an ash tray, picked up the letter and read it carefully all the way through.

"Yes," Mr. Metlock said then. "I guess I do."

"Does it seem quite—fair, to you?" Julie Ives said, resting her finger tips on the glass that covered the heavy oak desk.

"Well, now," Mr. Metlock said, with a kind of sheepish grin, "let's not you and I kid each other, Miss Julie. You might as well sit down, over there, that's right, because I don't want you to go away thinking any worse of me than is absolutely necessary. And I don't want to think any worse of you."

With a grace that did not show how her heart was beginning to beat again with apprehension, Julie Ives sat down.

"You don't want me to get boiled in oil, do you?" Mr. Metlock asked genially. "Haven't you got me in enough trouble without coming down here looking like that? The way you looked in the courtroom my wife began to believe maybe Mrs. H. was telling the truth." He stopped to laugh on a Jovian note. "That was pretty smart, all right. Mrs. H. put you up to that schoolgirl outfit?"

"No," Julie Ives said, "I do have a few ideas of my own."

"Oh, sure," Mr. Metlock said hastily, "you're smart. I never said you weren't. And you can sell matches to a Boy Scout. But you got to realize, Julie, that you can't sell soft soap to me. I should think it was about time you realized that."

"I haven't—I don't—" Julie said, laughing.

"Look here, Miss Julie," Mr. Metlock said bluntly, "whoever was right or wrong—and I don't say it was all your fault, though I do think you ought to have had better sense than to let me sleep there all night—you and I know there wasn't anything wrong. We know that, but you're about eight hundred times too good-looking for any wife to believe it"—he paused to beam upon her—"And my wife can't exactly be called young any more, so you can see she'd say anything, as she said that morning, to keep it from looking as if she'd been put on the shelf for somebody young. But—"

THE telephone interrupted him. He spoke briefly concerning 50,000 shares of Bethlehem Steel; when he hung up he said, "But you can see where I had to make some compromises and some concessions, can't you? Unless I want to be boiled in oil practically every evening for the rest of my life, you can see I had to agree not to see you any more. Well, the thing I wanted to say was I'm real sorry, but we have to be practical. You oughtn't to be sore at me, Miss Julie. You had a few little schemes up your sleeve, didn't you? Sure you did. Not maybe the kind of schemes my wife thought you had, but you kinda thought you could wrap the old man around your finger. But in my business a man's got to be respectable. Clients don't trust their money to an old fool. My wife's got a lot of position in this town and that kind of people are clannish. It looks to me like some rough weather ahead and I couldn't very well start disturbing everything and people who have trusted me—"

Julie stood up. "So you're going to throw me overboard, you're going to let me down instead," she said clearly.

"If you want to look at it that way," Mr. Metlock said, "I am."

"I didn't feed you knockout drops or anything," Julie Ives raged at him. "You haven't any right, you were just as much to blame as I was for everything and I'm the one that gets the punishment—"

"If you could hear my wife talk to me sometimes—" Mr. Metlock said.

"You're going to kick me out and send me back—I won't go!" Julie Ives said. "I'll tell your wife the truth, I'll tell her Mrs. Hitchcock lied, I'll tell her how often you came to my apartment—" She struggled for breath, and her eyes blazed at him, black with fury.

Mr. Metlock regarded her with concern. "Take it easy," he said. "Your schemes didn't work, that's all. They were—dangerous schemes; you know that. In this kind of a world you can't holler like that if you get licked. You got yourself into a place where the competition's pretty rugged. You got to take what comes like a man if you're going to play in a man's game. You can't weep and scold and yelp like that. Now I been talking it over on the phone with Mr. Blake, I told him you'd learned a lot about your business, and Los Angeles is your town, and Mr. Blake said, too, your—your husband would be glad to see you back there, and so maybe it would be a good thing if you went to work for Mr. Blake. New York's a tough town, Miss Julie. A very tough town. They sort of play for keeps."

"I won't go," Julie Ives said. She was weeping and the words jammed in her throat. They were just words anyway; they weren't going to do her any good.

In the silence, Reese Metlock yawned. "I could kill you," Julie Ives said.

(To be concluded next week)

Fashion Plate for '48



White sidewall tires, as illustrated, available at extra cost.

Buick takes the bows —
with ten sparkling models, a new Vibra-Shielded ride, sensational Dynaflow Drive, 30-odd new advances

THE curtain's up—the show is on—and look what's in the spotlight, taking all the bows.

It's Buick—this bonnie, brawny Buick, highway fashion plate of 1948, and easily the most distinguishable car on the road.

It's taking bows for the eye-appeal of its ten stunning models — for their size, steadiness, and rich, fine finish.

It's catching bouquets on the brilliance

of Hi-Poised Fireball Power, now so utterly smooth you hardly know the engine's running—and now provided in separate horsepower ratings for the sprightly SPECIAL, the quick-stepping SUPER—and two for the rich and regal ROADMASTER.

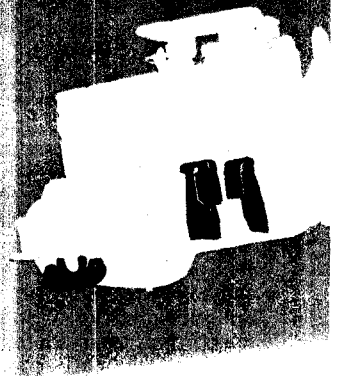
It's getting applause on Safety-Ride rims, pillow-soft tires, coil springing all around, on bodies newly sheltered against travel noise—on no less than 30 new features.

But most of all it's winning curtain calls on two major advances no other car offers.

One is the sensational new Dynaflow Drive,* through which something close to driving magic is made yours.

REASON FOR THE VIBRA-SHIELDED RIDE

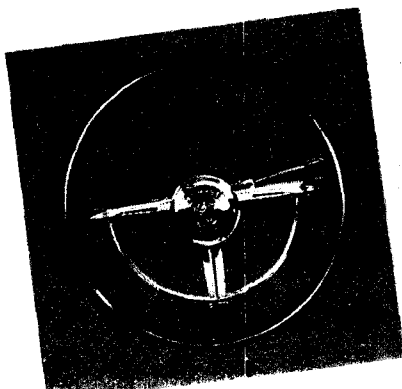
Placed with scientific exactness, 3 fat cushions of special composition cradle the engine so as to control its vibration frequency. Engine vibration is thus kept "out of tune" with those that might come from other parts of the car. The result is to shield car occupants against tiring pulsations, cut road noise, make engine sensation almost imperceptible, smooth idling shudder away.



Here *there is no gearshifting*, even by automatic devices under the floor boards. Here for the first time *the power plant does what gears used to do* — giving you smooth fast starts, silken acceleration, effortless cruising at the touch of your toe on the gas treadle.

No clutch-pedal—no sliding gears—no halt, hesitation, jerk or click. Just silken ease and matchless simplicity.

The other star feature is the Vibra-Shielded ride. It's the first ride in which the driver and passengers are fully shielded

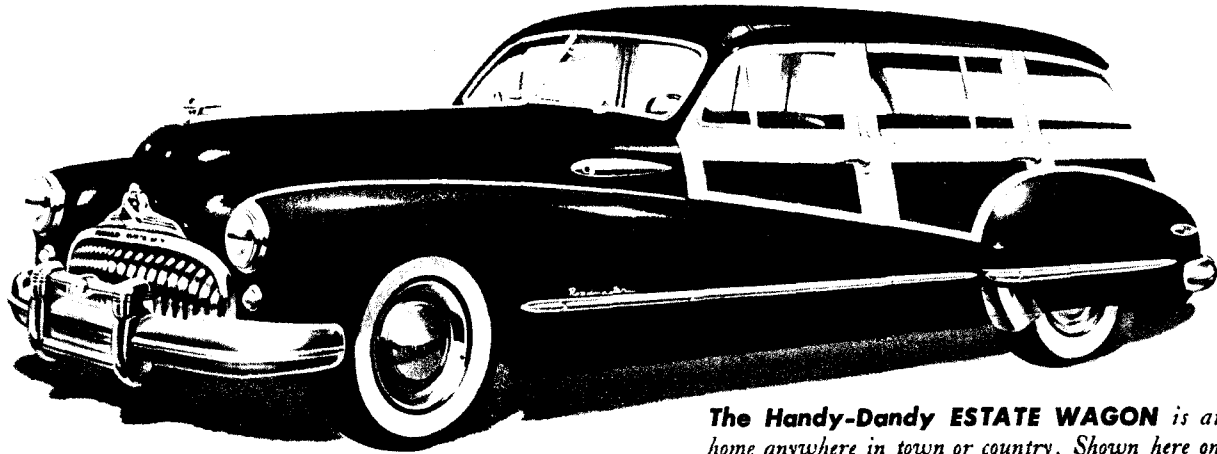


SMART NEW "QUICK-SIGHT" WHEEL

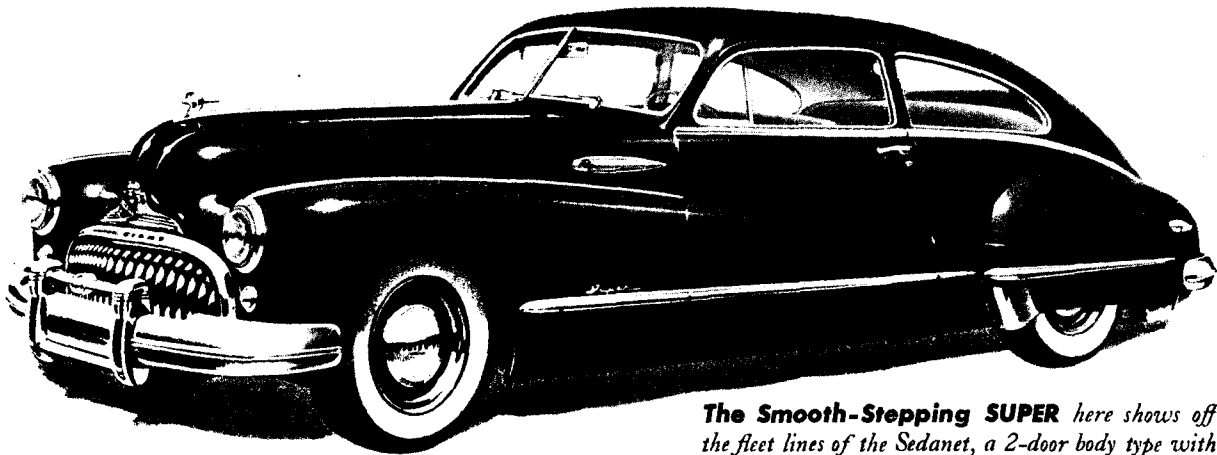
A stunning, three-spoke steering wheel gives instant, clear vision of instruments. Standard on SUPER and ROADMASTER, optional on SPECIAL models.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK

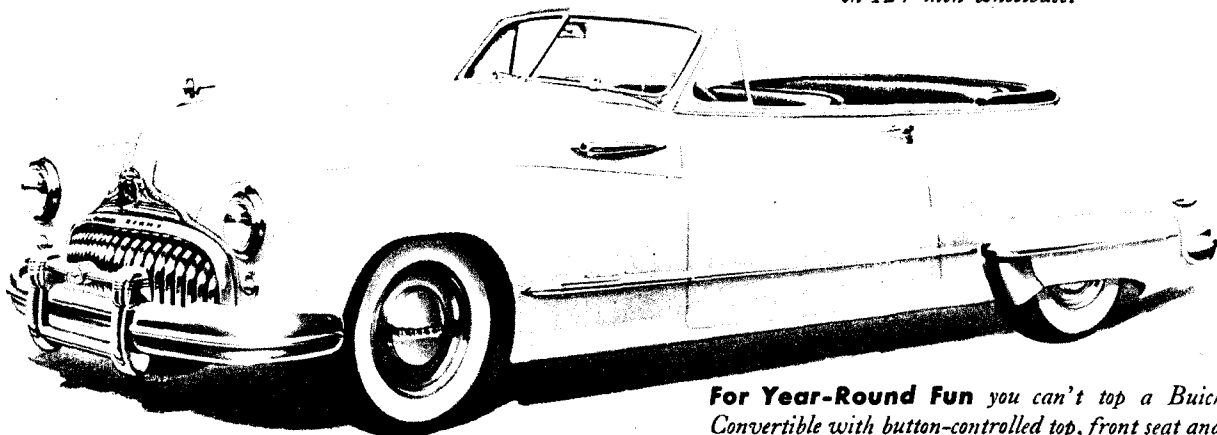
The Rich and Regal **ROADMASTER** here is shown in 4-door Sedan model, a body type found on all three series. Model shown has 144-hp. Fireball straight-eight — 129-inch wheelbase — Dynaflow Drive optional.



The Handy-Dandy **ESTATE WAGON** is at home anywhere in town or country. Shown here on the Roadmaster chassis, it is also available as Model 59 on the Super chassis.



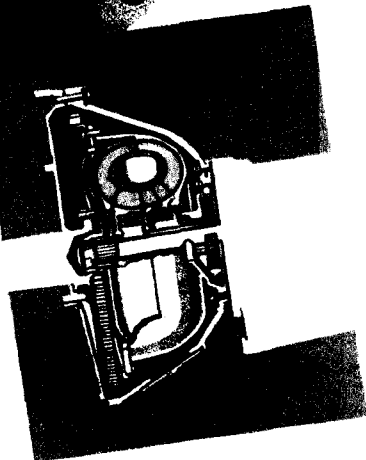
The Smooth-Stepping **SUPER** here shows off the fleet lines of the Sedanet, a 2-door body type with Sedan room which is available on all series. As shown, 115-hp. Fireball straight-eight on 124-inch wheelbase.



For Year-Round Fun you can't top a Buick Convertible with button-controlled top, front seat and door windows. Model shown is the 56-C on the Super chassis. Available also in the Roadmaster series as 76-C.

NO GEARS EVER SHIFT IN DYNAFLOW DRIVE*

In Buick's new Dynaflow Drive, sliding gear transmissions and complex gear-changers are made unnecessary. You simply set a lever and step on the gas. The power plant does the rest, adjusting itself to varying driving conditions with utter smoothness. You start up — accelerate — climb hills — cruise — stop — start up again — all without touching the control lever.



*Optional at extra cost on Roadmaster models

against vibration build-up—against the piling up of little vibrations into big ones that leave you tired and tense.

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★ **SAFETY-RIDE RIMS** — check heel-over on turns; better car control, peak mileage and lower tire pressures.

★ **QUADRIFLEX COIL SPRINGING** — matchless buoyancy from a soft coil spring on each wheel.

★ **MICRO-FIT CYLINDERS** plus accordion-type oil rings — automatic precision boring plus new oil savings.

★ **VIBRA-SHIELDED RIDE** — smooth, fatigue-free ride from scientific curbing of vibration build-up.

★ **RIGID TORQUE-TUBE** — in sealed chassis; protects moving parts, takes up all driving thrust.

★ **SOUND-SORBER TOP LINING** — insulated for new "conversation tone" quiet. (Super and Roadmaster Models)

★ **DUOMATIC SPARK ADVANCE** — vacuumatic plus centrifugal action assures exact ignition for peak engine efficiency.

★ **TEN SMART MODELS** — in three series, featuring Body by Fisher and smart new interiors.

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EACH GAME HE DIES

Continued from page 23

Commander Case, director of athletics at Naval Air Station, Ottumwa, Iowa. But he set his course south-southeast for a reason.

"I knew that State never had done too much in basketball, and that challenged me. I like challenges. When they told me about this coliseum they're building, that cinched it."

Basketball always has been on the wrong side of the tracks at N. C. State, whose campus is split by the main lines of the Seaboard and Southern Railways. Frank Thompson Gymnasium, an old red brick structure of 3,000 capacity which serves as the Red Terrors' home, is located in what is known as "The Hollow" across the tracks from the main body of the campus. It was the scene of Case's triumphs last year, jammed to the rafters every night with what eager members of the 6,000 student body could fold themselves in. There were no seats available to the public.

A New Gym for N. C. State

The same situation exists this year, but by next season N. C. State will operate in the largest, fanciest basketball house in the South, the coliseum which attracted Case. It will seat 15,000 persons, just 5,000 less than State's football stadium, and will be equipped for everything from ice hockey to rodeos.

"I'd like to see every school in the country have one like it," says Case, flinging his arms wide as if back on the players' bench again. "I'm not selfish. I love basketball and I want to see it progress. The trouble with the game down here, they have too many teachers coaching and not enough coaches teaching. When they decide to go after basketball coaches the way they go after football coaches, then they'll be on the right track."

Case was born and reared in Anderson, Indiana, and amazing though it may seem, in that state he never played high school or college basketball himself. But by the time he was sixteen he was coaching a team of Anderson kids called the "Little Hercules." His team won the state kids' title one year.

He never went to college during the regular terms because he couldn't afford it. He coached during the fall and winter and went to summer school. He managed to sit in on classes often enough at Old Central Normal (now Canterbury College) in Danville to get a teaching certificate. With that in hand, he embarked on his remarkable coaching career at Connersville in 1918, a raw kid of eighteen. He didn't last long there, and hid himself to Columbus in midseason.

Case left Columbus for a job at a crossroads town named Smithville (population 250) in the Indiana stone quarry district.

From Smithville, he went to the job he loved the most—at Frankfort, the town he now calls home. Except for his two years at Anderson and two at Southern California, he remained there until he entered the Navy in 1942. It was at Frankfort that he became the most hated target of every other school in Indiana. He and his teams, respected yet detested for their near perfection, were chased out of practically every Indiana town large enough to work up a barrage of rotten eggs, stones or over-ripe vegetables.

In his entire high school coaching life, Case lost but 75 times in 801 games. Seventeen of his teams won their way into the treasured state tournament and four of them won titles at Frankfort. His Navy teams were equally as impregnable at Depauw and Iowa Pre-Flight.

In 1926 Case established the Indiana coaching school at Frankfort, which has grown today into the largest basketball coaching school in the country. Now based each summer in Logansport, the school bears a motto that bespeaks Case's almost fiendish attachment to the game: "Eat Basketball, Sleep Basketball, Dream Basketball."

Case speaks with a machine-gun delivery that would fertilize a distrustful reaction were it not backed up by a sincere countenance and an infectious giggle. He carries his forty-seven years in a boyish manner, dresses tastefully extrovertish. He walks with the pert, precise step of a college professor who isn't absent-minded at all, but who knows exactly what he's about. He's a trim average-sized citizen, never wears a hat, always dresses with his men for practices and bounces around the court almost as much as they do. Except when relaxing at home, he's as restless as a worm in hot ashes.

The proud state of North Carolina represents snide references made to Case as "the man who brought the state out of the basketball wilderness." There have been great teams and great players from the Tar Heel country. As recently as 1945 the University of North Carolina played in the N.C.A.A. finals in New York, and nearly upset a great Oklahoma A & M team. But in nearly all cases, the majority of the personnel on great teams from the state emanate from outside its borders.

Case didn't manufacture any All-Americans his first year down here, but no shock will be registered in these parts if Dickey and McComas make it even as early as this current season. They are the two men who make his system click with their lightning speed, deft ball handling and uncanny eye for the basket.

Case System Produces Winners

No one would dream Case ever was an exponent of the stall. Today, his team employs a fast break that moves like a herd of stampeding steers. Actually, he operates with only five basic patterns ("not plays, patterns," he insists), but there are enough variations to drive a genius to distraction. The key to the Case system is the movement of the man with the ball. The other four men deploy themselves according to his actions.

Down through the years Case has inspected every possible aspect of the game as thoroughly as a research doctor. He won his master's degree at Southern California with an 89-page thesis on "An Analysis of the Effects of Various Factors on Accuracy of Shooting Free Throws." His conclusion: that the underhand shot is more accurate than any other, provided one player is as experienced as another.

He gets requests daily for a study he once authored on basketball as played without the tip-off. Another of his writings is a pamphlet entitled What I Look For in a Basketball Player. What does he look for?

"Well, nothing in particular," he confesses. "I see a fellow work out and right away my instinct tells me he can or he can't play basketball."

Case approaches basketball with the unharnessed mind of a ditchdigger shouldering his pick to go on the job. Only in battle, when he sheds inhibitions like a strip-teaser sheds her costumes, does the strain tell on him.

"The rest of the time basketball is a game to be played, not worked at, if you know what I mean," he says.

THE END

Collier's for January 31, 1948

IT LOOKS SO EASY

Continued from page 19

Other partners were Peggy Hooper, Maxine Arnold, Albertina Vitak, Patricia Bowman and Arline Lengen. They came, they went; Tony remained.

It has been rather definitely established that De Marco can make a great dancer out of any good-looking girl. When his marital relations with Renee reached a point where the pair could no longer continue, Tony got in touch with Sally, who had been a ballet dancer in Ed Wynn's Boys and Girls Together. He convinced her by telephone (she was in Chicago, he in New York) that she would be a good ballroom dancer and proved it in six weeks' time.

"Incidentally, almost killing us both," says Sally.

"It was a question with Tony of making good in a hurry because the usual Broadway rumors were scudding about to the effect that without Renee he was washed up. To make certain that he wouldn't lose his nerve, he took an engagement at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco for a date so definite that to miss it would put him in bad with bookers everywhere.

"Nine in the morning till two or three the next," says Sally. "He had to get me down off those toes."

Ready for the Big Time

They were good enough in San Francisco but Tony carefully kept the act out of New York for three years until it couldn't possibly fail. What convinced him they were ready was an engagement at the Hollywood Bowl, when they played before 19,000 people and ended with the hives. Everything possible happened wrong to them. When they came through alive, Tony had no further fears.

The disasters went as follows: (a) The electrician figured the show wouldn't draw and decided to save on the light bill. This meant half the mob couldn't see and their dance numbers were punctuated by howls, catcalls and lamentations from the multitude on the mountain that was peering through a glass darkly, and (b) they were given a tap-dance floor to work on, with the result that their elegant swishings resembled a skirmish at dawn, and (c) the orchestra conductor fainted during intermission because the musicians considered him inadequate and carried on a jolly steeplechase, which saw the horns finishing six bars behind the fiddles.

Although their hearts were breaking and they saw the future dimly, the De Marcos carried on with grace, aplomb and bigheartedness, even dancing the extra bars lest any patron feel cheated. "That's when I knew," says Tony now with the hint of a tear, adding such endearing remarks as good little trouper, brave little girl, great artist, the show must go on.

It seems that Sally had proved herself. And at the right time, too, because she was a Hollywood girl and the family had turned out to the last indigent cousin. She had graduated from Hollywood High (her real name is Ora Lee Allen) and had passed up a scholarship to Stanford to study ballet under Theodore Kosloff. As a matter of fact she had little fear of the Bowl, because she had danced there previously with the Albertina Rasch troupe. She was thus able to boost the fear-stricken Tony around the curves with no hesitation whatever. New York was easy after that.

According to Tony the modern dance stems from the Castles. The ragtime composers had started work, and the Castles took the schottische, hopped it up a bit and invented the fox trot. "The composers always come first," says Tony. "They write it; we dance it. If you dance everything they have in there, you do it right.

That goes for ballroom, stage or your own front parlor."

After the fox trot the gates were down and such dandies as the bunny hug, turkey trot and hesitation waltz followed rapidly. Still later the vogue was for the tango and the maxixe. After that came the black bottom, the Charleston and the Westchester. There were endless variations on these themes, coming down to the rumba, samba and the Lindy Hop.

The success of the Castles was so sensational that dancers sprang up after every rain. The most popular, after Vernon Castle was killed in an airplane accident in the first World War, was Maurice, who used to come over from Paris for six weeks every year and go back hump-backed with gold.

The man who almost ruined ballroom dancing was Florenz Ziegfeld, who brought over the adagio team of Mitty and Tilio for one of his Follies. This was the first appearance of the gentry who toss each other about with more fervor than good taste.

What followed was cataclysmic; every defunct acrobatic act in the country whipped up a dress suit and a flowing gown and went into dancing. Muscular gentlemen who had never previously appeared in public in anything but a G string suddenly found themselves whirling their dainty partners around by the heels and into the soup of unwary patrons. It was mayhem set to music.

Tony has been called a perfectionist but that explains nothing at all. Technically, there are many dancers his equal and perhaps many his superior, but a man doesn't stay at the top of a competitive profession for thirty years on technique. He is thin and dark, with a pleasant but not an overwhelming personality. But he is a great dancer, he makes dancing look easy and he loves to dance.

The De Marcos live in the fabulous apartment once owned by Major Bowes in the Capitol Theater building in New York. They make a hundred thousand dollars a year and spend at least half of it in keeping up the act. "Dresses that used to cost a hundred and fifty or two hundred now cost eight and nine hundred," says Sally. "We've found that audiences are half won over by their initial reaction to us."

Year-Around Favorites

But it's the dancing that does it and audiences never seem to tire of the De Marcos. Tony has never had a bad year since he started. He opened the Persian Room at the Plaza in New York and has had an annual run there ever since. Lately the team has been at the Waldorf. They confine their dancing to a few spots—New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Hollywood, Florida, with occasional engagements in Boston or Washington. Before the war they were great favorites in London and Paris and they are planning to take up that career again soon.

Ballroom dancing goes in cycles, and currently it is the hottest thing in night clubs and hotels. When business is bad the De Marcos go right on; when it is good they're at the top. This might possibly be boring if Tony weren't such a fanatic. Why they pay him to dance is a mystery because one month away from a dance floor and he'd go crazy.

"You know how it is," he says vaguely. "When you're out there you're sorta—uh—free. Sailing, like."

Just the other day we saw a clipping which said: "Nijinsky is the greatest dancer of all time and Tony De Marco is next."

I must say I don't like that very much. That puts me third.

THE END

Collier's for January 31, 1948

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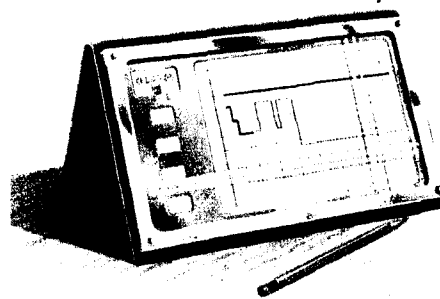
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MARTINIS

BY ELIZABETH REEVES

I'VE never really liked her, Jessica thought when Norah left the room to mix a cocktail. Not even before my affair with John.

She remembered the smug superior way Norah had acted then, never mentioning it; pretending it had never happened. After all, John *had* gone back to Norah and had seemed a perfectly contented husband up to the moment of the plane crash that took his life. So it wasn't fair, now, that Norah should have Alec, too.

Jessica moved restlessly about the living room. It was typical of Norah; exquisite and gracious. Flames from a fire in the white brick fireplace shone on polished brass andirons. There were fresh flowers in a low vase on the coffee table and yellow roses on the library table beside John's picture.

Jessica stopped in front of the picture. How could this man, Norah's husband, have loved someone so unlike Norah as herself? Norah was tall and fair, her smooth yellow hair worn brushed up high on her head; she was dark, with short curly hair and high color. Norah was so quiet, so reserved you were never quite sure what she was thinking; whereas she, Jessica, was talkative and vivacious.

Yet, for those few winter months, John had been very deeply in love with her; there was no doubt about that. But it didn't last. He took Norah away in the spring and when he came back it was as though nothing had ever happened between John and Jessica.

But Jessica had learned that love was not enough, and she decided to marry the next eligible man who came along. That man was Alec Morrison, a newcomer to town in charge of the branch office of an insurance company. Handsome, well-off, a bachelor—he was just what she wanted. From the night she met him at the country-club dance his first week end in Sommerville, she began thinking of herself as his wife. It wasn't long before Alec was generally accepted as her beau.

Until he met Norah.

No, it wasn't fair that Norah should have Alec, too.

I'd get him back if I could just see him again, Jessica thought. That was why she'd come here this afternoon; in the desperate hope of seeing Alec.

"Ready, at last," Norah called. Jessica moved away from the table as Norah came into the room.

"Sorry to be so long," she said. "I decided to toast the *canapés* and it took forever to get the oven hot."

"You needn't have bothered with *canapés*, Norah," Jessica said. "I shouldn't even stay for a drink."

Norah pulled the curtains across the big front window and lighted the lamp on the table.

"I hate these first fall twilights," she said with a little shiver. "All those months of winter coming."

"Why don't you go away?" Jessica asked. "To California, or Florida? Believe me, if I could afford to get out, I'd spend no more winters here."

Norah sipped her Martini. Why couldn't she explain to Jessica that she only felt at home here in John's house, as though John were still here, too? Was she reticent because she had never known Jessica very well? Of course, during the time John had been helping her through the tangle of settling her father's estate he had seen quite a lot of her, and occasionally they had all gone out for an evening together. But John and Jessica had done most of the talking.

ALEC also had frequently spoken of Jessica when she first knew him. Evidently they were good friends. She was sorry that she had thought of Alec. He would be back in town tomorrow and would begin again to ask her to marry him. And she couldn't. There would never be any one as fine, as wonderful as John. She was fond of Alec, but when he put his arms around her she drew away, her body tight with her feeling for John.

Jessica was chattering on about the people who were going away for the winter, and what a very pleasant thing it was to do. Her glass was empty and Norah filled it again after pouring a fresh mixture over the ice in the shaker. It was a trick Alec had taught her. "No woman makes a decent Martini," Alec said.

They were certainly stronger this way. Norah was feeling her drink and was relieved when the telephone rang and she could leave the hot room to go into the cooler hall to answer it.

"Norah!"

Alec's voice, sudden and unex-

pected; yet Norah knew she had been waiting, listening for it.

"Alec, you're home early."

"Yes, I know." Alec sounded very pleased with himself. "I was lucky. I got through sooner than I expected. How about dinner tonight?"

Norah hesitated.

"Now—why do you think I broke my neck to get here?"

"Could you call me back?" Norah asked, lowering her voice.

"Guests?"

"Yes."

"I see. Well, get rid of them and I'll call you back." His tone was impatient and eager.

Why hadn't she just said no? Why go on seeing him, when it wasn't any use? It might be wise to ask Jessica to stay and dine with them; to let Alec see that his coming home didn't mean as much to her as it did to him; that she had no real desire to see him alone. If she really wanted to discourage him that would be a sure way to do it.

Jessica had her coat on when Norah went back into the living room.

"Not going?" Norah said.

"Yes, I must." Jessica was nervous; pulling at her gloves. "You'll be going out. You'll want to dress. You've been seeing a lot of Alec lately," she added. "Haven't you?"

"He's been very kind," Norah said.

Now was the moment to tell Jessica to wait and have supper with Alec. She was wondering just how to say it when Jessica cut across her thoughts.

"Kind! Is that all?"

Norah stiffened.

"There has never been anything but friendship between Alec and me," she said quietly.

Her calmness infuriated Jessica. "Friendship! What satisfaction is there in that for anyone?" Jessica said bitterly. "It's just selfish, keeping a man hanging on like that. Can't you see that? Can't you see—"

"Jessica, really—" Norah held her hand out in protest. But Jessica was not to be stopped now.

"You've never liked me, Norah," she went on in a dizzy, breathless way, "so it wouldn't matter to you that Alec was my friend first. He was mine until you monopolized him."

Norah sat down on the couch.

"But of course I've not disliked you," she said. "Why should I?"

"That affair with John was not my fault," Jessica said. "I didn't encourage him. I swear I didn't."

"Affair with John? Jessica, what are you talking about?"

As though she didn't know. That air of innocence; that wide-eyed calm. All right, I want to hurt her, Jessica thought. She's taking everything from me. She always has.

"Why pretend, Norah? We aren't children. So John and I had an affair, if you want to call it that; and you know it. Well, he came back to you, didn't he? You shouldn't hate me for it, should you? Should you, Norah?"

Norah was looking as though she hadn't heard, or didn't understand. But all she said was:

"I don't hate you, Jessica."

JESSICA left then. She'd said too much, she knew. That second drink, and the hot room, and the fury she felt when she heard Norah talking to Alec. It had all been too much.

She scarcely remembered what she had said. Well, what was the difference? At least she had evened the score. And Alec? She would get him back somehow, soon.

When Norah heard the door close, she sat down on the couch to look at John's picture as though she had never seen it before.

John and Jessica. An affair. All those weeks when she thought he was working so hard. All those evenings when he didn't get home until so late. And all the time he was with Jessica; in love with her. She had never suspected anything. She had never questioned anything John did. She was still looking at the photograph, at the face of a man she had never really known, when the telephone rang again.

"Are you alone now?"

"Yes, Alec."

"Good. I'll be there in twenty minutes."

She put her hand over her throat to steady her voice.

"All right, Alec."

"All right, darling. Goodby, till I see you."

He hung up the receiver then but she said the words over and over again to herself because she couldn't wait until she saw him. "All right, darling. All right."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

Where do you fit into the "Profit Picture"?

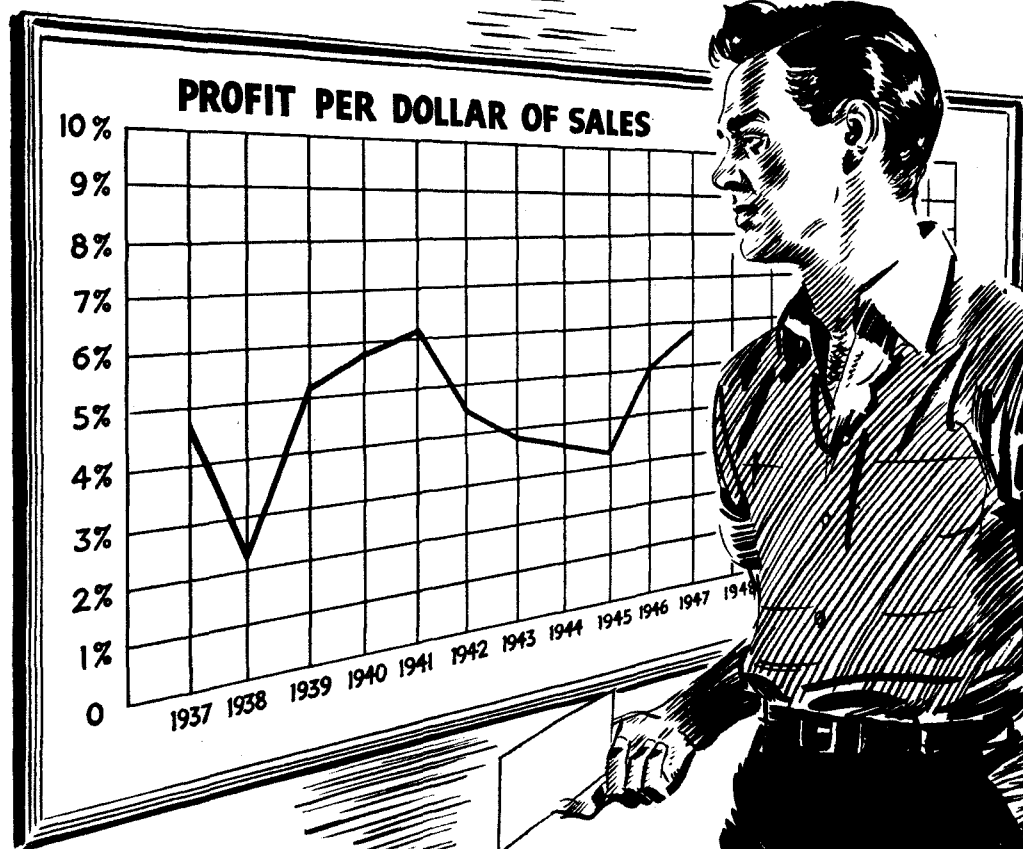
1. At first thought, it might seem that profits are something for only "the boss" to worry about. But, if you stop to think for a minute, you realize that the "profit picture" is mighty important to you, too.



2. For example, if the firm you work for is unable to earn a reasonable profit, it will soon fold up. Then you'll lose your job—and maybe a couple of pay checks while you're looking for a new one.



3. On the other hand, when your company does make a fair profit, part of it can be put back into the business. This gives the firm a chance to do a better job—which means the company can grow—and you get a chance to grow with it.



4. Another way in which the profits earned by business benefit you is this: A large share of industry's profits goes into the research and experimentation from which comes a steady stream of new and better products . . . more good things for you and your family to enjoy.



5. Even when you retire and live on your savings or insurance or a pension—you'll still fit in the "profit picture." For, every savings account and insurance policy and pension plan depends for part of its security on the profits earned by industry.

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The moment comes to every man.

The moment when he realizes that he isn't the man he used to be . . .

That he hasn't the drive and the energy he had in his prime . . .

That the days of his peak earning power are over . . .

That some day not so very far away some younger man will step into his shoes.

When does this time come?

It varies with many things. With the job—with a man's health—with the company he works for—with the man's ambition, determination, and ability.

But of one thing you can be sure. It will come to you as surely as green apples get ripe—and fall off the tree.

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—U. S. Savings Bonds

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

. . . One might gain the false impression that tourist traffic between our two countries is all one way . . . The facts are with a population less than one tenth that of the U.S.A., Canadian visitors in the U.S.A. spend more in that country than U.S. tourists here, on a per capita basis.

E. A. BAPT, London, Ontario

BERTH-MARK

SIR: In re your short short story Emergency (December 20th), either your author, your compositor or your illustrator slipped. The name of the Pullman car in the story is Lakeview, while the picture shows Lakeville. This sort of a mix-up in Pullman cars might be serious. I knew a chap who got his eye blackened account of getting into the wrong car. He claimed it was a "berth-mark."

O. C. CASTLE, Houston, Texas

O READER JUST!

DEAR SIR: I just received my copy of Collier's and it seemed to me, when looking at The Week's Mail, that a lot of clucks like to look on every page with a microscope just searching for some small error. If they just buy the magazine to find its faults I think it's pretty silly. Are they that perfect?

JOAN CHERRINGTON, AGE 15,
Seattle, Wash.

HUMILITARIAN

DEAR ED.: After reading the editorial Make it Unanimous (Dec. 20th), I write to thank you for the joy you brought me by making me aware of the desirability of my place in that most fortunate group, the low-income bracket.

Since there are no signs of the end of inflation in the near future, I feel that we fortunates should do our bit to ease the burden of our hard-pressed brother of the upper brackets. Think how future historians would berate us for allowing famine to strike the East Fifties. I shudder.

Unless some aid is given, these poor unfortunates may sink to Communism or even worse.

WILSON H. COOPER, Woodstock, Va.

MULTIDIGITATIS

DEAR SIR: Regarding Mr. Partch and the controversial six-fingered man, he can find him living in Portland, Oregon, only he has six fingers on both hands. I never learned the man's name, but have seen him quite often so those who sneer at something that they have never seen, keep quiet. I enjoy reading The Week's Mail very much.

LEM FOSTER, Dallas, Oregon

OUR NEAR-FLUNG READERS

DEAR SIR: The Week's Work of Oct. 4th told that the total costs of the Danish army, navy and air force for the year 1947 have been paid by the "Carlsberg Breweries." This supposition has nothing whatever to do with reality, as the Danish army, navy and air force is being paid by the state's budget, such as is also the case with regard to other countries.

As to the "Carlsberg Breweries" I can tell you that a certain part of their income is being spent on special purposes, especially for the support of art and science.

MAJOR GENERAL C. FORSLEV,
Danish Embassy, Washington, D. C.

OUR FAR-FLUNG READERS

DEAR SIR: I wonder why some enterprising correspondent doesn't write an article on those forgotten Americans who were held prisoner for more than three years by the Japanese. There are so very many of them who have lost their loved ones, health, savings, teeth, sight and last but not least, faith in their country. The promises made by our statesmen, during those first dark days after Pearl Harbor when the United States so desperately needed the

Philippines to hold out, have never been fulfilled. We have lost all.

We do not ask for the American taxpayers' money. We ask that only some of the frozen assets of the Japanese be used that we may again be able to be free of our debts and have the proper medical attention and schooling for our children who suffered immeasurably.

NAME WITHHELD ON REQUEST,
Manila, P. I.

EAGLE'S SCREAM

DEAR SIR: I thought Human Eagles (Jan. 17th) flew high and handsome. But just where did you get the information that there have been three American Presidents who were Eagles? It seems your informant forgot the fourth: a rather obscure man of yesterday, chap named Theodore Roosevelt.

HASBROOK FOSS, Los Angeles, Calif.

Our friend Mr. Murray Martin, public relations man who does so much to help the Chief Eagle, please notice.

SDA

DEAR SIR: Thank you for Dickson Hartwell's Politics on the Campus (Dec. 20th). The idea that American college students are empty-headed playboys or cloud-headed pushovers for Commie propaganda has been injuring the public support which our higher education system needs for too long.

I have only one slight squawk—the reference to Students for Democratic Action as a group which will "more often merely try to persuade people to register and vote" than to take sides in a campaign.

Sure, SDA will work for a big registration and a big turnout. But wherever there is a clear choice between an isolationist or reactionary candidate and a progressive, world-minded one, you'll find SDA out ringing the doorbells, to elect the progressive. ALLEN H. BARTON, Cos Cob, Conn.

ANTI-RED

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: I am tardy in offering a criticism pertaining to your fiction piece Tearing Out The Wilderness (May 31, '47). There are records of women using paint on their faces 5,000 years ago. But American ladies did not use lipstick in the 1860s and 1870s. I know, for I was on deck at that time. I refer you to the lips of Miss Eleanor Parks, schoolteacher in the illustration—immediately after the close of the Civil War (th' Wah between th' States, subh). And I wish to God that they were not using lipstick now: It's degrading and disgusting!

LINCOLN DARROW, Oakland, Cal.

TOP MAN ON A TOTEM POLE

DEAR SIR: Would like to know which cartoonist is considered top man taking into consideration humor, freedom of style, etc.?

Top man on the totem pole, to my way of figuring, is Tom Henderson. Second is Mr. (Fingers) Partch. Third is a comparative newcomer, Hank Ketcham, a very fine artist — also very good on humor. Fourth, Mr. Cobean. Fifth, Mr. Ted Key, who is very good on facial expression and the husband and wife angles. Last but not least is Mr. Jeff Keate.

DON LAHEY,
Sea Bright, N. J.



Collier's for January 31, 1948

THE MIRACLES OF DR. SPIES

Continued from page 26

had liver extract injected into their blood streams.

The patient intake was upped from almost zero to nearly 5,000 calories—enough for two men—every 24 hours. In little more than a week half of them had been discharged, well and happy. The average cure took nine days. Dr. Spies had made a successful attack on Southern pellagra. In the last ten years not a single patient has died from it.

In 1937, Dr. Conrad Arnold Elvehjem and a group of researchers at the University of Wisconsin discovered that one of the chemicals in liver was niacin (nicotinic acid). This they successfully tried on dogs sick with blacktongue, which resembles pellagra. Dr. Spies knew what they were trying to do and thought they would be successful. Purchasing niacin from a chemical company, he and some of his staff began taking it to see how large a dose the human body could stand without serious reaction.

A Variety of Pellagra Patients

After weeks of self-testing he selected eleven pellagra patients for his experiments. These included a sixty-five-year-old man in a semistupor, another who said he had had virtually nothing except alcohol for a year, a third who was unable to talk coherently, and a fourth who, at eighty-two, was affected by bronchitis.

The result was one of the medical triumphs of the generation. The patients responded to niacin almost as if to the supernatural. In those early days (now there is color photography) Dr. Spies was using an artist to paint visible symptoms in color for his records. So rapid was recovery, though, that once when the artist went out for lunch she returned to find the open sores she had been painting had begun to heal! But in describing the results for the Journal of the American Medical Association, Dr. Spies merely reported that niacin was cheap and potent. The food and treatment for the first fifty patients had cost nearly \$10,000. Despite his modest claims, Dr. Spies had the first vital chemical for his mixed-vitamin therapy.

Although months often intervened between published reports of his progress, Dr. Spies was constantly working to determine the effects of the factors found in scanty amounts of food. When he began experimenting with thiamin (vitamin B₁) it was with some of the first thiamin crystals ever made. His test patient had such a serious case of starvation sickness that he could not stand the weight of a single sheet on his pain-ridden legs and feet. Dr. Spies began administering the thiamin in small doses without making any attempt to improve the diet that had resulted in the pellagra. Two weeks later the man was noticeably better, and in another two weeks he was up, walking about in tightly-laced shoes.

When Dr. Spies claimed that these results were obtained by the vitamin alone, and not by a diet or any other sort of treatment, he was believed. In later tests, with large doses of thiamin and proper food, he stopped numbness and pain in 48 hours! Thiamin added another group to the list of symptoms that thiamin could relieve. It was Number Two in his search for vital chemicals.

Dr. Spies was convinced that scores of thousands of people suffered constantly from pellagra although they had recognizable symptoms only in the late spring "pellagra season." Much of the laziness attributed to the South, he believed, was caused simply by hunger sickness. This unrecognizable, subclinical pellagra, he thought, might explain irritability, dizziness, ennui, even that tired feeling. Some doctors scoffed at this hypothesis.

But Dr. Spies wanted to prevent the usual annual outbreak, and to check medication on vague symptoms. He wanted to test the response of children, too. To do all this he and his associates set up the largest controlled nutrition experiment to date. With 100 normal people as controls he selected 199 subclinical and 73 serious cases. Using niacin and thiamin he proved that outward symptoms of pellagra could be prevented, that no matter how seriously affected, children responded as well as adults, and that the shadowy mental symptoms of the subclinical patients could be made to disappear within 24 to 72 hours. He learned also that the specific powers of thiamin and niacin did not duplicate each other.

In 1938, Dr. Spies published the results of one of his most important discoveries. He selected sixty severe mental cases, all of whom were, legally speaking, insane. The group included both men and women. Spies hospitalized them and began treatment with niacin. With ordinary care these people were likely to die. If untreated altogether, death was certain. Some had to be strapped down. Their hallucinations were pathetic. One typical patient believed she was being poisoned by neighbors; she saw and heard monkeys, cows and rats running around the bed and felt bugs, snakes and worms crawling over her. Her outbursts were maniacal.

In from ten hours to six days everyone of these patients was relieved. Within that time—solely due to the chemicals—they had become quiet, co-operative and cheerful, and their hallucinations had vanished. In ten days most of them were discharged as mentally clear and in good condition.

Reporting this experiment in a medical journal Spies wrote: "Some systematic check should be made for cases of this nature in the large mental hospitals."

This restrained hint resulted, one authority estimates, in ridding some insane asylums of 10 per cent of their patients.

Injections Help Mental Cases

Dr. Spies did not stop here. After observing ten patients who had become insane while on a special diet, he was able to bring them back to normalcy with injections. In one case a patient who had been on glucose and water for a week, and who had suffered mental derangement, was restored in 48 hours.

But this did not satisfy the doctor, either. To determine whether niacin was a specific for insanity caused only by pellagra and by nothing else, he tried it on 26 patients who were suffering from alcoholic hallucinations, manic depression, cerebral arteriosclerosis and schizophrenia. It failed.

Although Dr. Spies has seen thousands and thousands of hunger cases, he has never discovered two exactly alike. Mild cases may sap the energy of well-to-do people who eat improperly. But even serious cases are more difficult for him to diagnose precisely than are tuberculosis, leukemia, diabetes and other general serious illnesses.

Among the symptoms attributable to hunger sickness is "eye trouble." Eyes become inflamed, sunlight causes severe pain, the cornea becomes damaged and blindness may result. Researchers had discovered that when starved rats got eye trouble they responded to riboflavin (a B complex vitamin). In his clinic Dr. Spies began testing riboflavin on human beings. For six years, from 1938 to 1944, he continued his experiments in the face of the skepticism conveyed in medical literature. When he published a complete report he had evidence on 300 pa-

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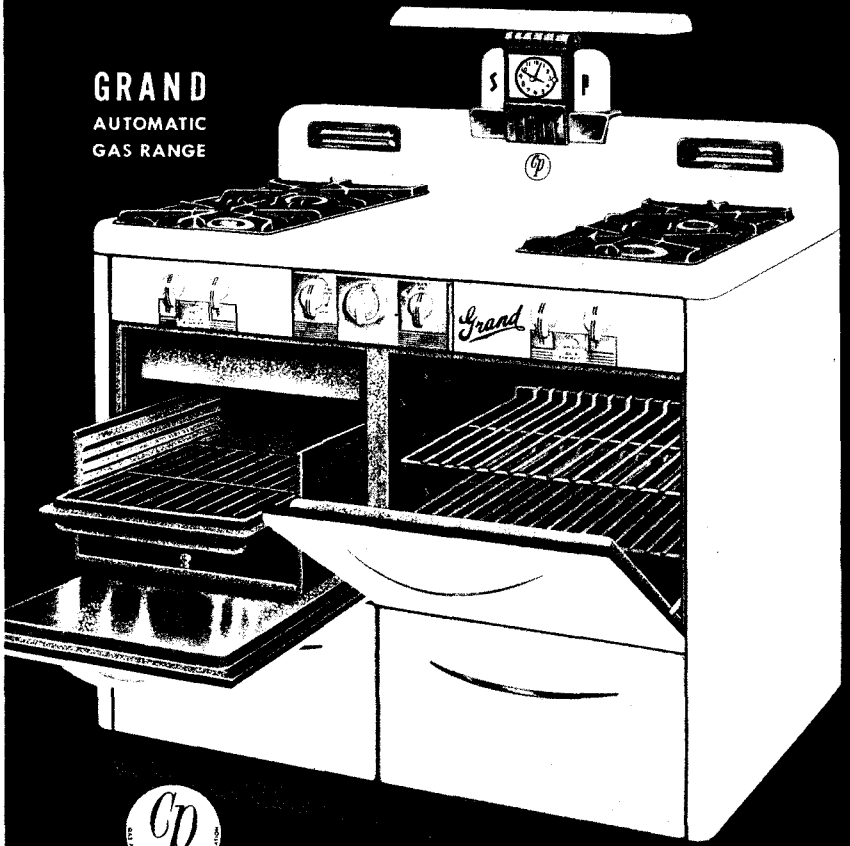
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tients who ranged in age from eight to ninety-two years.

Every one of these 300 had responded to his treatment in 48 hours, he wrote, and in four cases out of five "the degree of improvement was truly remarkable." Three out of four patients went back to work after months and years of idleness. One woman, whose eyes had been frosted over like a pane of ground glass, had entered the hospital to have her eyeballs removed. Now she sees well enough to sew. In the yellow crystals of riboflavin Dr. Spies had the third in his group of potent chemicals.

In 1945 he undertook to test newly synthesized folic acid for treatment of anemia. Anemia, the slowdown disease, is an insidious and elusive ailment. When it affects women in pregnancy their blood becomes water-thin. There are big-cell types and little-cell types. There is the dread pernicious anemia, and that bane of the tropics called sprue.

While medical science watched almost helplessly, anemia slowed tens of thousands down to a crawl before it finally and inevitably killed them. At first there was but one remedy, liver. The patient had to eat liver until the mere suggestion of it made him violently ill. Then potent and expensive liver extracts were used. If a patient were wealthy he might live a bit longer and even get better, though no one knew exactly why.

Dr. Spies' interest in anemia began in 1930 when he noted that pellagra patients often had big-cell anemia. Through the years at the Spies Nutrition Clinic he had found it in three out of five cases. Without results he tried niacin, thiamin, riboflavin, calcium pantothenate, pyridoxine, inositol, para-aminobenzoic acid and choline. He tried brewer's yeast, beef muscle and even alcoholic extract of beef. The problem was to get the bone marrow back to work manufacturing red corpuscles for the blood.

Dr. Spies occasionally accomplished this but only by using tremendous and uneconomical doses.

In Quest of an Elusive Acid

Even the best concentrations of liver extract varied widely in effectiveness, he learned. He tested some and found them almost wholly devoid of folic acid. By the process of eliminating hundreds of substances already tried out he guessed that folic acid might be a missing chemical. When in August of 1945 a group of sixteen chemists from Lederle Laboratories and the Calco division of the American Cyanamid Company succeeded in preparing synthetic folic acid, Dr. Spies was the first to try it out.

Successful results were secured in the first tests, conducted on big-cell anemia among pellagrins in Birmingham. Then Dr. Spies determined to try it out on the mysterious debilitating tropical anemia called sprue. Through Dr. Ramón Suarez of the School of Tropical Medicine in San Juan, he initiated a series of experiments in Puerto Rico. Then, to arrange a simultaneous study in Cuba, he telephoned dietitian Myrtle H. Neblett in Havana.

"I want to try out a new vitamin on sprue," he said. "Can you find me some patients and a place to work?"

Within a week Dr. Spies and a staff of eight had set up equipment in the University of Havana's General Calixto Garcia Hospital, and had begun work with Cuban specialists Dr. Guillermo Garcia Lopez, Dr. Fernando Milanes and Dr. Aristides Menendez.

They selected twelve patients who were unable to walk and who didn't care whether they lived or not. None would swallow food. All of them had less than half the red blood cells a body needs.

Folic acid was supposed to start the bone marrow building young new red cells, called reticulocytes. Reticulocytes grow to be big and potent. They give

people a lusty vigor. In the numerous daily tests Dr. Spies paid close attention to the count of reticulocytes. This would be a key to success.

On the first day the laboratory technician could find only a trace of reticulocytes in the blood. On the second and third days, although the patients felt better, there was little change in the count. By the fourth day the patients began to complain of hunger, and the life-giving new cells were suddenly found to have increased to two per cent. In 24 hours they had doubled this. On the sixth day they had shot up to 11 per cent. Then it was 15, and finally 19 per cent. By that time the patients were eating greedily and everyone in the hospital knew they were on the road to recovery.

The action of folic acid on anemic people has been so dramatic that even Dr. Spies, somewhat hardened to medical miracles, was amazed. In his first year with folic acid he used it on 218 selected anemic patients. It was successful in every case except four where cirrhosis of the liver was involved.

The golden yellow crystals of pure

He has refused all such offers. A dozen countries in South America and others elsewhere have offered him facilities to organize and supervise research centers where their bright young men could learn his methods. He always must refuse since his staff is too small now to cope with the job in this country.

Recently the Calcutta School of Tropical Medicine asked him to initiate a research project in India. Dr. Spies turned it down because he felt the partition of India would certainly precipitate unrest inimical to his meticulous methods. The Chinese government opened negotiations through our Department of State to have him come to China and direct all wartime nutrition. He turned this down as unlikely to produce effective results.

Because no man is better informed on nutrition than he, Dr. Spies gets long-distance calls several times a week from people who want obscure information. Usually he can answer the question off-hand. If not he can from memory refer them to any pertinent articles published on the subject in the past twenty years. Physicians who do not know him per-

when he is ready to start the next day's work. He often visits the hospital twice during the night and rarely does he show up for work later than six A.M.

Dr. Spies is probably the best-informed scientist on nutrition in the world today. One reason is his capacity for reading. He has a photographic memory and has been known to digest a stack of technical medical reprints six inches high at a single sitting. When he has no new medical material he enjoys biographies, history and some fiction.

The Rough Road to Education

His efforts to get a medical education revealed considerable enterprise. Lacking any funds of his own he borrowed (and later paid back) a modest amount from Will Hogg, a Texas philanthropist, and from a Scottish Rite scholarship fund. With scholarships he won at Harvard he had enough money for everything but necessities like board, lodging and books. So he landed a job with the Harvard Medical College Library, and this kept him occupied from 5 P.M. until 10 P.M. Then he reported for work as an emergency laboratory technician at a suburban hospital, and remained on duty there until 6 A.M. From that hour until his first class at 8 A.M. he was free to do whatever he liked.

The Spies Nutrition Clinic may soon have more revelations. For several years the staff has been quietly studying the relationship of diet to the growth and development of children. One undersized youngster was given four inches of added height in a year! An attempt is being made to find a chemical that may aid in controlling tooth decay.

Without giving up duties in other centers Dr. Spies recently accepted this imposing position: Professor of Nutrition and Metabolism, and Chairman of the Department, at Northwestern University School of Medicine in Chicago. There, someday, he will have the clinical and laboratory facilities to initiate studies "to prolong the prime of life." He will study ailments that strike down people after forty-five—diabetes, arthritis, hypertension, anemia and mental diseases, arteriosclerosis and heart disease.

"It is the little errors in our body chemistry, continued over a long period of time, that stop intelligent, useful men and women in their primes," Dr. Spies says. "We physicians should find the reasons for this breakdown, whatever they are."

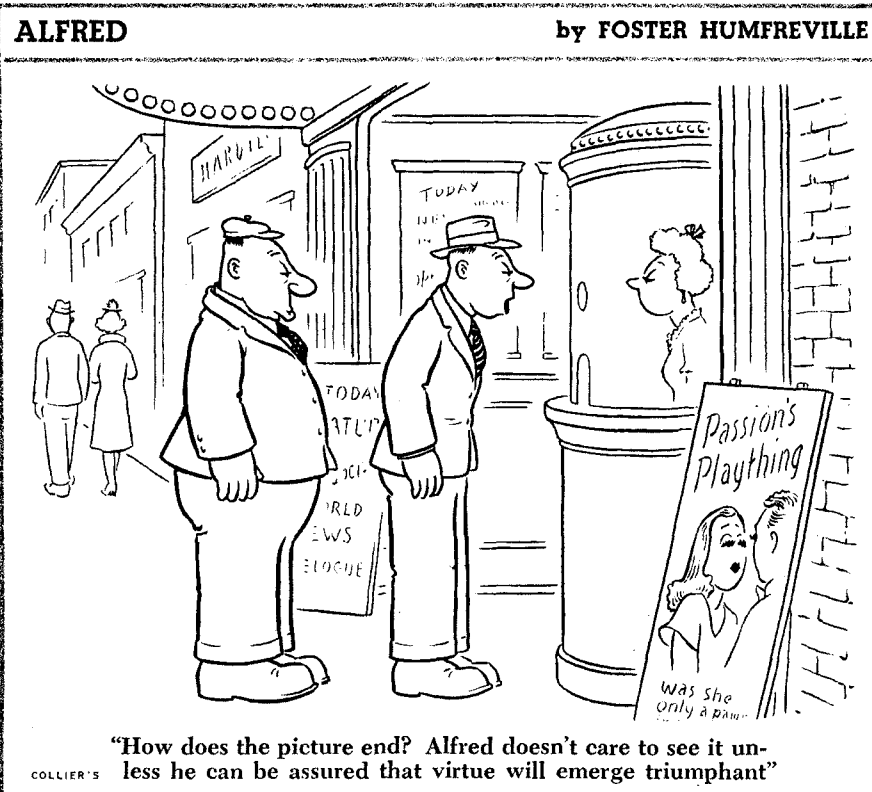
No one is better aware than he that knowledge of food chemistry and its effect on the human body is still pitifully small. One completed study suggests others; there are no terminal points. A new vitamin is of itself no help to humans. There are more than six vitamins which have no demonstrated function in people. There are some 43 fatty acids, but the use of only three is known. Carbohydrates supply half our energy, but little is known about them. The relationship of thirteen mineral elements to good health is still not clear. To Dr. Spies, who considers good health our most important asset, research in such subjects merits a high priority.

"We are only as healthy as the chemical balance in our bodies. How else can we change that balance except by what we eat and breathe?" he is fond of saying. "I think we ought to know something about it."

There are a good many thousands of men and women who, once dying, are now again full of life, and of gratitude, because Tom Spies learned something about diet. They regard him with an inspiring reverence. In Birmingham one of them, a former preacher, told me how he felt.

"It was God who sent me to the clinic, all right. But make no mistake, it was Doctor Tom Spies who cured me."

THE END



folic acid became a fourth major chemical in Dr. Spies' plan.

But folic acid does not prevent serious anemic nerve degeneration, as liver extract sometimes does. Obviously there are still other vital, unknown chemicals in liver. "Someday," says Dr. Spies, "they will be found."

Folic acid, niacin, riboflavin and thiamin are far from all the ingredients Spies utilizes. They are merely those to which he has made the major contributions. He has tested and used extensively vitamins A, D, C and K. On the basis of his research, pharmaceutical houses have revised medical formulas.

The ultimate test, Dr. Spies feels, is not how many patients he can revive sufficiently to send home from the hospital, but how many can he put back to useful work. Recently he completed an analysis of 800 patients, one third of whom arrived at his clinic in need of emergency lifesaving measures. None had been able to work. After treatment, a checkup revealed that 41 had gone into the armed services, 101 into agriculture, 359 into domestic service and 299 into industry.

At least half a dozen universities have invited Dr. Spies to become their dean of medicine, a position of great eminence in the medical world. Various pharmaceutical houses have offered to provide him with whatever laboratory equipment—and salary—he wishes.

sonally frequently telephone to ask him to a consultation. When Dr. Spies explains that he is unable to leave his work they generally infer that it is for reasons of money.

"Name your own figure—\$500 or \$1,000, whatever you want," they say.

He usually has some difficulty convincing them that never in his career has he accepted a fee.

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Dr. Spies works literally all the time. To keep himself free for work he makes no social engagements. Usually he finishes a workday around nine or ten in the evening and then goes to his hotel room where he may read or nap until midnight. Then he returns to Hillman Hospital to check patients and reports. At two in the morning he'll be back in his hotel room to sleep perhaps until five



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Civic Opera Building, Chicago 6, Illinois



THE STUFFED SHIRT AND THE LADY

Continued from page 20

vid heem—Roosian fashion. You know—vid der foot. I would not hurt him. I would trip heem up and lay heem on der floor. Then I would sit on heem and teekle heem. It would do heem goot."

I had a vision of Vovo sitting on William Mustin, tickling him.

So far as Jane's common sense was concerned, her father's behavior had had the usual effect of such behavior. Jane and Henry merely transferred their meetings to a little bar on Madison Avenue, six blocks south of Jane's home. They met three or four afternoons a week around five o'clock. I have an idea these meetings became progressively more despondent and less and less decisive.

A MONTH after William Mustin's roaring, Vovo and I descended on one of these tête-à-têtes. It was a bleak March afternoon; a cold rain was falling and the streets were dull black ribbons. Vovo behaved as if the encounter were purely accidental, but I knew better.

I had been to Vovo's studio to look at a new portrait and afterward he suggested to me that we go out for some air and a drink. He strode along Madison Avenue, the collar of his thick ulster turned up, his gnarled cane swinging, and presently we came to the entrance of the little bar where Jane and Henry met. "Dis vill do," said Vovo casually, and we went in.

Jane and Henry were sitting silently at a table toward the back of the room. Half-finished drinks stood before them, and their young faces were gloomy. Vovo greeted them in his usual fashion, and as if they were the last people in the world he had expected to see.

He rubbed his hands together and beamed upon them. "Vell, fam-ily," he said—a favorite phrase of his where those he liked were concerned—"dis iss unespected. How goes it? Goot?" Without being asked, he sat down.

He was in his best mood: gay, filled with anecdote and comment. Often when Vovo was this way, one would have thought him totally unaware of surrounding atmosphere. All the while, however, I noticed that his china-blue eyes were at intervals studying Jane and Henry gravely.

He was telling about a man he had known in Siberia when serving under

Kolchak. "Der strongest man in der old Roosian army," he said, "except me, and now"—Abruptly Vovo interrupted himself as if he had forgotten something and looked at his watch. "My goodtness!" he said. "Half bast fife, and Mrs. Valentine iss egspecting me. Vell, fam-ily, shall ve go and call on her?"

There was not even a moment of astonishment. We were used to Vovo. I merely remarked, "You said nothing about this to me."

"Didn't I?" said Vovo.

Jane had raised her head. She had been turning her glass around and around between her fingers.

"Mrs. Valentine? Who's Mrs. Valentine?"

Vovo's eyes were wide. "You haf never heard of her?"

Jane shook her head.

"Umph! Vell, now you vill. A widow. Very pretty, very charming. Aboudt fifty. She iss an old friend. I bainted her portrait. She lives at der Pelham joost around der corner. She iss a goot voman—ve vill get blenty to drink."

"But we can't go just like this," Jane insisted. "I don't know her."

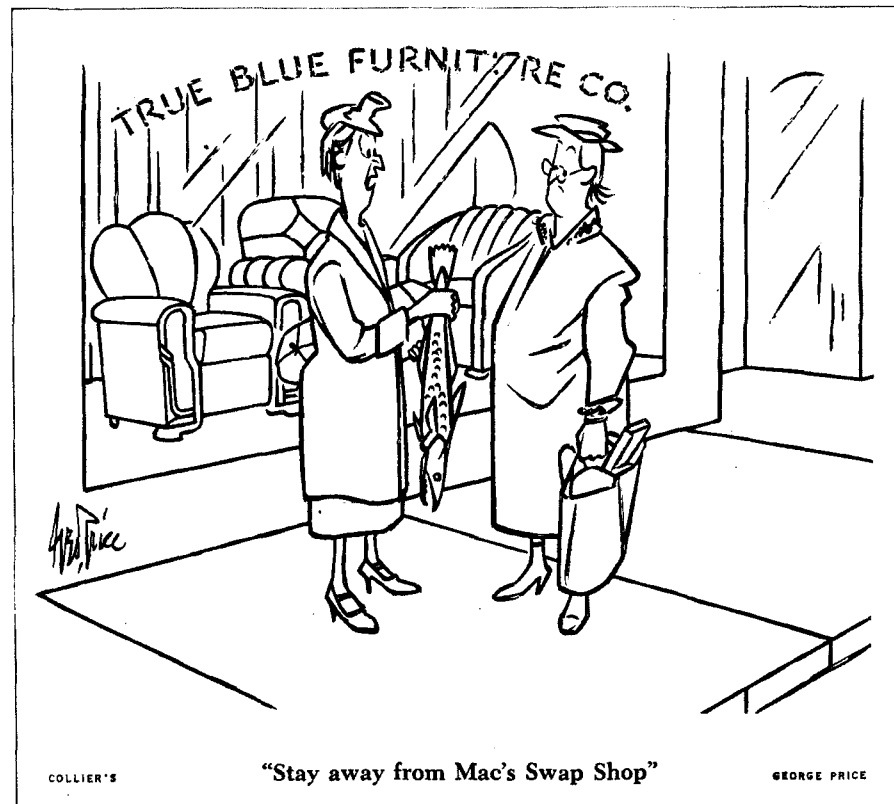
"It iss time you did," said Vovo calmly. "Lots of beople do. She is very nize. She lofes beople. I vill call her up," and without waiting for further protest, he got up and walked to a telephone booth at the end of the room.

Jane sighed, but like all those who knew Vovo, she was accustomed to these sudden expeditions.

In a few minutes Vovo was back. "She iss delighted," he said. "Vell—shall ve go?"

Jane, after a further moment of hesitation, stood up. Henry and I had already done so. "I haf paid der bill," said Vovo. He ushered us out into the wet, bleak darkness, and we turned north for two blocks, and east for one, and came to a small residential hotel. Evidently the doorman and the desk clerk were old friends of Vovo. Yes—Mrs. Valentine was expecting us. Would we go right up?

We left the elevator at the seventh floor and a maid opened the door of a charming apartment, its sitting room gay and sweet-smelling with flowers in crystal vases. On the light green walls were a couple of excellent modern drawings and, over the fireplace, where logs



crackled, was Vovo's portrait of our hostess. The light from the fireplace danced on brass andirons and fender. In a moment, the original of the portrait came into the room. She was as Vovo had described: very pretty, smiling, hospitable. Under her gray hair, her face was young and fresh-colored, and her long, hazel-green eyes were lively with interest.

"This is lovely," she said. "It is such a dreary afternoon, but Vovo won't let afternoons be dreary, will he?" She greeted Jane first. "I am so glad to meet you," she said, and I thought she stressed the words oddly, but then, no doubt, she had heard a lot about Jane from Vovo. We sat down in a half-circle before the fire.

"What will you have?" asked Mrs. Valentine. "Tea—a Martini? Vovo, will you make some Martinis?"

Vovo went over to a small table on which stood a shaker, bottles, ice and glasses.

"Dot's all I do," he said ruefully. "Joost a bartender."

Mrs. Valentine was a talented hostess. She had the gift, all too rare, of general conversation. She drew people out; self-consciousness seemed to go by the board. I had liked Mrs. Valentine at once; I now decided she was a dear—a term I don't apply wholesale. She was kind and witty and well-informed. Pretty soon we were talking like people who had known each other for a long time, drawing warmth from each other and from the dancing, crackling fire. It was comfortable and delightful. And then Vovo, who had been abnormally silent, broke in abruptly.

"Vhen's Villiam coming?" he asked, shifting his great bulk nearer the fire.

Mrs. Valentine turned to him.

"Around six, I imagine."

Vovo nodded his head at Jane.

"Dot's your father," he said.

Jane sat up straight in her chair. "My—" she began and stopped, her mouth open.

"—Father," said Vovo.

"But—"

I thought I understood now the one thing about Mrs. Valentine that had puzzled me. Just as in the little bar I had noticed Vovo studying Jane and Henry when they weren't looking, so from time to time I had caught Mrs. Valentine glancing at Jane speculatively. And this had been curious, for Mrs. Valentine was so clearly an unself-conscious person. She was not the sort of woman who worries about what some other woman may be thinking of her.

There was an uneasy silence. Mrs. Valentine ended it. She looked at Jane and spoke in a gentle, but amazed voice.

"So you did not know your father was to be here?" she said. "I thought of course you did. Vovo told me just now over the telephone that you knew he was coming for tea." She paused. "You have never heard of me?"

"I'm sorry," said Jane. "No."

"That is extraordinary," said Mrs. Valentine. Her voice became bitter. "I am afraid," she said, "Vovo has been lying. Sometimes he does." She turned upon him. "Were you lying, Vovo?"

"Yes," he said placidly.

"Why?"

"It was necessary. Someding had to happen."

"You see," said Mrs. Valentine. She turned again to Jane appealingly. "I am embarrassed. I am entirely innocent."

"Of course you are," said Jane. "I know that." She smiled her quick, lovely smile. "I am very glad now it happened."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Valentine. "So am I. As a rule, Vovo only lies for a good purpose." She began to explain: "Your father is a very dear friend of mine. I've known him for about a year. I'm devoted to him. But"—her voice was exasperated—"you'll forgive me for saying that in some ways he's the queer-

est man I've ever met. Why is he so childishly secretive? He told me you know all about me. He said he was going to bring you here some afternoon. Why is he so naïvely deceitful?"

"I don't know," said Jane hopelessly.

"Dot iss easy," commented Vovo. "He iss timid. Afraidt. Afraidt Jane might nod like you and you might nod like Jane. He iss afraidt. He keeps putting dings off. Like so many beople, he iss afraidt of making a vool of heemself, and so, often, he makes a vool of heemself. He needs pooshing. Dis afternoon ve haf pooshed heem. Has he asked you to marry heem yet, Nina?"

Vovo could say outrageous things like that and get away with them.

Mrs. Valentine colored. "That's none of your business," she said.

"Oh, yes it iss," said Vovo. "Vhat happens to my friends iss always my business. Vell, he vill now, right away. He'll half to." He beamed upon us. "Fam-ily, dis is all very nize. Better than I had egspected."

"I don't think I like the way you put things," said Mrs. Valentine. She paused and looked toward the door that led to the entrance hall. The doorbell had rung and a moment later we heard the crisp voice of William Mustin greeting the maid. He entered the room briskly. In his buttonhole was a white carnation. He was old-fashioned in that respect, too. He looked very pink and clean-shaven except for his mustache. Abruptly he stopped, stood still, and surveyed us in amazed, indignant silence. "What's this?" he finally demanded explosively.

"A—?"

"Don't say trap, Daddy!" said Jane.

"We're all completely innocent except for Vovo, here! Don't say trap! It's an accident—but a nice one. After all, why shouldn't I call on Mrs. Valentine? I should have done so long ago. You should have brought me. I think you've been exceedingly silly."

"Villiam," said Vovo, "sidt down and be nize."

WILLIAM MUSTIN opened his mouth as if to say something further, and then changed his mind. He walked meekly across the room and sat down in a chair near the fireplace.

"Might I have a drink?" he asked. "Just soda water." For a moment he tried to recapture lost ground. He looked at Henry. "And I suppose," he said, "you and Jane have been seeing each other right along."

"Naturally," said Jane. "What did you expect?"

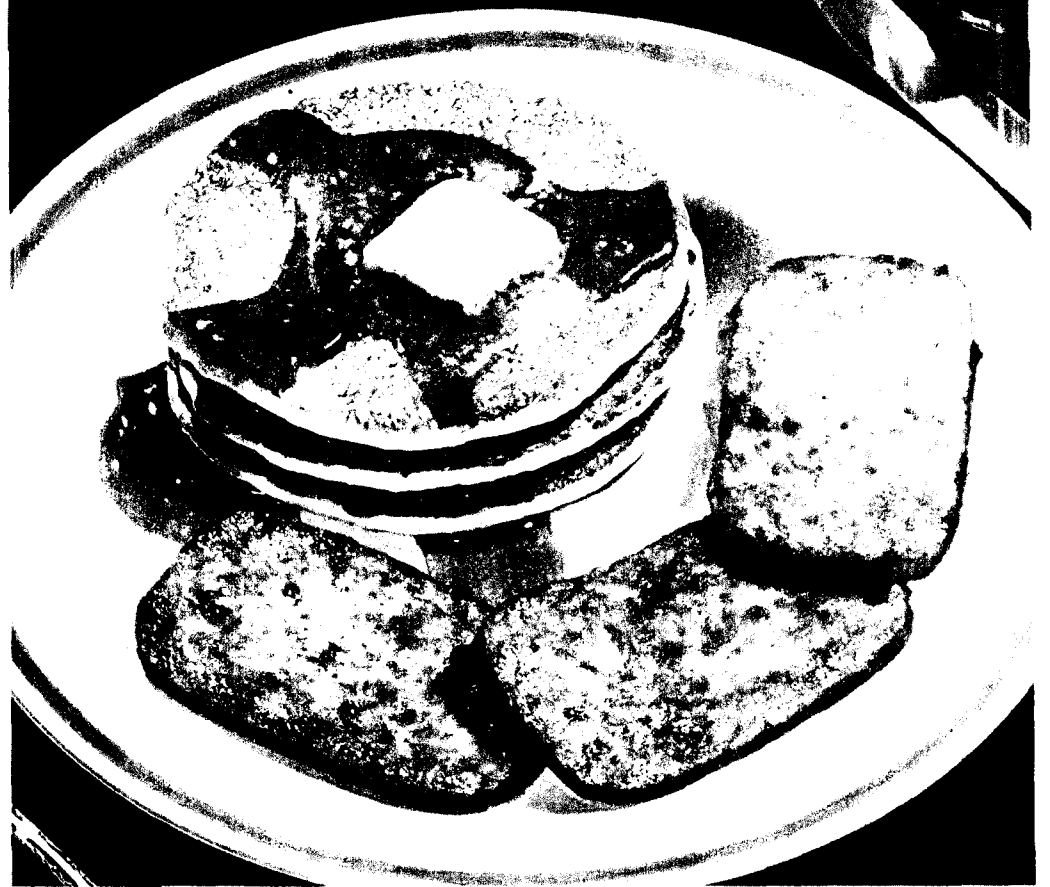
"Nothing," said her father. "Not any more."

Vovo had struggled up from the corner of the sofa and was standing before the fireplace, his back to it.

"No, Villiam," he said gently, "nod soda vater. Nod dis time. Henry vill mix us a liddle drink, and den ve vill drink der health of you and Nina, and Jane and Henry. Bud first I would like to make a liddle speech—a liddle speech aboutt loneliness. It iss always a goot time to make a speech aboutt loneliness when beople vant to get married, because dot is vone vay to vool dis loneliness business."

Every now and then Vovo made one of these little speeches. Coming from anyone else they would have sounded absurd, but not from Vovo. His rolling guttural voice, his accent, his choice of words made them impressive. You realized how much he was thinking all the time, how little, actually, he told of what he was thinking. It was as if somewhere in Russia a dam had broken. For five minutes or so Vovo spoke about loneliness, and loneliness seemed to have entered the gay little apartment from the dark, rainy streets outside, and to be standing in the doorway, watching us, as William Mustin had done a little while ago. We listened gravely, and that was

No.1 Breakfast SPAM 'N' PANCAKES



is a good morning for pancakes—and piping hot fried SPAM. Here's how: easiest is to add liquid to your favorite prepared pancake mix; or, sift together 3 tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. sugar and 2 cups sifted flour.

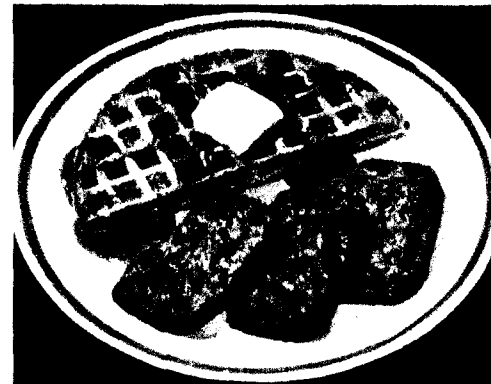
Combine 2 well beaten eggs with 1½ cups milk. Then add flour mixture and beat until smooth; add 2 tbsp. melted shortening. Spoon on hot griddle and bake until first bubbles break, then turn. Makes 2 dozen small cakes.



PERFECT MATCH. deluxe eating for lazy breakfasts. Make fluffy scrambled eggs with cream and butter—perhaps a dash of Worcestershire. Crisp-fried, meaty SPAM.



DIG OUT that old family recipe for corn bread. Fry tender, juicy oblongs of SPAM while it bakes. With chilled applesauce on the side, there's an "anytime" meal.



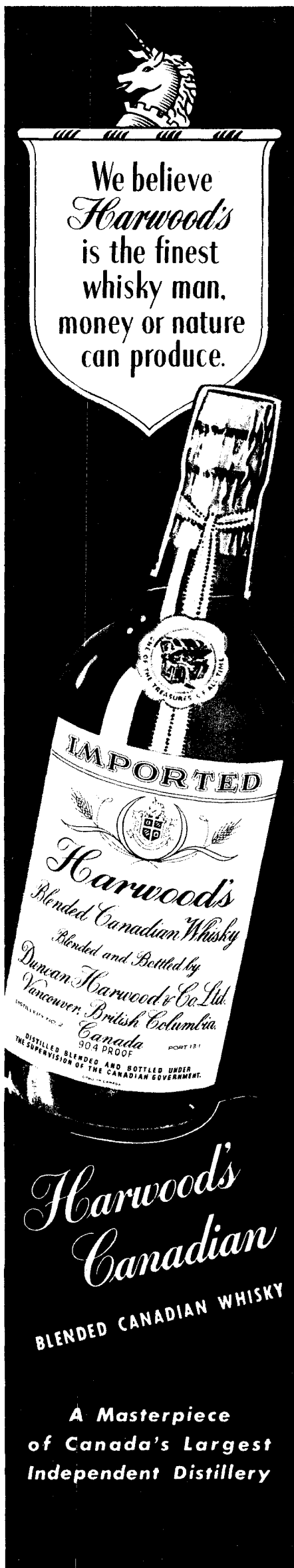
SUNDAY NIGHT SPECIAL. Make tender-crisp golden waffles, using a prepared biscuit mix. Generous slices of browned SPAM complete the picture—and how!



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odd; because, as Americans, we distrust visible emotion and liked to destroy it or tone it down with off-handedness or witticisms.

Vovo spoke of the loneliness of people who had had to leave their own countries, of all the millions of uprooted people. Even if they had left their own countries voluntarily, even if they became citizens of the new countries, sometimes understanding these new countries better than people who had lived there all their lives, still, there was always some loneliness. Their children, if they had any, would be different, but not they. Then he mentioned a few of the scores of lonely people he had known all over the world. Women, aging and ill. Men who, against the odds of language and custom, and often misunderstanding and intolerance, were trying to piece together their lives where these had been cut in half. There was one old general in Paris, for instance. "A nize man," said Vovo. "A beautiful white, fine beard." All day he sat in a cold little room and wrote his memoirs. At night he was doorman at a hotel. No one wanted his memoirs, they were no good. But he wrote, because that was the only way he could forget his wife, his children, his friends, all of whom had been killed—murdered.

"Dis loneliness," said Vovo, "iss a queer feller. He vawks beside you and tries to visper in your ear. Always he vawks beside you and tries to visper in your ear. Der only vay nod to hear heem is to haf on der oder side someone you lofe, and even den—vell, efery now and den, you hear heem vispering."

ABRUPTLY he raised the glass Henry had given him and nodded in turn to Mrs. Valentine and William Mustin, Henry and Jane. "And now," he said, "ve drink a toast, and while ve are togedder, ve laugh at dis loneliness. Next week I give an engagement barty for Villiam and Nina, Jane and Henry." Henry was standing near him, at one corner of the fireplace.

"Wait a minute," said William Mustin. "Wait a minute." He got up and walked over to the fire and stood between Vovo and Henry. "This is all going too fast for me," he said. "My mind does not work as fast as this. After all, I'm a fairly important cog in these proceedings, whatever they may be."

Vovo's "liddle" speech had made us all for the time being a trifle grave and thoughtful. William Mustin had been particularly grave and thoughtful. But even before Vovo had begun to speak he had been grave and thoughtful, sitting absent-mindedly in the big upholstered chair he had chosen. Evidently he was thinking deeply; wrestling with an angel—or perhaps a devil. "I must have more time," he concluded weakly.

Vovo smiled down at him. "Vhy?" he inquired. "It iss all settled. Isn't it? No?"

"Certainly it is, Daddy," said Jane with a conviction I had never heard her use before when addressing her father.

"Completely," said Vovo in a satisfied voice.

He was still smiling down on William Mustin, but his heavy eyelids were lowered, half concealing his china-blue eyes. I knew that expression. Usually it meant something unexpected; frequently something incredible. His voice was reflective: "Villiam, you are trying to back into der shell. You must nod do that." Abruptly, he seemed to have made up his mind. "Villiam, haf you efer wrestled—Roosion fashion?" His right arm shot out at full length and he seized William Mustin's right hand. "Zo-o! No—do nod pull back. It iss a compliment. I do nod wrestle vid beople I do not like. Now—dis vay. You pud der right foot between my veet and back of der right foot. I do der same. Ve wrestle . . . No, do nod be afraidt. I vill nod hurt you. Do nod

be afraidt of theengs. If you are nod afraidt, dey vill nod hurt you."

Slowly and not ungracefully, as if in a pantomime, William Mustin began to lean backward. I had a horrible vision of Vovo sitting on him and tickling him. What happened then happened so quickly that it was almost over before I realized what was taking place.

"Dot's all right now," said Vovo. "Someday ve really wrestle. Now, I led you go. I pud you straight." He reached out his left hand to take William Mustin by the shoulder, but William Mustin made the mistake of pulling back, and so, this time, actually started to fall. He fell into the arms of Henry, who was standing behind him. Henry had been watching the mild struggle, a look of frozen

could, and then the look of frozen horror slowly disappeared and he raised his head and joined the laughter.

Vovo's deep chuckle made a bass undertone for our laughter. "I didt nod mean dot," he said. "It vas an agcident." We all laughed. Even Mrs. Valentine laughed softly. Only William Mustin did not laugh.

He had struggled out of Henry's arms and stood with his back to the fireplace, surveying us grimly. He was breathing heavily and his face was red. For a moment I was sure he was going to roar, and for that moment my laughter faltered. So much depended on what he did.

The comfort of the room; the gaiety we had recaptured; his own dignity; the feeling we all had that underneath he was a man of common sense—all these depended on what he did. And his future, I realized gravely, depended on what he did. And I am sure that he was thinking about all this, especially the last, for he looked at Jane steadily for a long second and then at Mrs. Valentine.

I am sure that when he looked at Jane he was thinking of the foolish threat he had made and, once more, what sort of a world it would be without her. And I am sure that when he looked at Mrs. Valentine he was thinking of the effect any roaring on his part might have. It must have been difficult for him, for obviously he was thinking more about other people than he had thought for a long while, and of how he appeared in the eyes of others.

Those short moments that seemed so slow suddenly took on a wider significance. I recalled that I had recently read somewhere how much of laughter had left the world. The faceless, anonymous people of the tyrannies, to the right and left, did not laugh. Their leaders did not laugh. Laughter was too close to liberty and freedom of the mind. The totalitarian-minded did not laugh. Laughter was too dangerous, too human. Tyrants had always dreaded laughter—genuine laughter. William Mustin became a symbol in my mind. I don't think I was exaggerating.

And I think more or less the same thoughts were in the minds of all of us. We wanted so much to laugh with William Mustin and not at him. Henry had abruptly stopped laughing. Mrs. Valentine's long, hazel-green eyes were level and inquiring. Jane was sitting forward in her chair, watching her father. Even the fire seemed to be waiting—undecided whether to dance and crackle again. Doubt had entered the room as a little while before loneliness had entered and had stayed until driven out by our laughter.

So much depended on how William Mustin behaved.

He began to laugh.

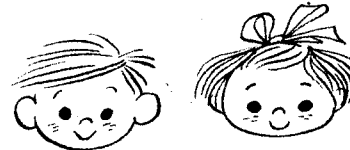
Vovo and I walked down Lexington Avenue in the rain. He had refused to take a taxicab. "I am egcited," he said. The street lamps shone wetly, the edges of their radiance blurred. The passing cars were sleek and dark, with no more individuality than a herd of swimming seals. Odd to think that actually they were separate, hurrying worlds containing people who, for only the time being, were shut away from the outer world—but each of the people was forever shut away within himself.

Vovo chuckled. "Vell," he said, "and zo-o dot iss ended. I toldt you Villiam vas a nice feller." He strode along, swinging his gnarled cane. When he spoke again, he had undergone one of his sudden changes of mood. His guttural voice was somber; it had a trace of bitterness. "Dis loneliness," he said, "it iss nod funny. No, it iss nod funny. In all der world dere iss no vone who really cares vhat happens to me—No, nod really. . . ."

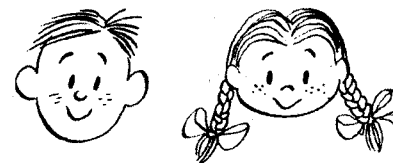
THE END

Collier's for January 31, 1948

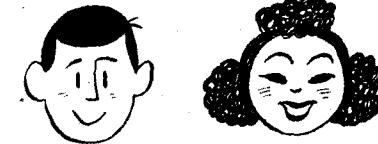
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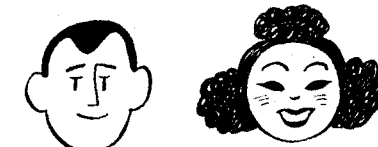
3 YEARS



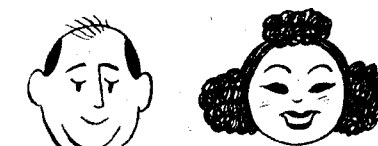
10 YEARS



19 YEARS



25 YEARS



39 YEARS



50 YEARS

COLLIER'S

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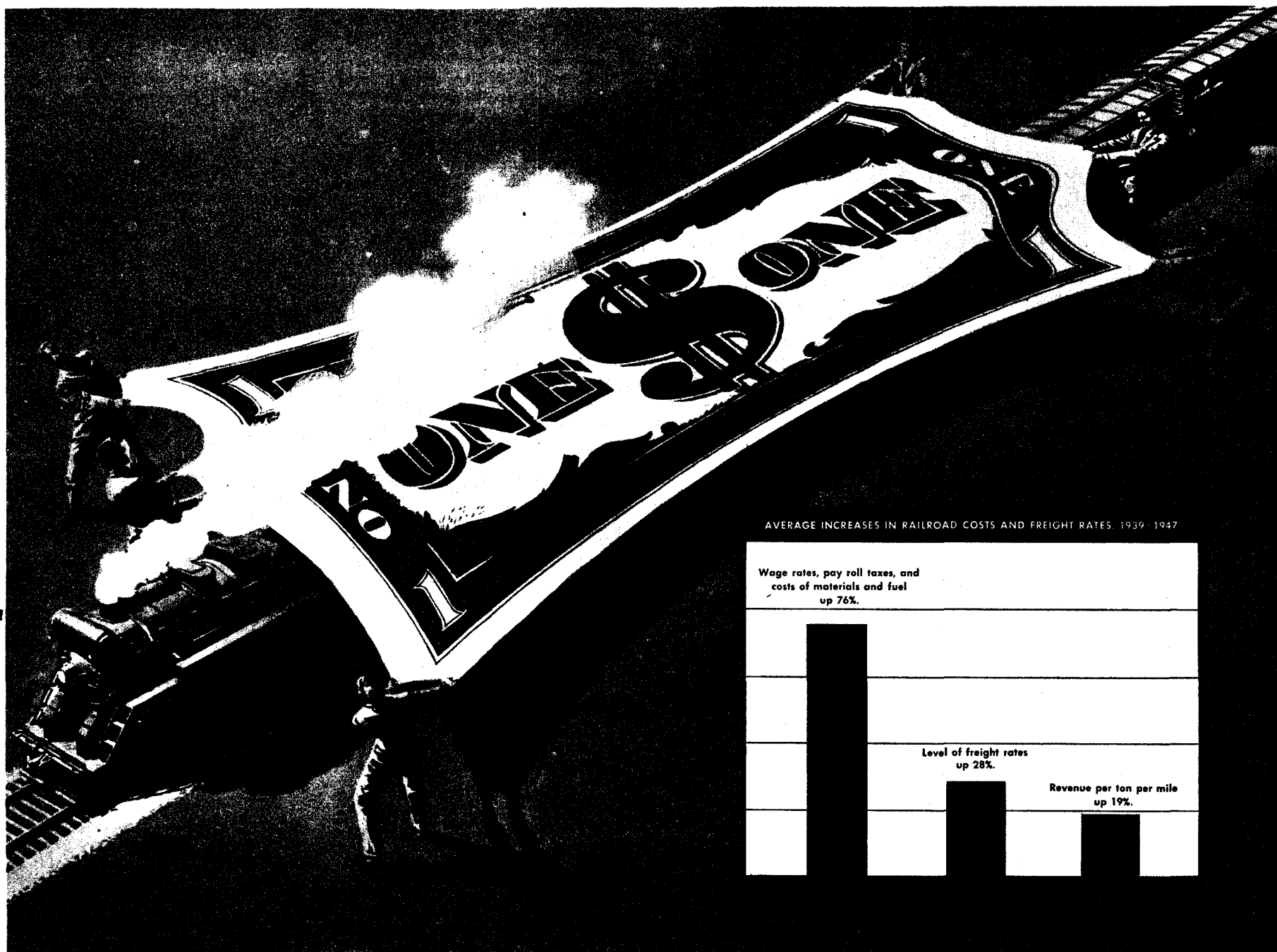
horror on his face. He stared down at his tentative father-in-law, the look of anguish still on his face.

And so for a moment they remained as they were: William Mustin reclining in Henry's arms, Henry enfolding him solicitously.

Suddenly Jane began to laugh. I began to laugh. Laughter, at first hesitating, then candid and delighted, circled the room.

Laughter is a strange thing. It is like a wind that blows open a door. Genuine laughter, that is. Real laughter, unexpected laughter. It is as catching as a summer cold and as compelling as a dance tune. It is the most human of events. Man is the only creature that laughs. It is difficult to stand aloof from genuine laughter. Henry did the best he

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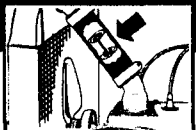
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warned me, but good. Yet I just went on, pale and wan, being sick in the mornings before I got Bill's breakfast, and at noon before I got his lunch, and in the evenings before I got his dinner. I just went on bumping into the built-in furniture in the trailer, and taking calcium pills, and writing to Mother, and reading books about how screamingly funny it is to be going to have a baby—all written by ladies who have not had babies for fifteen years.

If I thought anything, and I'm not sure that you do at about the fifth month, I supposed that it would dawn realistically on Joanna Dee that Bill was becoming a father and that it was therefore time to lose interest. That must have been why I made the utterly insane suggestion when Bill was elected chairman of the Veterans' Dance. I suggested that inasmuch as he was chairman he should attend, regardless of my indisposition. "Why don't you go ahead and take Joanna Dee?" I asked with devious perversity.

"I wouldn't think of it," Bill said.

"Now don't be silly. It's perfectly all right, and I want you to go."

Men are such heels. All right, Bill said; if that was how I felt, maybe he had better, being chairman and all.

I must admit he got back to the trailer at twelve-thirty, and Warwick dances break up at midnight. But I didn't let him know I had been watching the time. I pretended I was asleep, even when he leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. I was glad I had wadded my handkerchief under the pillow, because it was a sodden ball. Next morning I said, "Did you have a good time, darling?"

"Just fair," he said. "Not as good as I would have had with you and Wilmar."

I ALMOST burst out crying, because I was sure he didn't mean it. I was sure he'd had a wonderful time, floating around with Joanna Dee. And when he took off for classes I did start bellowing; I finished up what crying I had not got done the night before. And Nettie Harris, who lives in the next trailer, and has ears that swivel like a cat's, heard me. She came over. "My dear," she said, "I've been expecting this."

I hated her; I lifted my red, swollen face and said with the voice of an angel, "What is it you have been expecting?"

"This," she said, waving a hand vaguely as if I had flooded the whole trailer with tears. "Jeff and I were chaperons at the Veterans' Dance last night and we saw Bill there with that Newman number. I swear if it weren't for your condition I'd suggest you walk out of here today."

"Look, I know Bill and Joanna were there. I insisted he take her."

"Really, did you?" said Nettie, as if she did not believe it. "It must not have been difficult to persuade him, although I would think—"

"Would you like a cigarette and some coffee, Nettie?"

"You let me get it," Nettie said, and there I was with her in control again. I felt like a sick pigeon that has bumped into a wire on the fly. "The strange thing is," said the good neighbor, "the fact that Bill is about to become a father probably makes him all the more attractive to her. There is that type, you know. You read about them all the time in the papers."

"I don't. I hate the tabloids. Anyhow, Joanna isn't like that."

"You never know. You have to consider, too, that the war made fellows like Bill a little lawless and reckless. They react differently from the norm. That's what Jeff says."

"Jeff is conditioning you for something."

"It's Bill we're talking about," said

FOUR IS A CROWD

Continued from page 17

Nettie sharply. "Mary, you haven't been around the campus much lately, so you probably don't realize how much Joanna and Bill are together these days."

"Of course I do. They're in four classes together, for one thing. And for another, Nettie, I wish you would get the hell out of here."

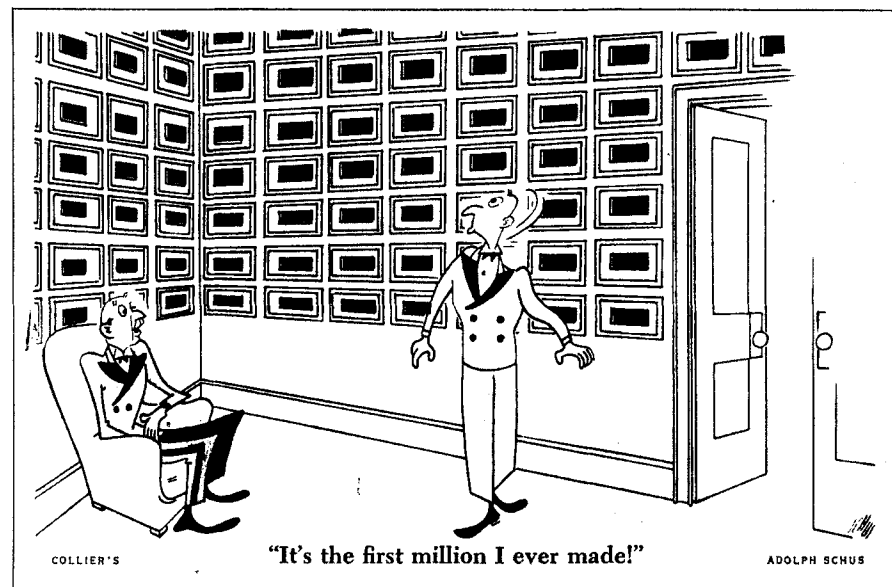
She did. And when I was sure she wasn't listening I really cried. I never realized before I could do it so well. But after an hour or so I got tired of it. You know how it is. At first it's a kind of a sweet feeling, like when you fall in love, but pretty soon it gets to be work and you begin to think how it's making you look. So I got to work with cold towels and red paint and when Bill came home for lunch I looked better than I had in weeks—thanks to Nettie Harris.

FOR the next month I tried to be sensible. I kept saying to myself: Women in my condition aren't always sensible, so I've got to be sensible because Bill has work to do. Then when we went home for Christmas, Mother got me off into a corner and said, "Mary, what is wrong with your letters?"

In this last term Bill began to have to do an awful lot of work at the library. He explained that this was because his finals would be coming up before he knew it. I was long beyond the point where I could with decency accompany him to the library and read magazines, so I resolved not to show that it mattered. The truth was that I was beginning to feel awfully lonesome and one night when Nettie Harris came over I was glad to see even her. "Jeff and I are going down to The Rucksack for a soda. Would you and Bill like to come along?" I explained that Bill was at the library. "Oh," said Nettie, although it was perfectly plain that Bill was not in the trailer. "Would you like to come along anyhow? Maybe we can pick Bill up."

You're right. He wasn't there, and I will think to my dying day that Nettie knew he wouldn't be. I don't know, though, whether she saw Bill and Joanna in the Newman sedan rolling up to The Rucksack as we came out. You can be sure I didn't let on that I saw them. But later I had something to say to Bill.

"Joanna was helping me with my Spanish," Bill said, "and please don't act



"I can't spell very well," I said. "I never could."

"Don't try to put me off. Something is bothering you."

"Wilmar is bothering me," I said. "He or she is trying to kick me into a collapse."

"Oh, my goodness," Mother exclaimed. "Maybe it is going to be a seven-months child—like you. But that isn't what I mean. Your letters don't sound like you. And I heard something."

It is four hundred and eight and four-tenths miles from the Warwick campus to Mother's apartment—Bill clocked it on the speedometer. How she heard anything I wouldn't know, but she has always been like that where I am concerned. "I heard," she said, "that Bill has been running around with coeds."

"It simply isn't true," I said.

"I didn't think so," Mother replied, meaning she did.

When it was time to return to college Bill asked me if I would rather stay with Mother. "So you can run around with Joanna Dee?" I said, and we had a row right in Mother's front room where he had proposed to me. Fortunately Mother had gone to a movie. Bill said I didn't need to be wholly mad and unreasonable simply because I was going to have a baby. Other women, he said, had had babies without being complete numskulls. Naturally on the way back to Warwickton we didn't speak to each other at all except in very mannerly tones.

as if that is a line out of a burlesque show."

"She was helping you with it on the highway, doubtless."

"No. At her home. Because you can't be jabbering Spanish in the library. And, Mary, I wish you'd let me tell you something—"

I didn't let him. I threw a thousand-watt tantrum. I wound up in bed with my face to the wall and I didn't get up to get his breakfast. Why? Because I hated him, that's why. And that morning I put all his things into the steamer trunk and pushed it out of the door. Then I hitched the trailer to the coupé and started home to Mother. While I was driving I composed the letter I would write. It went on and on and it was a dilly. It took seventy-five miles to tell him what I thought of him. The rest of it would be about what Wilmar and I would do by ourselves in the world and how we would be better off. I would never, I was going to say in the letter, let Wilmar know the kind of a man his or her father was. I would say that he had died a hero in the war, ha-ha.

When I got that far I was hungry, so I drew off to the side of the road. When I opened the door of the trailer Bill was inside looking at me. The little table was folded down from the wall and had a tablecloth on it. There were sandwiches and a bottle of milk. "Come in," Bill said. "Lunch is about ready. I wasn't satisfied with the way we parted this morning—"

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"I was," I said, and sat down suddenly because I had to.

"—so I came back, and saw you dumping my trunk out. When you got in the car I got in the trailer. Ham or cheese?"

I shook my head and said I didn't want anything. I meant it.

"Suit yourself," said Bill. "Where are we going?"

I didn't say anything. I guess I couldn't.

I saw Bill get very white and he said, "Mary! What's wrong?"

When the pain went away I said, "I guess I'm going to have a baby."

"You can't," said Bill with desperate logic. "It's only seven months."

"That's what Mother always said," I told him and started to slip off the chair. He put me to bed so quick that I hardly knew what was happening. "There's a doctor in Hampton," he said. "About ten miles. Just hang on to yourself."

IT WAS quite a ride. There were moments when I was sure the trailer had left the coupé, but it did not matter much. Then I heard a noise like breaking sticks and we stopped, very suddenly. I could hear Bill and the doctor on the porch of the doctor's house. The doctor was saying, "I can't hurry anywhere, son. I can't make house calls. My car froze up last night and busted the radiator."

"I brought my house with me," Bill said. "It's in your back yard. I'm sorry about the fence. My brakes don't work as good as I thought they did."

Even so, the doctor got there just in time. Wilmar turned out to be Mary. Marylou Lolly Updyke is the way it will be in the papers and on the registry book of Miss Brush's School for Girls.

The doctor said we could stay in his back yard for a few days and then there would be no reason why we couldn't drive right back to Warwick mid the mountains wild and free. He said that I had an easier time, and so had he, than if we had all waited a couple of more months.

When the doctor went back into his

house I said, "Now look, Bill Updyke—" Then I gave up. I was a little weak, at that.

"I was trying to tell you last night," Bill said, "when you threw your Highland Fling. Joanna Dee is burned off me for life. We'd been at her house studying Spanish, like I told you, and afterward I asked her if she wanted to go to The Rucksack for a waffle. She got to talking about you and the baby—the way she's been doing lately. She said she guessed we shouldn't see each other any more, that we better face facts and forget. I couldn't figure out the pitch."

He got up and tiptoed to the laundry basket and looked at Marylou Lolly, only at that point he thought her name was just Mary. "Do they sleep all the time like this?"

"You will find out," I said. "Go on about you and Joanna facing facts."

"I guess I'm awful dumb. I didn't quite get it, and I said the baby didn't need to make any difference. I said I would sure be glad when the kid was born because then you and I could get around again like we used to, and there wasn't any reason why she shouldn't sit with the baby, the way college girls do."

"Bill," I said, gently and weakly. "My mental giant."

"Of course, I knew she didn't need the money and at first I thought that was what she was sore at. So I said, 'I just thought maybe you'd like to, because you said you liked kids.' Why, once she said that if anything happened to you, Mary, she would like to take the baby."

"The darling child," I said through my well-calciused teeth.

"She flew right out of The Rucksack and I had to walk home. I guess I never should have brought up that baby sitting."

"It's all right," I said. "Anyhow, I have a baby sitter all picked out."

"Who?"

"Mr. Johnson. The American History instructor. I know he'll sit if I ask him, and he can use the money better than Joanna Dee."

THE END

THE END OF ROMANTIC MARRIAGE

Continued from page 12

her father's chauffeur. After the wedding these cultural differences may first produce concealed irritation, then open conflict and, finally, a breakup of the marriage.

Many romantic unions are based primarily on physical attraction. In cases of infatuation the sexual aspect of the relation tends to be accentuated. The lovers are highly suggestible to each other and resistant to the advice of parents and friends. Infatuations lead to hasty marriages, often in the form of elopements.

The zenith of the romantic movement in the United States coincided with the career of Rudolph Valentino. He evoked romantic sentiments in American women of all ages. One married woman exclaimed: "How I did love Rudolph Valentino! He was the perfect lover. When he died I cried and cried. I'll never love another actor as I did him."

Even before Valentino's passing a new type of relation between the sexes was in the making. Mature and intelligent young people, detecting the sham and the hollowness of romanticism, sought a sounder and more sincere basis for marriage. They found it in companionship.

Companionship marriages, as the term implies, are those entered into on the basis of comradeship, common interests and sympathetic understanding. As engaged couples sometimes say, "We're not head over heels in love. Ours is a case of friendship deepening into love."

Companionship marriages differ very markedly from those of romantic love.

Companionship cannot be determined at first sight; the stress is not upon superficial characteristics like sex appeal and personal beauty but upon temperamental congeniality and upon mutuality of interests and ideals. If there are differences in culture, religion and social class, these are not ignored but are thoroughly discussed and resolved in the period of courtship.

For the past sixteen years my research has concentrated upon discovering the factors which make some marriages successful and others failures. Thousands of engaged and married couples have cooperated in this study. They have filled out detailed schedules; they have given frank answers to scores of questions. Hundreds of couples have come for interviews and have revealed their inmost feelings and attitudes.

The chief conclusion of this research is that marriages of companionship turn out to be happier than those of romantic love. An actual case will provide the best evidence of the role of companionship in courtship and marriage:

Mr. X had kept company with three girls before meeting his fiancée. The first had some lack in intelligence and personality. The second had no appreciation of the finer things in life. The third was a very poor companion. But the future Mrs. X is different. "It is just that our likes and dislikes are so similar. She is a wonderful companion."

Three years after marriage Mr. X asserts: "What has marriage meant to

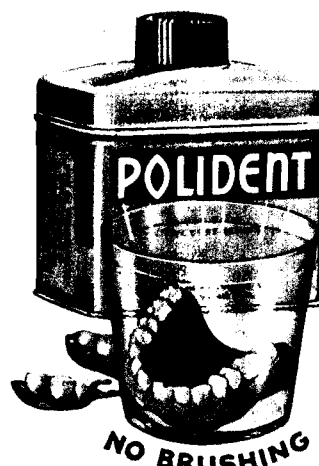
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me? Wonderful companionship. So far as likes and dislikes are concerned, we get along beautifully. My wife and I have a perfect understanding. We talk over our problems at breakfast. When we get into an argument in the evening, we seem to settle it that evening."

Mrs. X agrees with him. "The biggest thing in our marriage is companionship: the understanding which I have never before had from anyone; doing things together and planning them together. Marriage is the biggest give-and-take proposition in the world. I think it is a wonderful institution."

This new basis for courtship and marriage emerged almost unnoticed by the public. Marriages of companionship rather than of romance are better adapted to the profound changes taking place in American society. Urban life has led to the multiplication of specialized occupations. Immigration from the ends of the earth has endowed our people with a multitude of cultural backgrounds. Our customs, interests, and ideologies are more diverse than those of any country in the world. All these and other differences militate against the success of romantic unions.

Other changes favorable to the rise of the companionship type of marriage are the emancipation of woman from household drudgery through labor-saving devices, her growing participation in educational, social and political activities, and the spread of planned parenthood.

Rural Areas Have Advantage

In the rural society of the past, marriages were a compound of romance, prudence and companionship. Young people selected each other with some consideration of how good a provider the youth would turn out to be, or how fitted the girl was for the role of housewife on the farm. The co-operative activities of farming provided a vital day-by-day companionship. The common interests of the couple in home, in farm and in children were all-absorbing and unifying.

But today in the city the couple's occupation seldom provides the central core of companionship. Sometimes both husband and wife are teachers or lawyers, or the wife is capable of taking a real interest in the husband's work. Then the effect is distinctly integrating. In general, however, the common interests of husband and wife, aside from the home and children, must find expression in leisure-time and cultural activities.

Our studies show that outdoor activities, sports, hiking and vacationing are enjoyed by the couple and make for comradeship. The "pal" relation of husband and wife is described by a married woman in an interview three years after marriage:

"My marriage has provided a companion with whom I share all of my activities. At the end of the day it is so nice to tell of various things I have accomplished, what I heard on the radio, incidents that have occurred, and to hear similar events of my husband's day. I have got a partner such as can only be obtained through marriage. If I go riding, swimming, to watch sports, on vacation, and visiting, I always have him with me. Even when I am asleep, he is there as a constant companion. In fact, he is as much a part of me, as I am myself.

"Just as we are physically 'pals,' we are mentally woven together. After three years we feel we know each other very well and can almost anticipate the other's reaction to a situation or suggestion. Marriage has made me more understanding as well as more understood. No one in my life has ever understood or tried to understand my feelings, beliefs, reactions and moods as has my husband. No one has required my understanding so

much as he has. This has also made me more tolerant and understanding of others.

"The love we had when we were first married seems so small compared to the love we have come to know now. Sex life is not merely the physical satisfaction I thought it was going to be, but is an expression of love—a much-needed outlet for deep-rooted emotion."

Still more binding are common interest in intellectual and artistic activities. Mutual enjoyment of books and magazines, of art and music represents companionship of a higher level than that attained in recreation. And the highest stage of companionship seems to be achieved in devotion to a common cause that transcends the interests of husband and wife. Such a cause might be religion, a social movement or some creative activity which they feel represents a service to humanity.

Illustrating this kind of companionship is the following statement by a young man before marriage:

"My fiancée exemplifies more than anyone else I know the ideas I think important. We have a great many common interests, but most binding is our interest in people and their welfare and happiness. We both reinforce the confidence

panionship as the valid basis for marriage. The doctrine of romantic love assumed love at first sight. Dating implies the need of freedom for the person to associate with a large number of prospective matrimonial partners before selecting one.

The practice of dating has entirely changed the nature of courtship and engagement in our society. Young people worked out a sequence of stages in courtship which was favorable to marriages of companionship rather than to those of romance. In short, courtship became a series of commitments, each one more binding than the preceding, but with the implicit understanding that either man or woman had the right to withdraw at any stage of the process.

The first stage is that of *dating*, without commitment beyond each date. The second is *keeping company*, but with the privilege of dating others. The third is *going steady*, where each agrees to concentrate all his social engagements upon the other. The fourth is *informal understanding*, based on mutual avowal of love and declaration to each other of a future intention of marriage. The fifth is *private engagement*, with parents and closest friends sworn to secrecy. The sixth is *public announcement of engage-*

with almost any sympathetic girl who, in turn, was fascinated with the glamor of his uniform. Overseas unions with Australian, Irish, English, French and German girls were partly the result of lonesomeness, partly the attraction of the strange and different.

This wartime experience underscores the failure of romantic love and emphasizes by contrast the merits of marriages of companionship.

The great need now in American society is to prepare young people to realize the full potentialities of companionship for happiness in marriage. They know that something more than love is required. Fortunately, research is discovering the true factors which make marriage a success or failure.

Already there is evidence of a social movement to stabilize and strengthen marriage and the family. College youths, realizing that love is not enough, are demanding courses in preparation for marriage and in family relationships. Often against the resistance of faculty members and deans, such courses have been introduced in the great majority of our colleges and universities. High schools are setting up courses in education for marriage and family living. This knowledge must ultimately be offered in courses in the ninth and tenth grades if it is to be available to those who most need it.

Of great timeliness, in view of the impact of the war and the postwar period on the home, is the calling of the National Conference on Family Life, May 6-8, in Washington, D. C. President Truman has invited the conference to meet at the White House. It is being sponsored by the great lay organizations of the country—farm organizations, the A.F. of L., the C.I.O., the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Federal Council of Churches, the National Catholic Welfare Council, the National Jewish Welfare Board, and the National Congress of Parents and Teachers—with a combined membership of 40,000,000 persons.

Important Names on Board

Its board of trustees includes such leading businessmen as Eric A. Johnston, its chairman, Walter S. Mack, Jr., Edward L. Ryerson, and Charles P. Taft; outstanding labor leaders such as William Green, Philip Murray and Boris Shishkin, its vice-chairman; distinguished women, including Mrs. Winthrop W. Aldrich, Mrs. Saidie Orr Dunbar and Mrs. Raymond Sayre; and leading authorities in this field like Dr. Lawrence K. Frank, social scientist, Frank J. Hertel, social worker, its treasurer, and Dr. Frank P. Graham, university president.

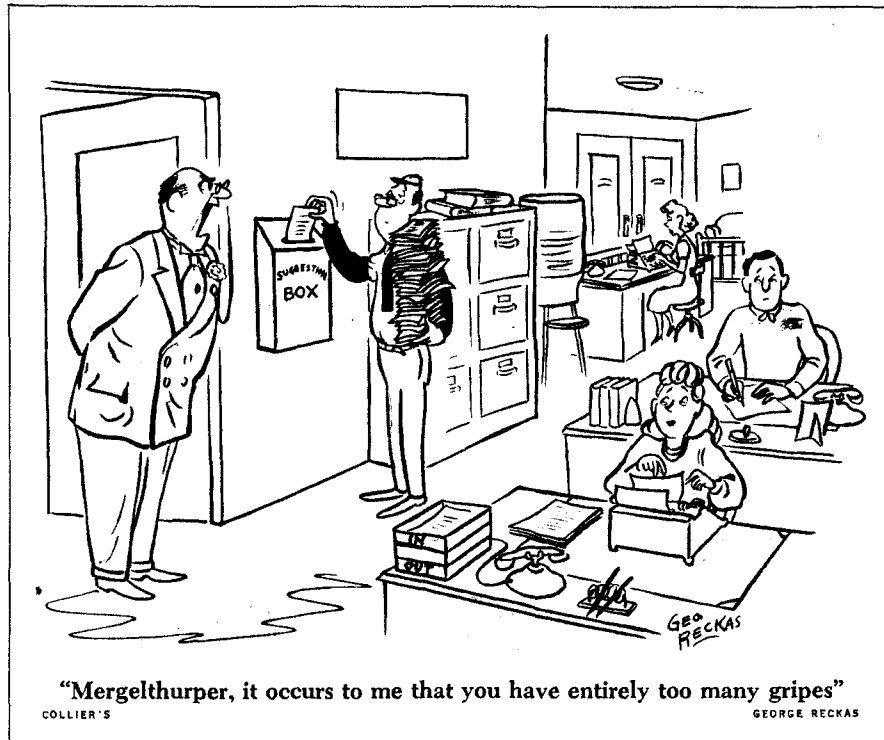
The calling of this conference marks the ebb of the romantic conception of marriage. It is the recognition on a national scale that other conditions are necessary as a basis for happiness in family relations.

But it is necessary to guard against the misconception that the purpose of this article is to place love and companionship in opposition to each other. On the contrary it needs to be stressed that both are essential to happiness in marriage.

The point is that couples should find out if they are companionable before they marry. They should first be friends and then be lovers, rather than be romantically and blindly in love first and discover they are uncongenial only after marriage. Then they will not be in the dilemma of one husband who told his wife that he loved her but did not like her. Nor should a couple normally risk a marriage where each likes but is not in love with the other. Unions of companionship which develop into love afford the highest promise of happy and successful marriages in our modern complex society.

THE END

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of the other in ideas we believe in. We sympathize with each other. Physical attraction is not a dominating consideration."

His fiancée corroborates him:

"I was quite careful about falling in love because I had fallen in love with a boy before, much too impulsively. So I got to know him well first. Now we seem not like two people but one. We understand each other very well. He gives me sympathy and encouragement. We're interested in the same things and quite deeply in the same way of life. Neither of us had ever met anyone before with whom we were so completely in accord. Physical attraction did not play a very great part."

It is typical of companionship unions that physical attraction and sex are assigned to third or fourth place, after mutual understanding, common interests and temperamental compatibility.

The transition from unions of romantic love to those of companionship was facilitated by the emergence of the custom of dating after World War I. Dating allows the boy and girl, without embarrassment, informally to size up each other as a prospective mate.

The rise of dating has gone far to undermine the philosophy of romantic love and to prepare the way for com-

ment through showers, parties and newspaper notices. While these six steps constitute the generalized pattern of courtship, many couples telescope two or more of them.

In the first four stages the relationship can be broken with little or no loss of face by either the youth or the girl. Increasingly the relationship may terminate in the fifth or even the sixth stage if one or both become convinced of the unsuitability of the match. Damage suits for broken engagements are becoming rarer.

There is growing realization that each stage functions to help the couple decide if they are temperamentally compatible, if they have binding common interests, if they possess the same or similar philosophies of life, if they have discussed and resolved differences in ideals and values that might be fatal to marital success and, finally, if they have developed mutual understanding sufficient to sustain a life-long companionship.

The war brought in its wake a revival of romanticism. The stages in the process of courtship just described were telescoped. Couples married on short acquaintanceship. Romantic impulses dominated over considerations of prudence. The lonely, homesick youth in the war camp easily became infatuated

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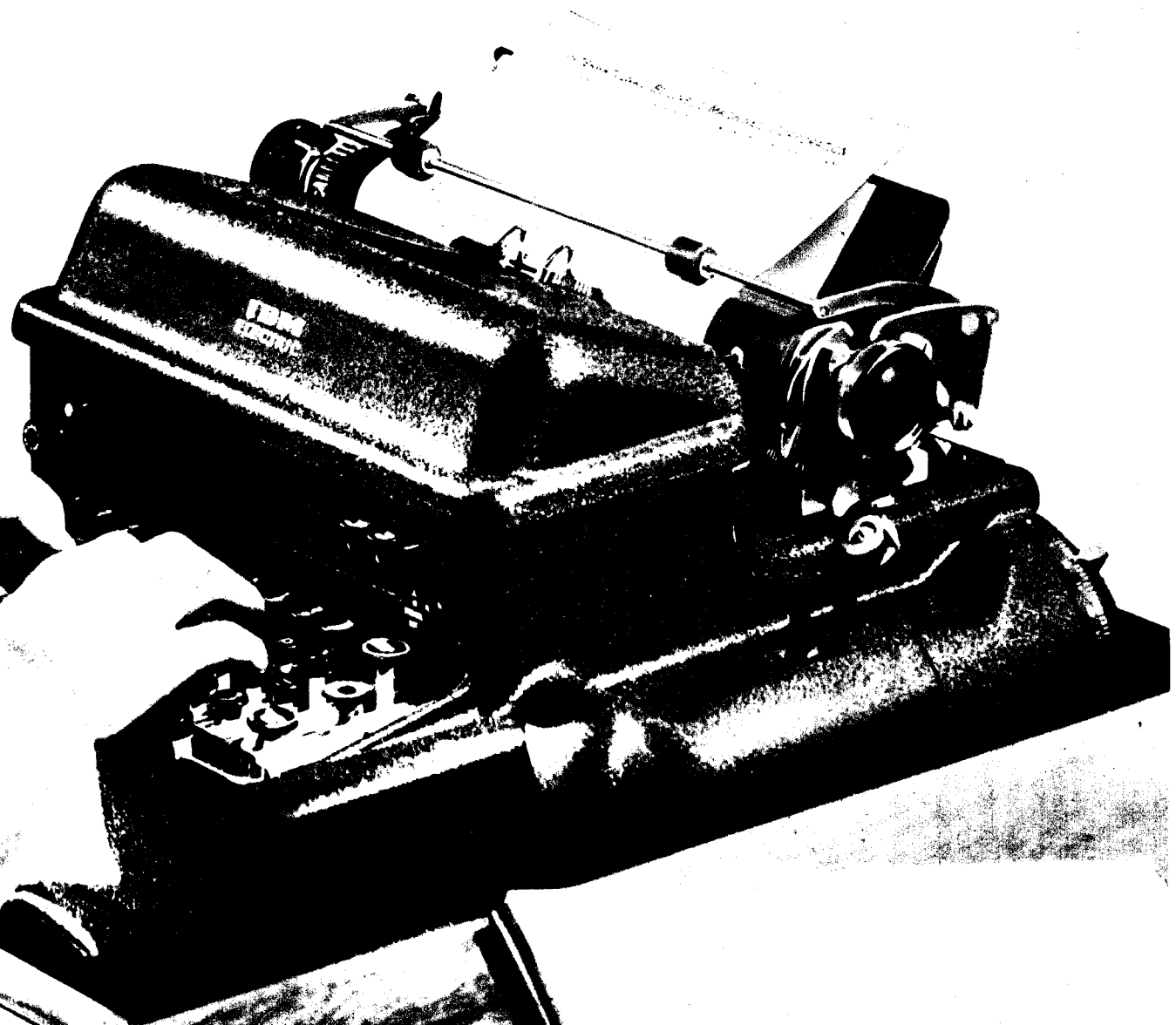
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Cambridge's Board of Directors, which replaced the old City Council after the professors finished their reform wave, has reduced the city debt from twelve to three million, built the highest-paid group of employees in any city of comparable size, reduced taxes and increased and streamlined all the city services

HOW TO BREAK A POLITICAL MACHINE

BY JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

The taxpayers of Cambridge, Massachusetts, were paying far too much for far too little until a group of college professors and plain citizens got together and took on the local political machine. It was a tough and glorious scrap, but today Cambridge is one of the best-run cities in the land

WE WANT you, Dean Landis, to become the active, working head of a committee to change the charter of the City of Cambridge." The dean of the Harvard Law School was sympathetic, but not interested. He looked at Attorney George McLaughlin and the committee sent to persuade him. "You want me to become a Cambridge city politician," he said, "and I have neither the time nor the inclination to do that. Why pick on me?"

"Because we need a big name. And we need somebody with your kind of ability to head up the fight."

Dean Landis shook his head. "Count me out. I have enough to do without trying to reform the City of Cambridge. Harvard and the city have been fighting for years."

"That's no reason why Harvard and the city should keep on fighting," McLaughlin persisted. "It's time they got together. If they don't, the city will go bankrupt and the professors who live here will find that just as tough as the rest of us. We have a plan to save it, but we want you to help us put it across."

"Why me? And what's the plan?"

The plan which McLaughlin outlined on that day in July, 1938, was simple. But putting it into operation started one of the fanciest political slugging matches the old city across the Charles River had ever seen.

The reason McLaughlin had helped organize forty-nine professors, industrialists, merchants, legionnaires, white-collar workers and laborers into a Committee of Fifty to back the plan, was that they well knew the sad state into which the City of Cambridge had fallen: They had seen the firemen in discarded letter carriers' uniforms answering alarms with equipment so old it often broke down before it reached the fire; they had driven over the rutted and littered streets and had been stopped cold when unremoved snow made them impassable in winter; they had smelled the city when garbage and refuse lay for days without being collected. And they had felt it in their pocketbooks as the taxes inched higher and higher.

The Committee of Fifty had been organized after the first move to correct these abuses had been taken by a team of Harvard experts in government and progressive Massachusetts legislators. This step had been to get the state legislature to pass an act allowing any city to adopt Plan E, the city-manager form of charter, if it voted to do so.

Previously this form of government, which had been pioneered in Cincinnati, Ohio, and had been replacing corrupt municipal machines with streamlined, efficient administration in various other cities throughout the country ever since, had been

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unavailable to Massachusetts cities. Now that Plan E was available, the Committee of Fifty proposed to arouse the citizens of Cambridge to the point where they'd toss out the city administration and charter and vote in a new order. They well knew that they had a fight ahead of them.

"Mayor John W. Lyons doesn't know yet that Plan E is poison to him and to all other political bosses," McLaughlin told Landis. "But as soon as we start working to get the people to vote for it, he will. His political machine will start rolling to kill it and he'll fight as he never fought before because Plan E means his finish."

Dean Landis accepted the job of heading the Committee of Fifty.

McLaughlin was right. Mayor Lyons, Paul Mannos, his chief contractor, who was being investigated by the district attorney and the members of the city council woke up screaming.

The first moves of the opposition made them laugh. James McCauley Landis was going around Cambridge, dropping in at taverns and saloons, chatting with truck drivers and bartenders, talking to them about Plan E, explaining it, discussing it, sounding them out. James Michael Landis, they called him, a comparison to James Michael Curley that they knew he would not like.

A Machine of Nonpoliticians

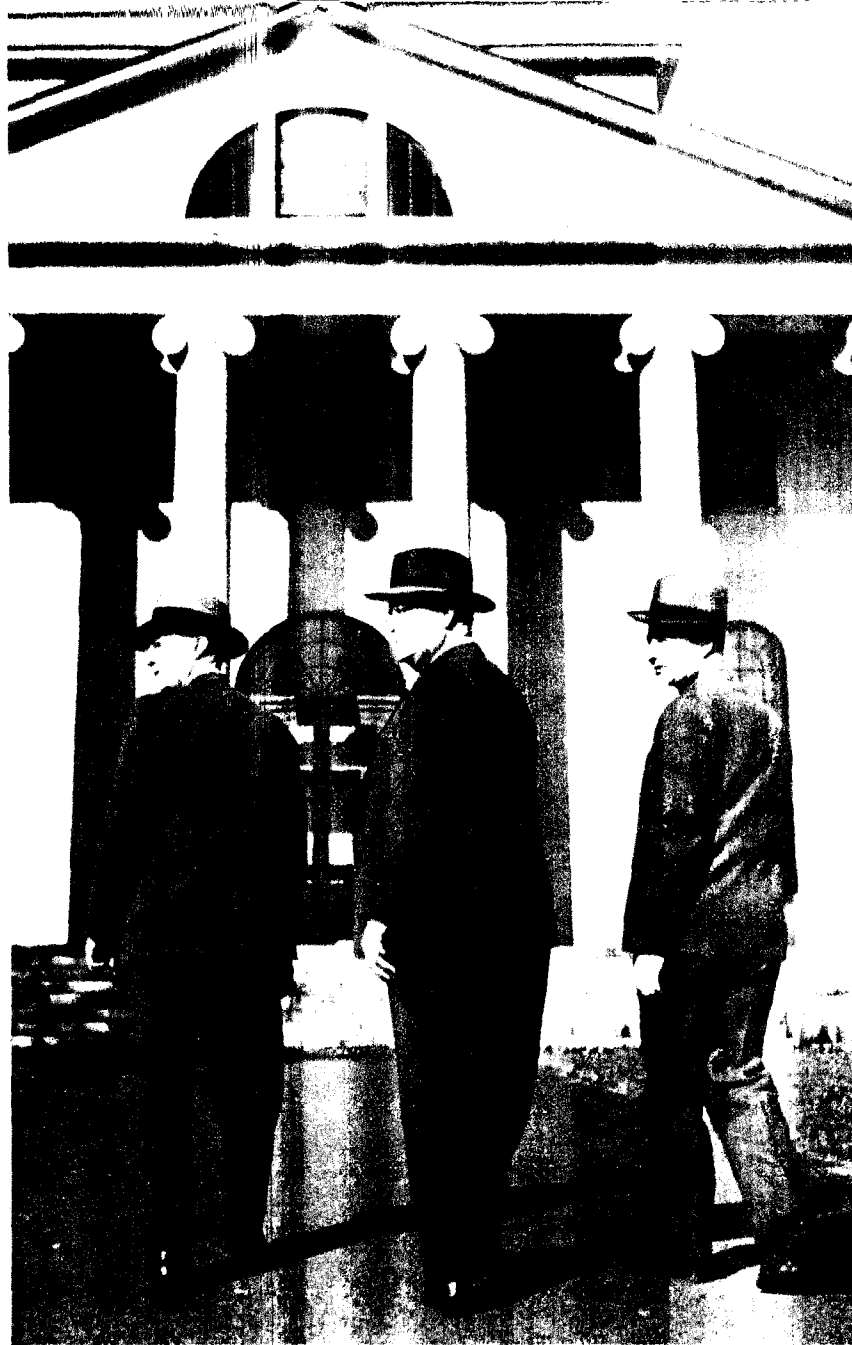
Nevertheless the new kind of machine that was growing in Cambridge bewildered Mayor Lyons. Its leaders were not politicians. None of them had ever been elected to public office; they were a collection of educators and businessmen swelled by an assortment of nobodies from all wards. They sponsored no candidate, but he knew they were out to defeat him. They didn't say so. They held political rallies, advocating the adoption of a new and fantastic form of city charter. Dean Landis, the three lawyer McLaughlins, George, Walter and Charles, were a flying squadron buzzing around to clubrooms, the Y.M.C.A. and church groups explaining it in detail, while speakers from the League of Women Voters were missionaries among the women.

Mayor Lyons examined the proposed city charter and was astonished. It deprived a mayor of all power and made him merely the ceremonial head of the city. It would end a system of contract awards and city contractors. It would make the city council a board of directors of the city corporation and pay each one of them an unheard-of \$4,000 a year. It did away with the system of marking a cross on a ballot and permitted every voter to vote for every candidate in a system known as proportional representation. The voter simply put a number one after his first choice, number two after the second and so on down the list.

It was election year and the proponents were trying to get the charter on the ballot. That required the signatures of 10 per cent of the voters—5,000 persons. The mayor and the city contractors were determined to keep it off the ballot at any cost.

"This is a bold and barefaced attempt to overturn our form of government," the mayor shouted from platforms and street-corner rostrums. "This is Communism. This system was designed in Moscow and approved by Stalin. This is a pernicious attempt by the Harvard Reds to destroy the American way."

"There's nothing Communistic



The brothers McLaughlin, Charles, George and Walter (left to right), were ringleaders in the fight to organize a group which could oust the political machine. All lawyers, they handled their forces like generals

about it," the McLaughlins, Dean Landis and a growing corps of speakers answered from the same and other platforms. "It was adapted from democratic systems in Ireland and England by Charles P. Taft to cure corruption and mismanagement in Cincinnati 15 years ago. He added American improvements and refinements and it put Cincinnati back on its feet." As Election Day came nearer, the fight became hot and bitter. Public speakers for Plan E making whirlwind campaign tours around the city came out of meeting places to find the air let out of their tires. A paving block was hurled through the window of the home of one of the speakers. But the Civic Association, which had grown out of the Committee of Fifty, kept on growing.

Already there were more than enough signatures to put on the ballot the question: "Shall Cambridge accept Plan E?" The signatures were filed as required with the State Ballot Law Commission, and verified. There was a deadline established by law—Saturday, October 8th, midnight—when all legal election forms must be completed in time to have ballots printed and distributed. Time was running out and suddenly the Committee of Fifty spotted an unintended booby trap in the state law covering referendums. This was a provision that "the city clerk upon the vote of

the council" must transmit a petition for a referendum to the Secretary of State.

"How do we lick this one?" George McLaughlin asked the dean of the Law School. "How can we compel a hostile council to vote a proposal to wipe itself out?"

"A writ of mandamus?" the dean suggested.

"A writ of mandamus is an instrument to compel an official to do a purely administrative act, like making a police chief appoint a cop from a civil service list. Has a writ of mandamus ever been issued to compel a legislative body to pass a yes or no vote?" McLaughlin asked. "I doubt it."

"The courts never interfere with the legislative branch of the government, I'll agree," Landis said, "but in this case it can be argued. Is this particular vote a legislative or administrative act? You'll have to reason your way through that one."

On the Tuesday before deadline, the city council met and adjourned without taking any action on the petition. Its next regular meeting would not be held until the Tuesday after the deadline had passed; but Boston and Cambridge newspapers were so scornful and there was now such an impressive number of Plan E supporters throughout the city that the council became uneasy. The president of the council

announced that he would call a special meeting to act on the petition on Friday, 24 hours before deadline.

On Friday the strategy of the opposition became clear. Groups of citizens appeared at the Ballot Law Commission to question the validity of signatures on the Plan E petition, alleging wholesale forgeries. The commission protested the lateness of the hour and inquired indignantly why the objections had not been made earlier; but the charges had to be investigated. The commission set 10 o'clock next morning for a hearing.

That night the council met again and refused to vote to send the petition along to the Secretary of State.

"We couldn't," members said. "The petition is now in litigation. It may turn out to be invalid."

Writ of Mandamus Sought

There was a council of war in the cellar of George McLaughlin's house. "What do you suggest now?" McLaughlin asked Dean Landis. "You're the chairman of this committee."

"We'll go after the writ of mandamus."

"Good!" McLaughlin agreed. "I've been canvassing that possibility all week. I can't find a single important legal mind in Boston or Cambridge who thinks it can be done. They all say you can't get a writ of mandamus for that purpose and they all say there isn't time. The courts move too slow."

Landis nodded. "Let's speed them up."

Organization began right away. Judges were consulted and lawyers enlisted that night. At five o'clock the following morning, the three McLaughlins were in their office facing Suffolk County Courthouse in Boston typing out subpoenas for every

(Continued on page 76)

Harvard Law School's Dean Landis was a hard man to convince, but finally he got mad

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Men who play cards agree...

◆ IN POKER

a player holding these 2 high pairs would be justified in making a raise before the draw.

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Against a heart contract when partner hasn't bid, this hand's best lead is the 8 of clubs.

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if dealer's exposed card is a five or lower, this player should not draw to a total higher than 15.

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BEAUTY ON A BEND

Continued from page 15

Everyday speech is full of imagery. A lady of doubtful reputation, Rosalie by name, is promptly dubbed Subrosie. Sam Nail, recalling the time he met a bear in Dead Horse Canyon, tells how, "I stepped all over myself makin' distance." A cowboy from long contact with the saddle gets "so hard he makes sparks sittin' down." One old lady in Marathon sometimes steers visitors to a certain window in her home to "git a genuine bird's-eye-maple view of the country." As for the \$10 words, you've never plumbed their awful beauty till you've heard a West Texan express his disapproval of some "pusillanimous, tergiversatin' son of a —!"

Local journalism has always had the same direct approach. Almost everybody reads the *Alpine Avalanche*, which they always refer to as the *Landslide*. But not so long ago they took the *Marathon Hustler* too. Jack Newsom, its editor, is dead now, but a glance through any issue of his weekly will demonstrate his gift for laying it on the line.

"Mr. M. T. Chastian of Alpine sends us a nice check with the request we announce him for treasurer," the editor let his readers know. "We believe he would make a good treasurer, he is so badly crippled he could not run away with much of the money."

Newsom never got rich running the *Hustler*. The price of a subscription was a dollar a year, and Jack was never much of a bill collector. But he got a kick out of his job, and so did his readers.

In Hot Water Over Bond Slogan

Newsom's plain talk went down fine in the Big Bend country, but outsiders sometimes missed the point. During the first World War, Newsom, as patriotic as anybody else, got tired of printing the same old slogans and used to invent some of his own. A **FOOL AND HIS MONEY ARE SOON PARTED** he wrote in bold capitals, and then in small italics the reminder: "Buy Liberty Bonds." He had to spend a couple of weeks over in Austin explaining that one to the authorities.

The fillers with which Jack peppered his weekly were read with as much interest as the news stories. "Among friends, there's no such thing as murder," was one Newsom classic; and it wasn't so very long ago that this was a commonly accepted fact. Modern law-enforcement agencies, like modern plumbing, came late to the Big Bend; and to get along here at all, you had to be able to take care of yourself.

One rancher you may as well know as Steve Token, since that isn't his real name, remembers the time he and his brother Eddie, then boys just approaching their teens, lived alone with their father and a Negro cook in an adobe house down west of the Chisos. One day they rode back from their gather to find five bearded cattle rustlers eating at their table and ordering the cook around at the point of a six-gun.

The rustlers stayed on, driving their contraband cattle into the pastures and forcing the Tokens to help tend these as well as their own. For almost half a year, the boys and their father slept under the same roof and ate at the same table with the rustlers—knowing that they would be shot as soon as the bandits decided to pull out.

Coming back at sundown after stringing barbed wire at one of the enclosures about a mile from the house, the boys stopped short at the edge of the spring. Hanging down from the thick cottonwood branches were the bodies of the five bandits.

Back at the house, their father was

having supper with half a dozen neighbors when the boys rushed in to blurt out what they'd seen. "You ain't seen no sitch-a thing," their father told them and went on with his supper.

Late that night, Steve and Eddie sneaked out to the spring. For a minute it looked as if their father were right. No bandits. Then a glance upward among the rustling leaves put aside all doubt. Dangling down from the branches about as high as a man could reach from the saddle, they counted five neatly severed rawhide thongs.

The history of the region has always been rugged—at times exotic. Before the Civil War, Jefferson Davis, as Secretary of War, imported a shipload of camels and used the Big Bend as a proving ground for an Indian-fighting camel corps. Except for a riot every time they smelled horses or jackasses, the camels did all right, carrying 600-pound loads from 10 to 25 miles a day and going without water for 4 days at a stretch. The outbreak of war put an end to the experiment. Most of the animals were set free, and for 20 years half-wild camels roamed the Southwest from Texas to

began. When the least uncertainty on this score arose between two parties, one of them generally disappeared—sometimes under very odd circumstances.

One old-timer tells this story: "Most everybody's heard tell of man-eatin' whales, but I reckon this here is one of the few places where people was ever eat by cows. Swallowed whole, anyways," he adds.

"How come I fust found out a cow could eat a man, I was workin' fer a feller started a ranch down south of the Chisos. One day he disappeared without leavin' a trace. They'd been some arguymints passed between him and another rancher named Jim—never mind his last name. Most ever'body thought probably Jim had done it, but there warn't no proof.

"Bout a year later, ridin' down toward Jim's place, I come acrost a cow skeleton layin' on one side of a wash—and, curled up inside there, the skeleton of a man. Funny thing, the man's saddle was in there too, that's how I know'd it was my old boss, and what was left of his hat and a rusty ole six-shooter.

"Well, I moseyed over to Jim's place,

too. Cass used to have a hard time figuring out what his customers wanted. "Dear Cass, pls. send me a stopper for my jice box," wrote Lou Buttrill of Marathon. Cass had to mull that one over a long time before he figured out Lou wanted a filler plug for his battery.

Big Bend people sort of depended on Cass Edwards to keep them in the vanguard of progress, and soon after he introduced the automobile Cass opened the region's first movie theater.

Cass' first movie projector was a carbon arc lamp, and unless the boys down at the electric plant were on their toes it would throw the belt off the 25-horsepower generator every time he turned on the juice. When lights in homes and in the street began to dim and waver or go off entirely, everybody knew the movie show had started. Cass remedied this by suspending two horseshoe electrodes in a pickle barrel of salt water—a rheostat that enabled him to turn the power on gradually. His customers soon got used to viewing the first few minutes of the one-reelers in a ghostly twilight.

The music was usually provided by an Edison phonograph; but piano players, thrown out of work by state prohibition, used to drift in now and then and sit down at the piano. When they did, Cass would have drinks sent down to keep them going. After the second or third drink, they usually forgot all about the movie and settled down happily into their old ragtime routine—something that never failed to lighten the tragic moments in tear-jerkers.

Down in the Big Bend, the towns you find on the map south of Highway 90 are really country stores. There is a scattering of empty, roofless and crumbling adobe huts and a church. But the stores are still community centers, and customers who drive their cars, ride horseback or walk anywhere from 10 to 100 miles to trade like to spend a whole morning or afternoon treating one another to ice-cold beer and swapping yarns.

Ghost Mercury-Mining Towns

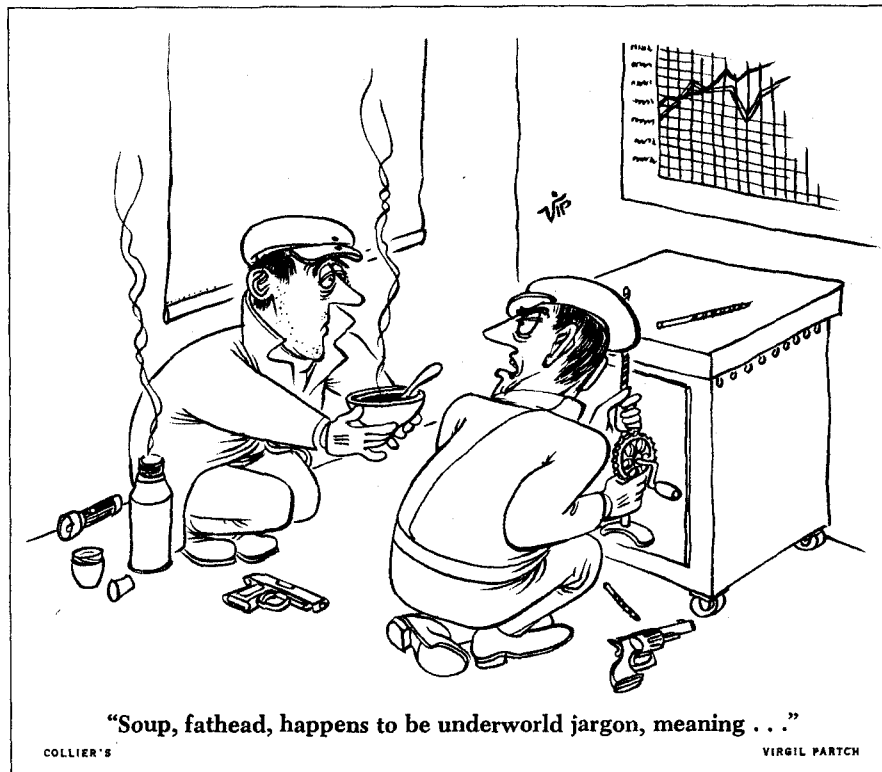
At Study Butte (pronounced Stooddy Butt), your host is Poke Hensen, who's been around since the mercury mines there and in near-by Terlingua opened up in 1904. Both are ghost towns now. Once the second largest producer of quicksilver, next to gold the rarest of all commonly used metals, the mines have been boarded up since 1942.

Once in a while a customer at Poke's store will force a nickel into the huge, antediluvian juke box you could easily mistake for a furnace, and everybody waits patiently till the machine has galloped through Rancho Grande in full cry.

"Takes a lot of volume to push up against that quiet out yonder," says Poke, squinting through the door and remembering how it used to be in the old days, when the mines were busy and a man "didn't r'ar back at the sound of his own voice." Saturday nights were the big time then, and the fun began when a Mexican arrived from across the river leading a pack mule with 16 gallons of sotol slung across its back.

"We'd of had dances, I 'spect," says Poke, "cept there warn't any women, very few anyways, and none I can remember you'd care to dance with." Instead, the men just gathered to talk and drink and enjoy any little fight that happened to crop up. One of these happened just outside Poke's window one night when he was laid up in bed with a couple of broken ribs ("Somebody must-a brush up against me in the store") and it nearly killed him the way it made him laugh.

"First thing these two coyotes come



California. They're gone now. But if you keep a sharp eye out in your drives through the lower part of the park, you'll see another survival of pioneering days—large herds of wild burros descended from animals released or abandoned by prospectors and ranchers generations ago.

During the Civil War, Confederate troops at Fort Davis and Fort Stockton had far more battles with Indians than with Yankees. These were principally the Mescalero Apaches. The term Mescalero refers to the Apache's addiction to the "mescal button," a seed of the spineless cactus. One small part of a mescal button (often called the big drunk bean, and still in fairly common use) will produce a drunken exhilaration lasting for a week or more.

Even after the Southern Pacific laid steel tracks from San Antonio to San Diego, much of the Big Bend remained unfenced, and a man could still make a fresh start with no more than a good horse and an eye for stray cows. "Maverickin'," they called this method of building up a herd from unbranded stock, and sometimes it was hard to decide where maverickin' stopped and rustlin'

just to see how he'd act when he saw that shootin' iron. 'Bad enough, a cow swallowin' a man whole,' I says, watchin' Jim clost all the time, 'but you'd think even a cow would have sense enough to leave a shootin' iron alone.' 'Yes, sir,' Jim says, lookin' sorrowful-like. 'I reckon that's what kilt that ole cow.'"

Even today you'll meet hardly anybody in the Big Bend who doesn't carry a gun—and among young and old, marksmanship is esteemed above skill in pool, wrastlin' and baseball.

But it was the automobile, not the gun, which finally opened up the Big Bend country. In Alpine, Cass Edwards, now the region's leading journalist, set up the first garage in February, 1910. Cass didn't sell cars the first few months, but rented them out, driver included, at 30 cents a mile.

Cass will never forget the rancher who roared out of the garage in his new phaeton and raced around and around the block with the hand throttle set, swaying from side to side and yelling, "Whoa, damn it, whoa!" There was nothing to do but clear the streets and let him go till the gas ran out.

Replacement parts were a problem,

to blows, knockin' each other down and rollin' over and over in the dust, a-pound-in' and a-bellerin'. This kind of wore 'em down, and after restin' a while they decided to shoot it out. When they begun on that, I just lay there and shook, it was so funny. They stood one at each corner of my house and taken turns shootin'—one with a six-shooter, the other with one of them copper-bellied Winchesters you don't see no more.

"Every time one would shoot, the other'd yell out how he'd missed by a mile, though I could see the dust spurtin' up around 'em purty close. When all the ammunition was shot up, they come and threw their arms around one another, and last I saw of 'em they was staggerin' off, arguin' about which one was to treat 'em both to another bottle of sotol. I had a grandstand seat for that one, didn't cost me a dime, but I like to broke them ribs all over again laughin'."

At the store in Castolon, 10 miles downstream from Santa Helena Canyon, you'll find Dick Derrick, the small, mild-mannered general manager who worked behind this same counter when Pancho Villa's men used to cross to buy provisions. Dick's fund of information about goings on on both sides of the river have made him a kind of unofficial G-2 for the Border Patrol and the park authorities, and earned him the nickname of "Inner Sanctum."

It started when Dick used to predict events across the border by the nature of the orders he got. In Pancho Villa days, a dozen kegs of horseshoes usually meant a raid in a couple of weeks. A big order for tinned meat, tobacco, beans and flour meant a raid had been pulled off successfully. Ever since then, Dick has kept his eyes open and very little has escaped his quick, darting glance.

"I don't drink, swear, nor chew," Dick explains. "I just sell the stuff."

Only Mrs. Smith and Hot Water

When you ask for a waybill to Hot Springs, your informant will probably tell you, "There's not a damn' thing down there except Mrs. Smith and some hot water." But Mrs. Margaret "Maggie" Smith, who runs the general store and post office there, is well worth the trip.

As for the hot water, that's worth while too. The springs gush up through deep, enclosed pools on a ledge over the Rio Grande at the rate of 320 gallons a minute. Until the park took over they were advertised in the *Avalanche* as a remedy for "asthma, kidney diseases, dropsy, jaundice, pellagra, eczema, rheumatism of all forms, stomach troubles, including ulcers, tobacco poisoning, hiccups, boils, skin diseases, influenza, genitourinary diseases and sunburn."

Boyd Babbs, one of the retired ranchmen who takes the waters down here for his rheumatism, says they're sure-fire, "especially if you will drink a glass or two of sotol before steppin' in." Mrs. Smith makes no claims except to say: "Anybody gits down this fur can sure use a bath."

If and when Congress appropriates the money, the National Park Service hopes to make this a great winter resort. Until this happens, you can still drop in on what is probably the Southwest's last real frontier outpost.

Unless you're going to stay for a few days in the simple adobe cabins Mrs. Smith rents out at \$2 a day, the best time to drop in is on Monday morning an hour or so before noon when Ed Hancock delivers the mail—as he's done every Monday for the last 22 years. For this event, Mexicans start crossing the river at dawn, hobbling their horses and burros near the water and trooping up the dusty path to the store with their barter—chickens, pigs, saddles and bridles for beans, coffee and tobacco.

Some, who have to walk or ride only 30 or 40 miles, come over each week; others, who live a hundred miles or so in

the interior, can make it only three or four times a year. For all of them it's a festive occasion, and after they've traded, collected their mail and scrawled out letters to send, they are never too tired to dance or sing at the first twang of a guitar.

This takes place under the cottonwoods along the river or in the parlorlike space Mrs. Smith has partitioned off on one side of the store. Here, when all the chairs and benches are full, large families make themselves comfortable on blankets spread over the floor. By nightfall, they're all back across the river on the long trail homeward—all without any fuss about visas or permits.

Tourist ladies sometimes ask Mrs. Smith, a widow, if she isn't afraid, living alone in her border outpost with the nearest town almost 100 miles away and no way of summoning help. "I give up such girlish notions years ago," she says.

She does have visitors at odd hours, though. About 2 A.M. one morning last spring, a José Castille beat on the door with one arm while he held a squirming pig under the other. "I just want a dollar

lem of getting the deceased into a coffin too small for him. "They tried ever which way," says Mrs. Smith. "Finally one of 'em climbed up and stood on his chest. I'm telling you, that lil ole corpse just give out a great big sigh of relief and, swoosh, in he went."

One of the walls in Mrs. Smith's store is covered with a remarkably good painting of a Madonnalike Mexican mother kneeling on the banks of the river and christening her baby. This was painted from life by Mrs. Peter Coke, the executive secretary at park headquarters, who used some enamel Mrs. Smith happened to have on hand. The baby in the picture was one of several Mrs. Smith has helped bring into the world—some in the store, some on the road, some in remote adobe huts across the river.

When emergency cases arrive at the store, Mrs. Smith always tries to get them to Marathon in her truck. But sometimes they can't make it. "Once I had to turn back 10 miles out," she remembers. "By the time we got back, the baby was on the way. I couldn't find a scissors, so I ran



"I bring him up from nothin', see? I stake him to a few bucks here an' there. . . . Well, bye and bye, he writes a hit, an' the dough rolls in! . . . Then what does Mr. Ungrateful do? He indicates very clearly that he don't have absolutely no further use for yours truly by payin' back each and every cent he owes me!"

COLLIER'S

JOHN RUGE

and a half," he told Mrs. Smith handing her the pig.

José's sweetheart, she learned, had appropriated the pig from her husband that afternoon, and José had carried it 12 miles on foot to sell it for the price of a divorce. Mrs. Smith gave him the \$1.50 and threw in her blessings and an additional \$2.50 for the marriage fee. All ended happily except for the pig, which Ed Hancock named "The Gay Divorcée" and took home to fatten up for one of Mrs. Smith's barbecues.

When her Mexican customers get married, Mrs. Smith is often called on to act as madrina and give the bride away. In this capacity, she is also supposed to help bathe and dress the bride, but since bathing has never become a fetish in these parts, Mrs. Smith generally gets around the problem by dousing the bride with a large bottle of strong perfume from the store. Mexican funerals are another ceremony in which she takes part frequently. Usually the corpse is laid out on a table, his feet bound in buckskin thongs, a crown of thorns on his head, a string of garlic around his neck, and 3 or 4 old-time smoothing irons on his chest.

"They ain't like the slick modern funerals they give you in town," says Mrs. Smith, recalling a recent one in which the mourners had to solve the ticklish prob-

lem of getting the deceased into a coffin too small for him. "They tried ever which way," says Mrs. Smith. "Finally one of 'em climbed up and stood on his chest. I'm telling you, that lil ole corpse just give out a great big sigh of relief and, swoosh, in he went."

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Besides its people, other natural wonders of the country are its mountains, canyons and desert vistas. The most spectacular of these you'll find in the 700,000 acres of Big Bend National Park. The convulsive grandeur of the terrain reflects the drama of its birth a hundred million

years ago, when the bottom of a prehistoric sea was fractured and hurled aside by an explosive upheaval of molten rock that froze into mountains.

Coated on three sides by the Rio Grande, the park's Chisos Mountains (pronounced Cheeze-zos and thought to mean "ghost" in a lost Indian dialect) tower up 7,000 feet from the desert plains like a vast, circular fortress. Park Headquarters in the heart of the fortress is a mile-high mountain valley called The Basin, some 80 miles from Marathon, 100 miles from Alpine.

Mexico Balks at Park Project

Since the park was dedicated without fanfare on V-E Day, May 8, 1945, the Park Service has been trying to persuade the Mexican government to merge an additional 900,000 acres across the border in a vast "International Park." So far the Mexicans have stalled at the trouble, expense and political complications of buying the land from private owners (mostly generals who received huge chunks as rewards for their services to the Republic) and of resettling the uncounted peasant families who now barely manage to survive.

Texans are now pretty proud of the park, which last year had 25,000 visitors. But it took an ex-Texas Ranger, Everett Ewing Townsend of Alpine (the park's guardian angel in boots and spurs), half a lifetime of pleading to get the state legislature to appropriate the \$1,500,000 to buy the land. Even his own Brewster County, which he served as sheriff and treasurer, was indifferent until merchants in Marathon and Alpine began visualizing profits from the tourist trade.

Ever since the park opened, the big problem has been how to make it more accessible to tourists without detracting from its primary function as a wildlife refuge.

"Them park fellers won't even let you kill a rattlesnake!" the old-timers say in hurt astonishment. And this is true. The park gives equal protection to anything native to this soil including coyotes, mountain lions, panthers, hawks and eagles—all of which ranchers hate worse than rattlers. In Marathon, two ex-Army fliers, Bill Hargus and Clinton Ritchie, have built up a profitable business using their Piper Cub to shoot these varmints from the air for ranchers who pay a yearly fee. In 2 years they've killed more than 2,000 eagles.

The ticklish job of staying on good terms with the robust ranching community, nursemaiding unrobust tourists, and patrolling, maintaining and improving the vast park domain falls on Dr. Ross Maxwell, who looks like a Texan is supposed to look and comes from Oklahoma by way of the University of Michigan where he got his Ph.D. in geology. It's hard to figure out how they do it, but Dr. Maxwell and his staff of 17 have managed to keep the park with its road system, water supply and conservation program running smoothly on a yearly budget of \$45,000 a year—less than the cost of maintaining many a private estate.

Working hours are not rigidly fixed, being as many per day as the men can stay awake. After that, their time is their own, except, of course, every other night or so when they're roused out of bed to help a tourist in distress. "Tell me," a lady once inquired of two park rangers who worked from midnight to 3 A.M. on the steering gear of a big sedan while she and her husband dozed on the seats, "tell me, what do you park boys ever find to do out here?"

But like the park boys, any American who wants to get an inkling of how it felt to be a pioneer coming on this country fresh and whole and unconquered will never suffer a dull moment. He'll find the Big Bend keeps him "busier'n a bob-tail steer brushin' flies."

THE END

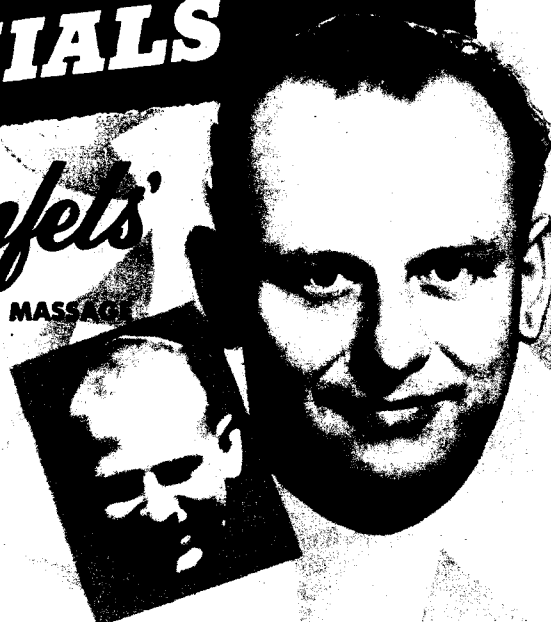
Collier's for January 31, 1948

Carl Brandenfels

NOW HAS 40,000 USERS 10,096* TESTIMONIALS

FOR Brandenfels' SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE

For more than a year you have been reading and hearing about Carl Brandenfels, the young rancher-scientist from St. Helens, Oregon. Carl's premature baldness, which began while he was still in college, led to the discovery of his amazing new formulas. Nationally famous radio commentators quickly nicknamed him "The Hair Farmer." From the beginning, leading magazines, newspapers and radio told the story of Carl Brandenfels and his new formulas for the scalp and hair. Carl's discoveries are no longer experiments. Now, Carl Brandenfels has received 10,096* letters from men and women in every State of the Union. These people have taken the trouble to write voluntary letters of testimonial about the beneficial results they achieved after using BRANDENFELS' SCALP and HAIR APPLICATIONS and MASSAGE. In addition, many, many more have received benefits but have never taken the time to write in about them. If you are losing your hair, why spend hundreds of dollars when you can obtain this tested home treatment at such moderate cost? Thousands have achieved results—why don't you send for *Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications* today?



Left: Carl Brandenfels before he began using his treatment. Right: Carl as he looks today

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS...by Carl Brandenfels

IS THIS PRODUCT GUARANTEED TO GROW HAIR?

I would not be honest and truthful if I stated my product was guaranteed to grow hair, or that it will grow hair on every bald head. I am well aware that not all users have received beneficial results from my products. I am also proud of the favorable results received by others.

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO GET RESULTS?

The length of time taken by those who achieved results varied according to age, duration of baldness, general health and other factors. Some people have reported results after four or five weeks of use. Others have been slower to respond, but have stayed with it and have reported excellent results, after from twelve to twenty weeks of use.

WHAT HAVE OTHER USERS REPORTED?

Thousands of users have written that they have experienced freedom from dandruff scale following the use of my formulas. Other thousands have reported greatly improved scalp conditions. Many more have written that their hair has stopped falling excessively, and that their hair has acquired new lustre and a handsome "well-groomed" appearance.

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All statements in this advertisement are documented facts. No photographs of hair have been retouched.

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BRANDENFELS' SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE

THE TARPON

Continued from page 11

brain, and a heart of primitive fury; and even an old-timer has to count on losing the biggest part of them.

As we shook hands good night and goodbye that third evening, I think Thatcher felt at least a tenth as bad as I did that my vacation budget did not provide for any further fishing. But after dinner, when I had packed, and was re-checking tomorrow's road maps, I got a pencil note from Thatcher: If I cared to, I was welcome to go shares with the man he was taking out tomorrow. The other man, the note said, would be "proud."

So I dumped out my suitcase on the bed, and got off a wire which I knew my wife would understand completely. Then the hotel room stopped being the lonely place it had been ever since dinner, and I realized I was still sweating gently all over my skin, the way you do in Florida. And I knew that tonight again I would sleep for nine hours, the way you sleep there.

WHEN I got to Thatcher's boat next morning, the man I was to share with was aboard already, seated in one of the canvas chairs, well back under the awning. He had on a fantastically big straw hat that came right down onto his shoulders. Under the brim I got a glimpse of close-cropped white beard, like Supreme Court Justice Hughes' beard, though shorter if anything.

His name was Sanborn, and when Thatcher introduced us, he lumbered up to his feet, shook hands with a sort of sulky grunt and immediately sat down again. Standing up, he had towered over me. His shoulders were only a little bowed with age. I could not quite guess his age, but it seemed to be plenty.

Thatcher turned over the engine, and we purred out from the landing. Two sets of tackle were lined up, and two spares. The bait was in one compartment of the ice bin, and the beer and Coke in the other. It was a still day, with a hot sun, and mosquitoes already.

Back under the awning, Mr. Sanborn had not stirred or spoken. I began to think his attitude did not match very well with that "proud" phrase in Thatcher's note. Now I could glimpse Sanborn's nose and cheeks under the hat. Above the beard, his skin was fair and florid, without a wrinkle, though there were wonderful crow's-feet around his eyes.

After a while I put on my sun goggles. When I looked over, Mr. Sanborn was working his big gnarled hands into canvas-gloves. He seemed to resent my noticing. I decided that if he wanted to be surly, I would stay on my own side of the boat, and try to have a good time my last day.

Suddenly the old man sighed deeply, snatched the fantastic hat off, and sat looking into it. He was so handsome, I was startled. The white hair was cropped to the fine skull, with healthy pink scalp showing through it. He glanced at me, and his eyes were glints of clear blueness among the crow's-feet. Then I saw he was not being surly at all, just miserably embarrassed, like a shy child among grown-up strangers. I could not think what had done such a thing to his dignity.

His whiskers spread a little, and I realized he was smiling behind them. "I'm sorry about this damn' hat," he said. "It makes our whole expedition ridiculous."

"It's a fine hat," I said. "All kinds of character."

"Yes," he said. "You see, years ago I used to be a redhead."

I did not see the connection, but, now that I looked, there was a trace of wheat color in his eyebrows, and at the center of his mustache.

"My kind of redhead don't ever tan," he said, "no matter what you try for it. You sunburn and you freckle. I don't freckle any more, but I still sunburn. I've been to the hospital with it. Some of the same symptoms as with concussion."

"Put it back on," I said. "The hat won't save me," he said. "You'll see before the day's over. I pick the glare off the water. Of course it'll keep me out of the hospital."

He put the hat on, nearly disappearing under it. "Everything has a penalty on it," he said. "I like outdoor things, and my penalty is sunburn."

Now we knew about the hat, and we all felt better. It even stopped looking fantastic. In another twenty minutes we reached the fishing place. Thatcher stopped the engine, baited us with mullet and we began to fish.

Nothing moved on the surface of the water except the mosquitoes. Down out of sight, the catfish kept eating our bait off to the backbone. I began to think it would be slow today. At the end of two hours I caught a small shark. Thatcher

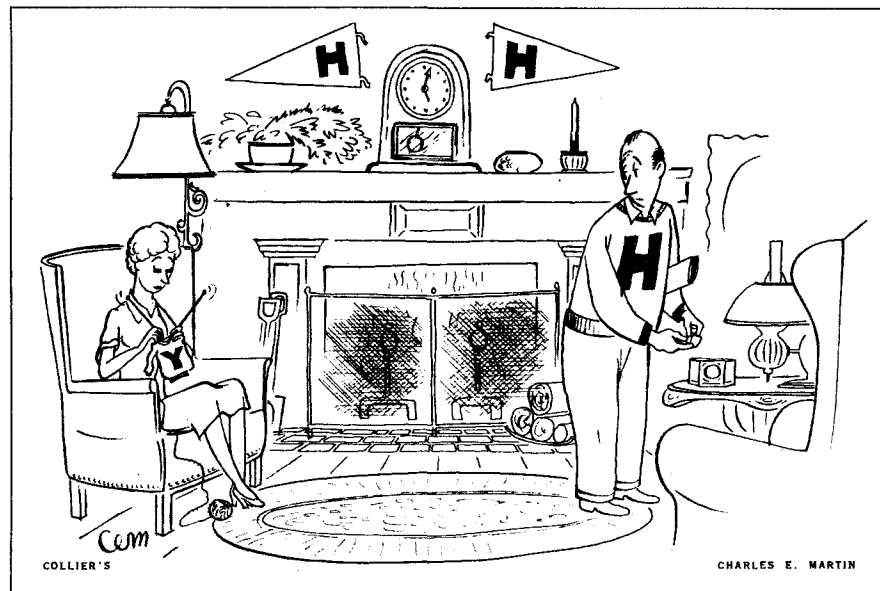
He opened a Coke, and drank the whole bottle without stopping. I could not imagine him with a weakness like drinking, but if he had been able to stop like that forty-one years ago, perhaps it had not been a weakness exactly. I wondered what it could have been.

After lunch Thatcher said he had thought of another place we might try, but when we got there it was the same as the first two places. Thatcher was not really thinking about finding fish any more. He kept maneuvering the boat to keep Mr. Sanborn's back toward the afternoon sun. The fine skin of the old man's nose and cheeks had changed slowly from pink to brick color. Now it was deep crimson. He did not seem to realize it, and kept watching for a strike.

Finally Thatcher said, "That's a mean sunburn you got there, sir."

"Yes," Sanborn said. "It's the glare off the water." He did not sound interested.

Thatcher looked over at me. "Maybe you had enough now, Mr. Sanborn," he said. "Before you get sick."



shot it with the Winchester, and we lifted it inboard, not to draw its relations. Finally we reeled in, and Thatcher took us to another place a mile farther on. It was the same there.

I could see now that Thatcher thought it would be slow too, but neither of us said anything. Mr. Sanborn was still just as expectant as he had been when we started. He kept watching the water where his line went in, his eyes serious and alert among the crow's-feet. Thatcher and I both wanted him to catch a tarpon.

When the sun was directly overhead, we decided to have lunch without taking our lines out of the water. We opened the hotel sandwich boxes, and I reached a bottle of beer out of the ice, offering it first to Mr. Sanborn.

"No, thanks," he said. "In December it will be forty-two years since I've drunk anything."

"That's a long time," Thatcher said. "Well, I used to drink a great deal. If I told you how much, you'd think I was blowing."

"Would just one beer start you up again like?" Thatcher said.

"I don't know," Sanborn answered.

"But I said I'd quit when I was thirty-two back there, and now I wouldn't want to risk it." He kept watching the water where his line went in. "I still have dreams about being drunk," he said. "Maybe you'd call them nightmares. Being drunk and young again. The excitement and wrong of it. And back of everything, the lonely grief."

Sanborn turned around, surprised at him. "Why," he said, "we haven't had a strike yet!"

There was no getting past that without treating him more like a child than went with his dignity. Thatcher kept maneuvering the boat, and I set myself to distract the old gentleman from the luck we were having. "I suppose you've done all kinds of game fishing in your day," I said.

"Well, no, as a matter of fact." He sounded embarrassed. "I've done almost none so far."

I had added it in my head: "So far" was seventy-three years!

"I've been busy," Sanborn said. "When you're busy you don't often get around to doing what you really want to do. Of course," he went on quickly, "I caught a good corvina north of San Diego one afternoon. And about twenty years ago I had four days of trout fishing on the Kennebec after an appendectomy. But usually it's a matter of looking up 'Sports, Fishing' in the classified directory when you happen to be near some seaport over the week end. The scoundrel you get on the phone guarantees anything up to broadbill for forty dollars a day. But when you come aboard, he hasn't even got fresh bait. After about eight hours of it, he says that of course if you really feel like pulling something out of the water before you go home, he can take you over by the sewer. There are always some fish around there. So you curse him, or laugh at him, and get back to your job sunburned Monday."

I wondered what Sanborn's job could be. He might be a judge, or a doctor—or an oil geologist for that matter. I did not see how to ask about it.

"Probably," he was saying, "it's a misfortune to get the best out of anything the first time you try it. In 1885 when I was twelve, my family spent the summer on Lake Spofford in New Hampshire. I got hold of an old flat-bottom skiff, and started out to explore. Over by the outlet, I looked down into the shallows, and saw the smallmouthed bass guarding their nests on the clean sand. . . . That did it. I drew my spending allowance three weeks ahead. For my seventy-five cents I got what looked to me like the finest fish pole in the local store. It was the biggest anyway—a single stick of bamboo about twelve feet long and two inches through the butt, and (I was innocent) light as a feather. The fishing season didn't officially open till the next day, but I could no more wait than if I'd had to go to the bathroom. I dug some worms by the lake shore, found an old scrap of tobacco tin foil for a shiner, baited up, and started trolling.

"I hadn't skulled—a hundred yards, when I got a strike I really felt in the oars. I dropped the oars overboard, grabbed the pole, and hung on blind. The pole bent over and down, and when it had reached a semicircle, it went all into splinters of dry rot. I think I screamed. Then I saw the line was still holding, and the fish still on it. I dragged in, hand over hand, bamboo slivers and all. And the next thing, the biggest bass you ever heard about was slapping the bottom of my skiff—he weighed five and a half pounds when I got him home.

"I was still over him on all fours, watching the last quivers die out of his beautiful gun-metal body, when I happened to look up, and noticed a cat-rigged dory standing close in toward me. Then I saw that the fat man at the tiller had a game warden's badge on his vest. He ran up into the wind alongside and took hold of my skiff. When he looked down into the bottom, his eyes stuck out slowly. Finally he asked me if I'd really took that thing out of Spofford. I said, 'Yes, sir,' and hoped he would let me keep it in prison. He looked into my face, and finally squirted a little tobacco juice on my bare foot. He asked me what I had used for bait, cursed quietly when I told him, and then said that of course in China it was already tomorrow as far as fishing went, and he expected I had been going on Chinese time. I said, 'Yes, sir,' again, not knowing what he was talking about. He cruised around until he had picked up my oars for me, and finally tacked off, still cursing under his breath."

MR. SANBORN'S whiskers spread in a short laugh. "I've had a softness for all New Hampshire men ever since," he said, "but I've wondered if it mightn't have been better for me if I'd never caught that fish."

"Why better?" I said. His mind had not been on tarpon for several minutes.

"That bass got me off on the wrong foot," he said. "From then on I took it for granted that moments like that were a matter of course in a man's life. I kept looking for the same thing to repeat itself in various forms. I expected ecstasy you might say. I only felt at home in ecstasy. After that, drinking and so on seemed normal to me."

He looked off vaguely across the bayou, to where a long-legged bird was sailing soundlessly above its twin reflection in the shadow of the mangroves. I heard the mosquitoes whining.

"Any man who gives himself, mind and body, to the love of women, never really gets to know one of them," said

Collier's for January 31, 1948

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Mr. Sanborn said. For a moment it sounded strange from someone his age.

He cleared his throat, and shifted in the canvas chair. "I gave the whole chase up," he said. "And funny: Right away I met a woman I really wanted to know intimately. We've raised a family together. That's the thing most people do," he said slowly. "And year in and year out, it's the best thing there is to do. I started sort of late, but even my youngest boy will be twenty-seven in February."

"Pappy and me don't haul together too good," Thatcher said.

"Recently my boys have started treating me with distinguished consideration," Sanborn said. "I think I liked it better when they were little, and used to snatch onto my whiskers. Still I'm moved when they want the old man to have his good time before he has to leave everything. They don't have to be so damn' grateful though." His blue eyes looked back over his shoulder in amusement. "This bang-up fishing trip is really my boys' idea, and my wife's."

HE STOPPED talking as he saw the look on our faces. Then he cast a startled glance at the sky and the slanting sunlight, and turned back quickly to his fishing. "I guess it's getting late," he said.

"We could rig to troll for snook," Thatcher said. "They're good sport for their weight, and right tasty."

Without looking around, Sanborn said he would keep on for tarpon until it was time to go home, if that was all right with me. I said I wanted to keep on for tarpon too. I was thinking how we would have to take him back to the landing, meek, and mosquito-bitten, and terribly sunburned, and so old, with nothing in the boat but disappointment. It was five thirty, and Thatcher would have had a right to have started back an hour and a half ago, but I knew he was only trying to think how to end the day gently.

"There's still one place," he said finally. "It's where this very special ole big one hangs out. Nobody's ever hooked him yet, but we got a right to try it."

Sanborn brightened right up again like a kid, and I did my best to sound enthusiastic too.

Thatcher started the engine, and we were three quarters of the way back to the hotel before we stopped and baited up again. It was a broad place, with an exceptionally tall mangrove standing at the bend. The water below it was almost black, and the sun was resting on its top branches. As Sanborn cast in, Thatcher winked broadly at me behind his back. He was not making fun of the old man. He only wanted me to know that the tide was wrong now, and the story about the big fish was just made up anyway, and he felt as sick as I did about everything, and as soon as it was dark enough we would go home.

The mosquitoes were terrible now. After ten minutes of it, I saw Sanborn's line start to drift off. I was thinking it was those damned catfish again when I heard Thatcher say, not in his usual voice, "That's tarp!" Sanborn's line paid out faster, and then all at once his reel was screaming. "Leave him swaller it," Thatcher said. "Just touch on the brake, so's it don't back-whip!"

The run went on and on. I don't think I breathed, tangling my own line up as I got it in. "I'm open to any suggestions," Sanborn said, without looking around.

After about eighty yards, the run slowed down. It stopped, and I saw Thatcher counting to himself, "One—two—three—four—five." Then his voice broke in a screech: "Now hit hell out of him, Mr. Sanborn!"

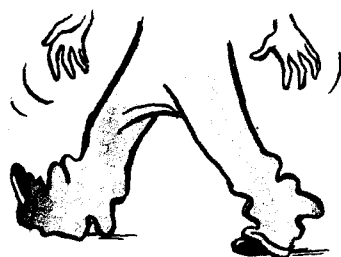
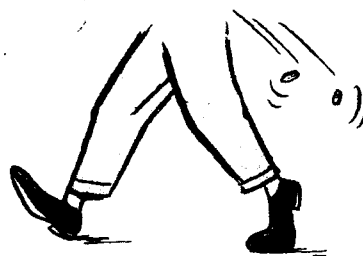
Sanborn's shoulders heaved back on the short rod. Half the line hissed out of the water, straight and stiff, and immediately the fish made that first break, shooting vertically up into the air, and seeming to hold himself there with

sweeps of his tail, and wagging his big head. That was when we all shouted together for the first time—and I think he heard us.

During the next hour and a half, he broke probably a dozen times more, far off, or right at the boat, but always shooting straight up, and out to his full length. As he grew more tired at the end, he would fall off it sometimes, sousing down on his side. Each time he splashed, the birds flew up out of the mangroves and circled in the sunset. And each time we saw him again, we shouted again. It was torn out of us—he was so huge and wonderful in his silver mail, and it was such a fight.

FEET FIRST

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JOHN ART SIBLEY

On the first strike, Thatcher had started the engine, and from then on he kept maneuvering the boat so that the tarpon would not be able to take the line under it. After the first ten minutes, everything Sanborn had on was sweat-soaked. I could see the big, fatless, old-man muscles stand up under his shirt, like an anatomy chart. His breathing sounded like someone yawning in and out, and finally Thatcher came up behind his shoulder and asked anxiously if he would like to be spelled for a couple of minutes. Thatcher said it was not strictly technical, but this was an exception. Sanborn's eyes flashed back over his shoulder, crazy blue with excitement. "If you touch this tackle, young man, I'll do my best to kill you!" he said.

Thatcher stepped back, grinning stiffly through his own excitement. "The ole rooster means it too!" he whispered to me.

Once Sanborn pumped and reeled in until we could see big flat glares of silver flickering down below us in the dimness. Then came a new run that looked stronger than the first, and I thought Sanborn would lose his fish. I thought that if that happened, I did not want to be anywhere around. I thought I would drown myself before I would face him after it. But the old man did not lose his fish.

The last break came ten feet from the boat, and it was as clean as the first one. The sun was setting in red pieces behind the mangroves, and when the tarpon sank back for the last time, he sank back into twilight. Then he lolled over onto his side, and died in the twilight while we watched. Thatcher reached over, without even using the gaff, and passed a rope down the mouth, and out one of the gills. It was too much fish for us to lift inboard.

Sanborn stood looking down at the tarpon as we towed it home. His hands were trembling, and his legs unsteady, but his face was calm, with a smiling expression. "That's the most fun I've ever had with my shoes on," he said finally. Then he sat down hard in one of the canvas chairs. "Don't anybody ask me to go through the whole thing again though."

"Pound for pound," Thatcher said, "that fish is as big as you, Mr. Sanborn."

Sanborn looked happy. He took off his hat, and sailed it away overboard. His forehead, where the hat had covered it all day, was a shocking contrast to the terrible burn below. Even under his whiskers he was sunburned. But he was not thinking about it.

"How old would a fish like that be?" he said.

"Well, I dunno," Thatcher said. "There was some scientist down here a couple of seasons back, trying to study them. A real big one could be maybe sixty, seventy years old."

"Maybe he hatched from the egg September sixteenth, eighteen hundred and seventy-four," Sanborn said.

"You'll have to have him stuffed and mounted," I said.

SANBORN deepened his crow's-feet humorously at me. "When a man gets to be my age, he doesn't plan that far. No," he said, "it would just be the old man's damn' fish, cluttering up some attic, and nobody'd want it. His fins would get busted, and my grandchildren would pry his scales off on rainy days. Couldn't we get him eaten at the hotel?"

"Folks don't eat tarpon around here," Thatcher said.

The old man looked worried. "What will happen to him?"

"Well," Thatcher said, "when we've weighed him, we just leave him hang on the landing. Then, when it's dark, the Indians come, and lift down any fish they find, and take 'em back up into the Everglades. I reckon they eat 'em there."

"What Indians?"
"Seminoles."

Sanborn sighed, and closed his eyes, and settled down in his chair so that he looked more comfortable. I turned my eyes away.

When I looked back at him, the sun had set. His whole face was the same color as his forehead now, and at first I thought it was only because the sun's redness had gone out of the twilight. Then I spoke sharply. When Sanborn did not answer, I stepped across. He had stopped breathing, and when I took his wrist, there was no pulse in it.

Thatcher and I looked at each other, and without speaking, decided not to do a lot of excited, useless things. The landing light came into view far up ahead, and we could hear Sanborn's fish, wallowing dead in our wake. Thatcher looked back at it again. "That there's a tarpon," he said.

THE END

Collier's for January 31, 1948

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THE MAN WHO MOVED ROCKS

Continued from page 25

small cocktail party, at which Paul was detailed to carry plates and trays from one person to the next; occasionally he detoured around the piano to wolf an anchovy or an olive.

Excitable Mrs. Perkins, who lived next door, sat on the sofa.

"Tony came today," she was saying to someone as Paul approached her with a tray of anchovies. "He was like a man possessed. Honestly, it was the strangest thing! He got virtually nothing accomplished in the garden. Spent ten minutes convincing me I ought to take out that monstrous rock—he's right, of course—then he spent half the day digging a trench under it and, my dear, cursing it, or at any rate talking to it in Italian, and it all sounds like cursing to me—" She trilled deliciously. "No thanks, dear, not anchovies. Well Charles came home early and saw that it was going to take simply days to get at the rock to take it out, so he put Tony to weeding iris. . . ."

IN THE weeks that followed, as he watched Tony work with ropes and crowbars, sweating and grunting, his face twisted in furious agony, Paul realized vaguely that to Tony the rocks anchored in those lawns and gardens stood for some of the shadowy forces that had kept him from owning a farm, from understanding his children.

He gazed at the fresh earth that marked the trench Tony had dug around Mrs. Perkins' rock. Ah, that would have been a test of strength! It stood at one end of the Perkins' garden, an unlovely chunk of gray schist, perhaps five feet above the ground. The Perkins' garden was carefully terraced in a series of shallow plateaus along a gentle incline behind the house. In another kind of garden the rock might have been effective to the general scheme, but as it was it loomed naked and grotesque, an eyesore.

For years Mrs. Perkins had tried to surround it with evergreens and cover it with vines, and from time to time, like a patient debating what to do about an occasionally painful tooth, she would almost determine to have it removed. Tony had planted the vines and the evergreens—and when Mrs. Perkins decided against them, Tony took them out. He bore the rock a special grudge, and a special admiration.

"Some rock, eh, Paul?" he would say, striking it with his fist. "It's a bast—" Then he would turn to the rock and speak to it, as he sometimes spoke to plants. "I get you yet—"

It was frightening. Paul didn't under-

stand him. He was old enough to accept obvious truths: that fires burned, rivers drowned. In Ashdale it was easy to outgrow the concept that you could satisfy anger against a natural object. Yet here was a man who had sworn vengeance on a rock. . . .

As he grew older, Paul found himself often staring at Antoinette Buonarrati in school, wondering how she differed from her father, and what of his character she had inherited. She was by turns bold and shy, and her self-consciousness was different in quality from that of the other girls.

She was an aloof year or so older than most of them, and Paul was surprised when in the spring of their sophomore year in high school, she asked him to come to a party she and one of her older sisters were giving. She started to tell him how to reach the house, but Paul told her he already knew. On rainy days his mother drove Tony home, and he had often gone along.

The living room of the Buonarrati house seemed smaller than it really was because of too many big overstuffed chairs. From the wallpaper to the upholstery it was a dark, old-fashioned room, almost uncomfortably clean but still smelling somehow of work.

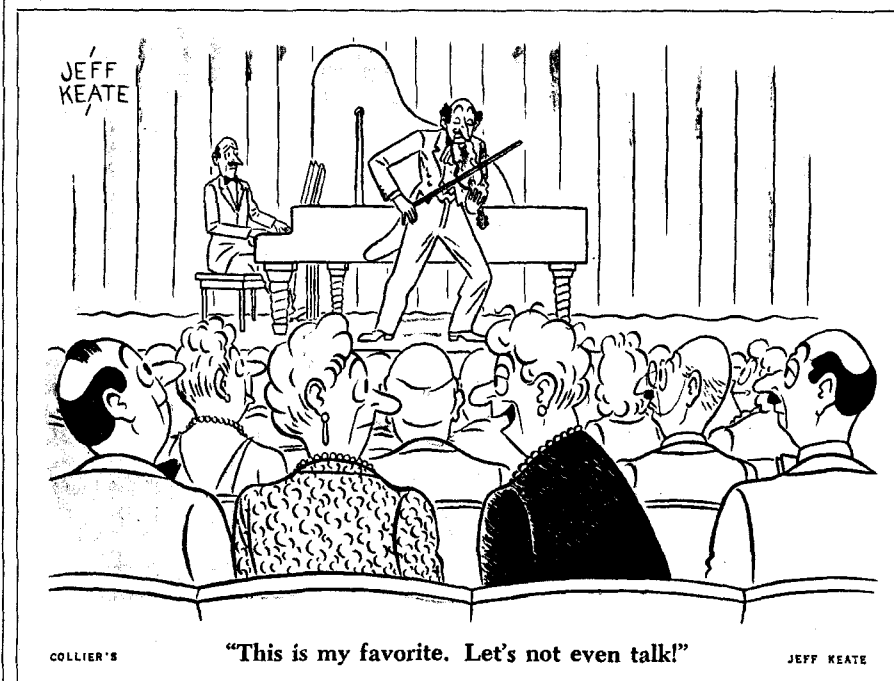
There was a picture of the Madonna and Child over the mantelpiece, looking like a tinted photograph. On a table lay a heavy paperweight of convex glass which enclosed a view of the Colosseum, just like the one in the Latin texts.

There were a lot of people from the class at the party. They drank grape-juice punch and listened to the radio. It wasn't a very good party. They were of an age not young enough for one sort of party nor old enough for another.

Late in the evening old Tony came down from upstairs, shy and dignified in a white shirt. Paul was tremendously conscious of how clean and white the shirt was, because Tony's neck and face were a deep, wrinkled red. An awkwardly respectful hush fell over the group as he came into the room. Paul looked at Antoinette. She was blushing; her black eyes swiveled nervously back and forth.

The older sister, who had more presence of mind, got up and introduced him. "This is my father," she said, and Tony inclined slightly from the waist in a Continental bow. Everyone in the room must have known of him as Tony the gardener, a fact of which Antoinette was desperately aware.

He lifted his hand in the slight token



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of greeting, the gesture he always used. His black suit looked wrong on him, and as he walked across the room it seemed that his shiny black shoes hurt his feet. There was a brief, awkward pause before the older sister asked him to sit down. A boy scrambled up from one of the big chairs, but Tony waved him down. He looked impressively out of place, too big for the room and too big for his children—who were embarrassed at his presence, who looked away while Tony, in his broken English exchanged greetings with the four or five he knew.

Even in a situation like this, when he was obviously feeling out of place, he saved himself. He moved and spoke sparingly, and as Paul watched him and watched his children patronizing him, he suddenly wondered what Tony was saving himself for.

He knew Tony would never get rich or retire or be elected chairman of any board of directors. He wondered what suitable end this tremendous progression of days spent working in the soil, laying stone on stone, hammering, weeding, watering, clipping, carrying, could lead to. Because the weeds grew up again, soil washed away; even the stone walls, built without cement as was the fashion in Ashdale's ceaseless search for rusticity, loosened and sometimes toppled.

Tony had been in the room only a few minutes when he turned to go back upstairs. Antoinette made a mock-polite protest: "Stick around, Pop."

"No," said Tony, smiling, "I worka tomorrow. Now I go—" and he walked upstairs. A few minutes later Paul heard a shoe drop, and he could almost see Tony hanging up the black suit, which he had obviously put on especially for those five terrible minutes.

After that they played post office, and Antoinette kept her partners out of the room longer than anyone else. Paul was with her a couple of times. He forgot all about Tony for the rest of the evening.

PAUL forgot about Tony for a long time. During the next two summers he hardly saw him. In a way, he outgrew Tony—growing into such mature pursuits as necking in cars, drinking beer and lying around beaches listening to someone's portable radio play Tommy Dorsey or Artie Shaw.

One of the girls Paul got to know better that summer was Antoinette Buonarrati. He still found it hard to think of her as Tony's daughter. Occasionally when she would turn her body toward him in the front seat of the car, Paul would be somehow reminded of her father. What was deliberation in his movements took the form of languor in hers. But they were a long way apart—a continent and a generation.

She wasn't a very complicated girl. She liked to dance and—as the euphemism goes—she liked a drink. Her sense of values was studded with flashy ambitions like being a torch singer or arranging to have Jack Leonard or any one of a number of other male vocalists fall in love with her.

Meanwhile, she contented herself with lesser arrangements. During their last year in high school Antoinette campaigned actively for the attentions of five different boys. It wasn't a large class.

Once, in the car, Paul tried to tell her how he felt about her father.

"Sure, Pop's a good guy," she said. "He makes me mad sometimes."

Paul said nothing.

"Like the way he speaks English. Honestly, he's been in the country going on forty years, and he won't even—oh, he just makes me mad sometimes. . . ."

"What would he do?" Paul asked, "if he knew we were parked here—?"

"He'd smack me, Paul—except maybe not, seeing it's you. But you don't know him when he gets like that. He worries and stews, expects me to be in by eleven. I tell him about how late all the other

kids stay up, but he won't listen. Oh, Paul. . . ." She buried her face in his shoulder, but a moment later, she peeked up at him. "If he was hitting me, would you try to stop him? You maybe could, you know; he thinks a lot of you."

"I don't know, Antoinette," Paul said. "It depends." Paul knew he wouldn't have tried to stop Tony from doing anything under the sun.

IT WASN'T many days after that that Mrs. Perkins decided to move her rock again. This time it looked like the real thing. She was going to put a lily pond in its place, with frogs to sit on the lily pads.

"Remember how you used to love to watch Tony move rocks when you were a little boy?" she asked.

Paul grinned and nodded.

"Well, Tony still takes it as seriously as he did then," she said patronizingly. "Says it'll be an all-day job. Then we're

neared the table, Antoinette swiveled her eyes from side to side, like a cornered cat.

Paul didn't hear what was said. Dave Thompson was laughing in silent glee as Paul watched, fascinated and horrified, while Antoinette and the boy rose reluctantly from the cushions of imitation leather; he stepped out on the floor and Antoinette followed. Tony was talking to the boy, quietly and without gestures; there seemed to be a note of apology in his voice.

Then Tony turned as if to reason with Antoinette. He indicated the clock, but Antoinette wouldn't listen. Blushing, head held high, she left him abruptly and started toward the door. As they came past Paul's booth, the indignation he felt at his daughter's being out so late, the pain of bringing shame and embarrassment on his family, were stamped terribly on Tony's face. Paul turned his head away.

He looked at the boy Antoinette had

ing beside a man at the far end of the garden fifty yards away. Suddenly she turned and raced desperately toward the house. There was an odd, dreamlike quality about her running so silently, so unaccountably fast. It was only then that Paul remembered: Today was rock-moving day.

The man at the end of the garden, whom Paul now recognized as a young laborer who had worked with Tony from time to time, turned to the huge rock beside which they had been standing.

It was with an odd frenzy that Paul ran across the lawn, staring at the rock, as if it held the secret of the unreal quality that pervaded the soft morning air. The rock seemed to have been transformed into another shape.

It was different. It had been uprooted and was leaning at a jarring, drunk angle. Around its base was a shallow rim of fresh dirt and a pair of wooden pulley blocks. Tony's helper was desperately knotting the tackle that lay like a violently killed snake beside the rock.

"I get you yet. . . ." The words that had frightened Paul so long ago came echoing back to memory. And he had. The rock was all but tipped over. The helper looked up. Paul said, "Tony?" The word stuck at the roof of his mouth. The helper nodded toward the other side of the rock. Paul stepped around it.

TONY was half standing, half lying on his back, buried in a trench which had been dug under the rock. Only his shoulders and his head were above ground; the rock was sagged back onto his broad chest, seeming to flatten it into the earth.

The agony he must have felt was all mirrored in Paul's face, because Tony was smiling—the smile shadowed only by stress around the mouth and eyes—as if he were embarrassed.

Paul made a move to help with the block and tackle.

"Nev' mind, Paul," said Tony behind him. His voice was weak: all low, guttural throat tones. "Too late." He motioned the boy to come closer with a jut of his chin.

There was a silence, pointed up and tightened by a long rattling parabola of sound as a cicada drummed in a tree overhead.

"You know my Antoinette—yes?"

Paul nodded.

"She's a good girl. . . ." There was hope in his voice, and desperation.

But again Paul could only nod. Suddenly he felt sick.

Tony had never before spoken to Paul of his children, the children who had taken advantage of his kindness and scorned his wisdom, whom he had worked so hard to support so that they might grow up in the bright, alien pattern of the Ashdale fabric.

"Once you came to my house—" Tony left the phrase hanging.

It was at his house that Paul had wondered where Tony's life was taking him.

"Ah, well," Tony moved his worn old hand and touched the rock above him. "I get. . . ."

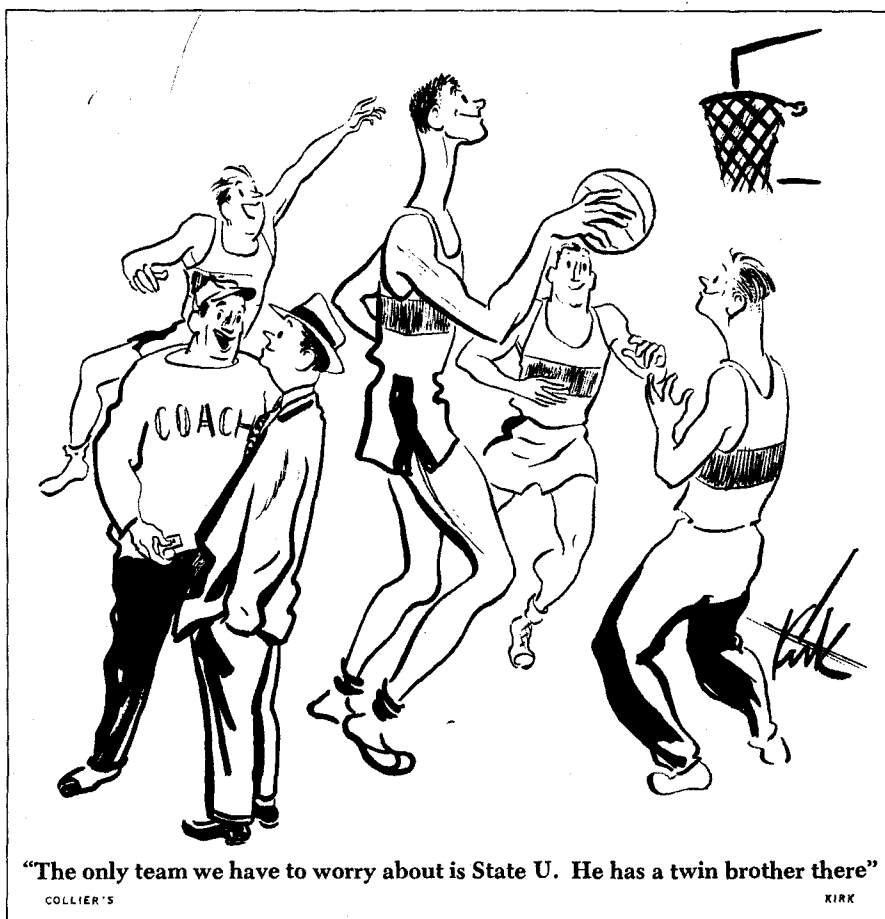
But the rock had got Tony, too. He died there in the garden, a little while after the men came and shoved it off his chest. It was very heavy.

That evening Mrs. Perkins was still almost hysterical. "There was something about the way he went after that rock—" she burst out. "It was absolutely frightening. I knew, I just knew something would happen. A premonition, sense of disaster, call it what you will. All morning he was God's angry man. . . ."

But all things pass. Mrs. Perkins' lily pond is exquisite, and the envy of her neighbors.

Somehow, Paul Cavanaugh has never gotten over to see it. And he's lost track of Antoinette Buonarrati.

THE END



"The only team we have to worry about is State U. He has a twin brother there"

having a tractor come to haul it away—Tony's got an assistant, and blocks and tackles and I don't know what all. You must come and watch—"

But Paul had forgotten it by Friday.

Friday night he and Dave Thompson were sitting in one of the booths at Banjo's, drinking beer. Antoinette Buonarrati was across the aisle, several booths nearer the back, drinking a rum Collins. She was with a boy Paul knew vaguely; he was from a neighboring town, as was the couple with them. The names of pretty girls pass quickly from one town to another in the suburbs. The boy had probably crashed a high-school dance in Ashdale and met her, or maybe she had been on the side lines when Ashdale went over there to play ball. Paul was speculating on these things when Tony walked in.

Paul had never seen him in there before; he felt a little ashamed at being there himself. But Tony didn't see Paul, or if he did, he made no sign. He stood there just inside the doorway, looking intently over the booths, and when he caught sight of Antoinette he started toward her. Paul noticed the time was one twenty-five.

Antoinette looked up and saw him when he was halfway down the aisle. Smiling weakly, she murmured something to the boy she was with. As Tony

been with. The boy was forcing a smile and making mock-helpless outward gestures with his hands.

Paul thought about Tony and Antoinette walking stolidly home together. He wondered if Tony would try to talk with her, reason with her, and if she would make even a pretense of listening. No, she'd treat him like dirt.

But over and above these speculations was a tremendous, quaking relief, that it hadn't been he sitting there with Antoinette. It might have been, he reflected guiltily. It might have been so easily—

Paul slept badly that night.

IT WAS about eleven the next morning, and he had just come downstairs when he heard a scream from the house next door. It wasn't a child's scream, and it sounded particularly hideous as it carried over the deliberate, indolent summer sounds—a cicada rasping in a tree outside, a curtain swishing in a transient breeze.

Paul walked outdoors. It was a beautiful day and, stepping gingerly through the hedge of evergreens that separated the Cavanaughs' from the Perkinses' place, he hesitated, waiting in vain for the incongruous scream to be repeated.

As he looked up into the Perkins' big garden, the long, terraced bank of flowers and bushes, he saw Mrs. Perkins stand-

"... come home for the Holiday - but would there be time?"



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HOW TO BREAK A POLITICAL MACHINE

Continued from page 65

person who filed an objection to signatures and for all thirteen members of the city council. There were two jurisdictions involved, Suffolk, which is Boston, and Middlesex, Cambridge. Fifteen lawyers with 15 constables attached were deployed in strategic places around the city, at the Statehouse, the two courthouses, in a district attorney's office, in drug-stores by pay stations and in police stations.

It was their job to channel and chart the case through the Ballot Law Commission and all of the courts to the Supreme Court before the stroke of midnight. In the early morning hours, constables and lawyers were combing Cambridge picking up the objectors and city councilors, and by 10 o'clock that morning they had all been herded before the commission—all except those objectors who apparently lived on vacant lots or were unknown at the addresses given. Some who were awakened in their beds or were disturbed at breakfast didn't know what their objections were nor how to sustain them.

Justice on the Move

Three lawyers had been assigned to the Ballot Law Commission, and as they called witnesses, one by one their objections dissipated. By 11 o'clock in the morning, the petition was cleared and made legal. The wheels of justice had been speeded up as they never had been in local judicial history. While the ballot law hearing was going on, three more lawyers were piloting the petition for a writ of mandamus through to the courts.

According to the timetable, the court orders directing the councilors to appear should have been in Boston in time to serve them upon the city councilors as the Ballot Law Commission hearing broke up; but the orders were late, or the hearing ended too soon, and the councilors got away. Not far, though. The legal squadron knew where to pick them up from hour to hour.

By 1 o'clock the preliminary hearing on the writ of mandamus before a single justice was over, and he agreed to convene the full bench of the Supreme Court by 3 o'clock. Once again the three lawyers opposite the Boston courthouse began typing—this time turning out writs for the other 12 lawyers to serve on the councilors.

Harvard was playing Princeton that afternoon. Each Cambridge city councilor is entitled to two seats for every Harvard stadium game. As each councilor walked over the Larz Anderson Bridge that afternoon, a lawyer spotted him, pointed him out to his constable. The constable stepped up, saluted the councilor with "Greetings!" and slapped the writ in his hand.

At 3 o'clock a disappointed, dejected and bewildered city council was standing before Supreme Court Justice Dolan. The full bench had already reviewed the petition and Justice Dolan had been assigned to hear the arguments and dispose of the case. City Solicitor Richard C. Evarts, a good lawyer, represented the council, but he had had no time to prepare his case. Justice Dolan issued the writ directing the council to meet before midnight.

There was still one loophole. The councilors might refuse to hold a meeting because they had not been served legal notice of the court's order. Once again the typewriter battery of lawyers went to work, and that evening, while the councilors were home for dinner, notice was served upon each of them.

The council met at 7:30 that night, and although there was nothing the members could do but pass the order, they debated it for two and a half hours. The

deadline was then two hours away and the order still had to be written and signed. The city clerk was a trustworthy and efficient official, but the eyes of a company of lawyers were upon him from the moment he received the document until he left the building. When he came out of City Hall to drive to the Statehouse, he found himself boxed on all sides by accompanying cars. The Plan E committee was taking no chances that something untoward might befall him. He arrived to deposit the document with the Secretary of State exactly 15 minutes before deadline.

Early in the morning after election, when the last vote had been counted, Dean Landis was sitting on a table in Plan E campaign headquarters, swinging his legs idly, drinking a cup of stale coffee from a near-by urn, looking down at the floor thoughtfully, surrounded by a group of disconsolate campaign workers. Plan E had lost.

"What do we do now?" one of them asked.

The dean got down from the table. "Now we start working to put this over two years from now. Get out the cards. Organize the mailing list. Announce the next meeting and arrange it. We lost fairly. We weren't counted out. We didn't have enough votes. Next time we'll have enough votes."

Before the next campaign had arrived, District Attorney Robert Braford had closed in on Mayor Lyons and Contractor Mannos and sent them to jail for soliciting bribes, a conviction that helped make him governor. The Cambridge Civic Association had swelled to overwhelming proportions, and the campaign was even more bitter. On a night in late October, Dean Lanois and George McLaughlin were sitting in an automobile on the fringe of an opposition rally, listening to a councilor plead and fight for votes. The councilor espied Landis and pointed him out to the crowd.

"There's Dean Lanois in an automobile over there with Georgie McLaughlin," he said. "James Michael Landis. He came to me the other day and he said to me: 'If you'll support Plan E, I'll deliver to you the support of the Cambridge Civic Association,' and I said to him, 'No, Dean. You can't bribe me.'"

Accusation Stirs Landis

The dean was reaching for the door and at the same time shucking off his coat. "He can't get away with that," he said.

McLaughlin pulled him back. "Wait a minute! Cool off."

"He's a liar," the dean struggled to get loose.

"The people he's talking to know that. What are you going to do? Mix it up with him? Clip him on the chin? That'll give you a lot of personal satisfaction tonight, and tomorrow you'll be all over front pages for having a brawl with a candidate." The dean subsided and McLaughlin drove away.

Plan E won that year, and the following year the Civic Association put the plan into operation. The first board of directors, which took the place of the city council, hired as city manager John B. Atkinson, World War I veteran, Boston College graduate and an experienced executive in the shoe business. He had never been in politics and had never managed a city. The first thing he did was to throw all of the city contractors and hangers-on out of City Hall. Then he called all city employees before him.

"The city," he told them, "is now under new management. No city employee is going to be fired. From now on, you don't need any political influence to hold

Collier's for January 31, 1948

your job and political influence won't get you advancement or more money. What you're going to be paid depends upon what you do and how you do it. Everybody working for this city is getting a raise in pay right now. The cost of living is going up—and you need it—but you're going to earn it.

"From now on you're going to do all the work that has to be done in this city—including the work that has been done in the past by city contractors and subcontractors and their employees. From now on, you'll get a raise every year until you're the best-paid city employees in the country. From there on, the size of your salary is up to yourself."

The employees liked that. The local unions did not; but they couldn't do much about it. Atkinson needed a number of specialists in city administration and picked them among city employees, even sending them to colleges for special training. The new city road builders got their fundamental training in techniques in road building and surfacing at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, whose professors and instructors had a stake in Cambridge city government. He appointed college professors, specialists and instructors to nonpaying advisory posts. The city's postwar plan, advanced and ambitious, was designed by Professor Frederick J. Adams of MIT, who became the head of the Cambridge Planning Board.

During the past seven years every job done in Cambridge has been done by its own hired hands with this result: Since 1941 the city reduced its debt from \$12,-

its City Hospital from \$121,000 to \$360,000 a year.

City employees do everything: painting, paper hanging, plumbing, repairing and building. The city furnishes the materials; the employees do the rest. Cambridge employs a staff of buyers who roam and scour the country picking up supplies in competition with contractors and private business. For \$200,000 recently these roving purchasing agents picked up from Army and Navy surplus stores supplies that would otherwise cost \$2,000,000.

The Cambridge City Corporation is hardboiled and tough with its debtors. Its crack law department collects every penny owed the city by the State of Massachusetts and by surrounding cities and towns in water, electric, transit and other tax adjustments. The law department fights rather than settles all doubtful claims against the city. For example, claims from people tripping over sidewalks have dropped from \$48,000 a year to \$15,000 a year because the city lawyers will fight the full distance to the Supreme Court if necessary. The city is just as tough with its own delinquent taxpayers and collects 99 per cent of its taxes from them. On last August 1st, it had less than one per cent miscellaneous taxes outstanding, and a phenomenal zero outstanding real-estate and personal taxes.

Speculators and Rent Gougers Hit

Valuations of homes, industrial and business establishments were left severely alone, except when speculators and rent gougers were involved. When a man sold for \$12,000 a place that was worth \$2,500 on the city's tax books, they looked into it right away. If it was worth \$12,000 to the new buyer it was worth almost that to the tax collector and the speculator was promptly slugged with the new tax bill. If a property owner raised rents, he was treated the same way. New businesses and new industries have been crowding Cambridge so fast that it's a problem to find quarters for them.

The city doesn't borrow any long-term money. It saves the interest. Its credit is probably better than that of any other city in the country.

Cambridge has become a phenomenal experiment in city government. The resources and laboratories of MIT test all of its building and road materials, equipment and machinery. Problems in physical improvement are for MIT students to solve. The Littauer School of Government, with Professor Morris Lambie as adviser, helps on problems of government and city betterment.

Hand in glove with the Civic Association is the Cambridge Research Association to examine all aspects of city government. Dr. Karl T. Compton, president of MIT, his administrative assistant, Robert Kimball, and Bernice Cronkhite, former dean of Radcliffe College, are members of the board of directors of the Research Association while President James Bryant Conant of Harvard is an ordinary, dues-paying member of the Civic Association.

Meetings of the Civic Association are almost unbelievable. A federal judge sits between a truck driver and a housemaid, and a professor of archaeology drapes himself over a radiator next to a cop.

The old system dies hard, but in Plan E, according to Professor Lambie, the entrenched politician skilled in yesterday's technique can see the curtain falling on the city-boss type of government. "A political machine can't operate under Plan E," says Lambie. "Good or bad government originates with the people of any community, but the fact that the people of a community want good government doesn't mean that they'll get it. They'll get good government only if there is a charter and an election system in power through which they can function."

THE END

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Is therapeutic for the mind—
It substitutes a pain that's real
For worries better left behind.
—Margaret Fishback**

000,000 to \$3,000,000, and at the same time raised the salaries of all of its city employees \$1,300,000, actually making them the best paid in any city of comparable size in the world. It reduced its tax rate from \$48 to \$35.50 without raising the values of its taxable properties. While cutting the city's debt 75 per cent and reducing its tax rate—unheard of and considered to be impossible during war and postwar years when all costs were climbing—the city also did this:

Built eleven playgrounds and a new bathing beach; junked all of its obsolete fire-fighting and police equipment, replacing it with the latest and best apparatus obtainable, including the last word in two-way radio transmitters and receivers; modernized, re-equipped and enlarged its City Hospital, including the latest and most elaborate X ray; bought a fleet of sanitation trucks that are washed down daily and repainted white frequently; hired architects for G.I.s and built 1,200 modern housing units for them (not obsolete barracks, jerry-built shacks or Quonset huts); resurfaced more yards of streets in five years than all other cities of comparable size in 15 years.

Cambridge has its own printing plant, manned and operated by city employees. It prints everything for the city from stationery to books. It has its own photostat plant, which turns out copies of documents, plans and blueprints for city departments. The city incinerator was always an expensive loss, as was the garbage-disposal plant. The incinerator now pays the city a profit of \$36,000 a year, while the garbage-disposal plant turns in a profit of \$8,500. By business-like methods, it increased the income of

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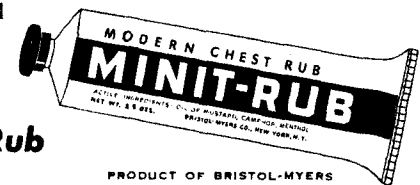
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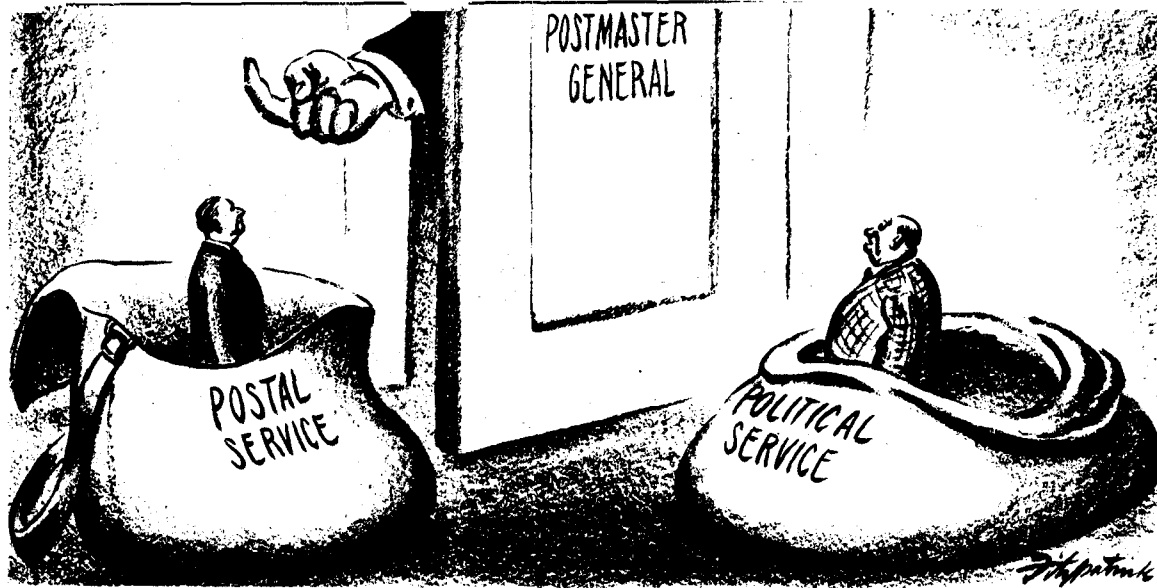
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ANY WEEK

IN THE nick of time, as usual, Colonel Dudley Silent Haddock of Sarasota, Florida, appears by mail on our desk with the answer to how our government may aid the forlorn of Europe without lending comfort to Communists. We were just about to give this one up in weak despair like Congress when the colonel's letter arrived. "Simply mark everything plainly 'From The United States of America.'" Naturally then no Communist would think of touching it, knowing that it is filthy capitalist, warmongering, lying, imperialistic, labor-hating stuff. You're welcome."

FROM Arkansas—Noah's, Ark., to be exact—our monthly admonition from the Reverend Millward (Cowslip) Fernleigh, the Burning Bush of the Lower Ozarks, echoes fetching optimism as usual. The Reverend Cowslip, as he prefers to be known, rejoices in "the dawn of a fine old-fashioned tomorrow." Says he: "For nigh onto fifteen year America has been filled with so much uplift and patriotism that we almost forgot that brothers in Washington and other political backwashers ain't above a little light-fingering when they get close up to the money bin. The newspaper headlines and the radio say that some of the boys in Washington have been making their jobs pay fine extra dividends. Hallelujah. Takes the mind off big international problems we don't understand. Gives a body reason to believe anew that the United States of America is just the same old land of opportunity for the opportunist. Glory be."

THIS column has nothing whatever to do with another department of Collier's which sets forth what you readers think of what we publish. It much more narrowly confines itself to helpful advices you send to the editor himself and for which he is almost maudlin in gratitude. For example, Mr. Dave Bassish of Bangor, Maine, urges us to try raising mice—not as a hobby, mind you, but as "a pretty little side line." He tells us just where we can buy Waltzing, Hairless, Broken Colored, Silver, Imported English Red and Tootling mice all ready for breeding. "Hairless mice," says Mr. Bassish, "like other mice are naked when born. They grow fur but no more than have it than they lose it, first around the face. They are soon running around in a little skirt. This disappears leaving them entirely naked. Fine for testing shaving cream and cosmetics." There's much more to this mouse business, of course, but we'll have to quit after telling you that you should never feed a mouse lettuce. Doesn't say why.

AND we've just received a nice clean proposition from Mrs. Lizoline Dalrymple of Pasco, Washington, who is ready and willing to write an article on How to Raise Children and Keep Them Raised. This piece, Mrs. Dalrymple assures us, "can be read easily in less than two hours but due to the ending I have in mind it will be impossible to forget in a lifetime. Would you be willing to pay me ten dollars a week for this article for ten weeks, beginning April 17th, 1948?"

THERE'S nothing too unusual about a communication we've just received from Milano, Italy, addressed "Magazine, Beginning An Exciting Mystery Romance Darling This Is Death by Dana Chambers." Since they put a letter carrier in charge of the Post Office Department the system has perked up alarmingly. But on the telephone the other day we heard a lady's voice demanding, "What magazine are you?" When we told her she said sternly, "Are you sure? I have no time to waste." Having reassured her as well as we were able, she said, "Well, why hasn't it arrived?" But before we could answer she said, "Nonsense," and hung up.

WE ARE unable to agree with Mr. J. Thrasher Beech of Bismarck, North Dakota, who has come out publicly against television. "If," says Mr. Beech, "the Lord wanted us to see something that was going on somewhere else he would of done it different which goes to show he didn't want us to. I am asking one million patriots to write his congressman. Selah." W.D.

LET'S DO THIS MORE OFTEN

PRESIDENT TRUMAN touched off a nation-wide chorus of oohs, ahs and hurrahs recently by doing a most obvious and logical thing. He appointed as Postmaster General a man who has spent his adult life in the Post Office Department. Name: Jesse M. Donaldson.

Such a thing has never happened before. From George Washington's first administration to the winter of 1947, the Postmaster Generalship has been a political-patronage Cabinet office.

Donaldson is a bit of a politician himself; but the fact remains that Benjamin Franklin, who founded the postal service in 1775-76, before the Revolution, was the first Postmaster General qualified by actual experience for the job and Donaldson is the second.

What we'd like to know is why our Presidents don't do such things oftener.

How about, for example, the best available lawyer for Attorney General, regardless of his politics? And so on.

We have an uneasy feeling at this point that maybe we're talking idealistic nonsense. But we also have a hunch that Mr. Donaldson is going to be a first-class Postmaster General—and an even stronger hunch that we'd have better and more capable Cabinets if merit and background instead of politics guided the appointments.

got in bad with some of the miners, who presently drove him from the Sacramento Valley.

Anyway, a glorious Gold Rush anniversary to all the Californians, and you can bet they'll put on some splurge.

A MAN TO WATCH: Henry Ford II, we'd say, is a young man for business executives, labor leaders and a lot of other people to keep an eye on in the next few years.

For one thing, this present head of the automobile company founded by his famous grandfather dropped in recently for an informal visit on Walter P. Reuther, president of the United Automobile Workers Union (C.I.O.), without advance publicity or fanfare, and with no detectable ulterior motives.

They parted with expressions of mutual respect—all of which couldn't have done any harm to labor relations throughout the Ford plants.

For another thing, Henry Ford II of late has been letting the public in on some of his ideas about operating a business successfully in these times. One of these notions is that if you are frank with your employees about company problems and show some decent appreciation for good work your employees will meet you halfway and turn out better and better work. Another is summed up in Ford's remark: "We are vitally interested in knowing what our customers want—not what we think is good for them."

These ideas look simple and obvious enough in print; but how many American industrialists have even yet got around to putting them into practice?

To repeat: Better keep an eye on young Henry. He looks more and more like the real article.

"THE DAYS OF OLD—THE DAYS OF GOLD": The most dramatic single event in all the wild history of the State of California took place 100 years ago this January 24th; and California plans to celebrate in proper style.

What happened January 24, 1848, was James W. Marshall's discovery, on a piece of Sacramento Valley land owned by Captain John A. Sutter, of some gold nuggets in the race of a mill which Marshall was building for Sutter.

The news got back East rather slowly; but in 1849, tens of thousands of people were rushing for California and the gold, as some fifty years later people were to stream into the Klondike. The explosion speeded up settlement of the West as probably nothing else could have done.

A few big fortunes were made, and California was started on its way to becoming one of the wealthiest as well as one of the most enterprising and independent-minded states in the Union.

As for Marshall and Sutter, our own Herbert Asbury has told their melancholy story in his book, *The Barbary Coast*:

And of all the thousands who delved in the earth for riches none fared worse than Marshall, who had discovered the gold, or Captain Sutter, who owned the land. Neither then nor thereafter did anyone ask Captain Sutter for permission to prospect his property . . . the swarming miners overran his fields, destroyed his crops, razed his buildings or appropriated them to their own use, and killed his cattle. . . . Eventually he lost everything he had, including title to his land.

All that happened to poor Marshall was that he

AMERICAN ODYSSEY: "Nobody but Americans," said a French official in Indo-China, "would do a damn' fool thing like this."

He was talking to Clifford Evans and George Truman, the two Americans who made the four-month trip around the world recently in a couple of Piper Cub planes—one of the great news stories of 1947, we think.

The French official was right in part, but it wasn't a damn' fool thing. Or if it was, it was the kind of thing that began over here around 1620, in emulation of Christopher Columbus, another damn' fool who gambled that he could sail westward indefinitely without falling off the edge of a flat world.

Let's all just offer up a short prayer at this juncture that the United States never will stop breeding chance takers, gay gamblers and thumbers of the nose at Fate, of the Evans-Truman stripe, and plenty of them. Where would we be today if we hadn't been breeding such buckaroos for 300-odd years?

COLLIER'S

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